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THE
MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN.

BY
BILL TRUCK,

SENIOR BOATSWAIN OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF GREENWICH.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXLIII.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subject-matter of the following pages first appeared in detached chapters, upwards of twenty years ago, in **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**, and met with a very flattering reception from the public.

The path which we had chalked out for ourselves was at that time fresh and untrodden. No writer of any thing like nautical knowledge, from so long before as the palmy days of Drs. Smollett and Moore, had ever risked his talents in the production of a single volume entirely devoted to a Tale of the Sea; and, numerous and flattering as were the compliments on all occasions lavished on poor Jack, during the progress of a protracted, a hard-fought, and a triumphant war—loudly as our theatres and public assemblies rung with the fame of his devoted patriotism and unconquerable valour, which no perils could appal, no hardships nor difficulties subdue—what were they all, but the mere echoes of the spirit-stirring effusions of that “sweet little cherub,” whose home was the melodious bosom of the talented, the patriotic, and never-to-be-forgotten Dibdin? To his exertions this country was deeply

indebted. He it was that did more to whet the patriot zeal of the gallant ocean-warriors—more to smooth down the iron rigour of our nautical discipline, and sweeten the bitter cup of hard labour and harsher treatment—than any one individual that ever existed. He knew much of a seaman's peculiar mode of thinking—has given to the world a very honest specimen of the fairer side of Jack's character—and has rendered his own name imperishable, by truthfully giving utterance to those loyal sentiments which have ever been, and it is hoped will ever be, the prevailing and popular tenet of the honest blue-jackets of our native land.

Carefully steering clear of the enthusiastic and somewhat inflated eulogies of this sweet and captivating composer, whose brilliant career our humble prose may admire but cannot follow, it was our anxious endeavour to present Jack to our readers as he actually then was, and, with some trifling ameliorations, as he really now is : in short, to delineate, with the finger of truth, the principal features and more prominent characteristics easily recognisable in the three different grades which usually compose the practical strength and ship's company of a man-o'-war, and to exhibit them in all their various aspects, whether of joy or of sorrow. With what success we have executed this our original intention it becomes us not to say, although we cannot help thinking that we touched a chord at the time to which the public voice loudly responded : indeed, for we may as well honestly out with it at once, it is not without a sprinkling of vanity that we lay claim to the honour of having, like the gallant old Culloden at the battle of the

Nile, first led the way, and, even after we got aground, pointed out the path to success and victory to a numerous body of enterprise and emulation who almost immediately followed in our wake. Among these, for we cannot say all, were some master-spirits, whose highly finished productions have not only been loudly lauded and caressed by an admiring public, who instantly crowned their authors with the glorious meed of praise and independence, but have ever since, by popular acclaim, been ranked as standards in our nautical literature.

Yes, gentle reader, we are compelled to confess that we did get aground, and the reason why is whimsical enough, and can soon be told. During the progress of our monthly exhibition of continuous sketches, illustrative of the task we had imposed upon ourselves, we found it altogether impossible to avoid coming into collision with the sayings and doings of the officers and commanders of the classes whose conversation, modes, and manners, it was our principle aim faithfully to pourtray. However delicately we did this, we speedily found we gave mortal offence. Now what, after all, was the head and front of our offending? No more than this; that we noted down the usual parlance of the commanders with as truthful and unprejudiced a hand as we had done that of those they commanded. We confess, indeed, that this unique plan of procedure made but a very trivial distinction between the language of Jack and the gentleman; but as it was indispensable to the completion of our subject, and notoriously well known, we had the simplicity to think that the delicate touches of our tiny pencil would have been more ready to tickle up a

smile than to rouse up a gust of angry feelings. Such, however, actually was the case; the mail came laden with invective and denunciation, every other day, as dense and blinding as a London fog, and audacious Incendiary, Officious Meddler, Ignoramus, and Arrant Liar, were the most gentlemanly phrases they could afford to designate us by. For ourselves we laughed at all this; not so our worthy Publisher—with his usual prudence he ran us ashore.

After a long term of quarantine the Man-o'-War's-Man at length comes before the public in a complete shape. He has been carefully overhauled, many of his timbers renewed, and his stowage greatly enlarged. And conscious as we are that however he may have extenuated, he has set down naught in malice, we, with all due humility, calmly await the public award.

London, Jan. 1843.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

ENCLOSING

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN,

From Bill Truck to Christopher North, Esquire.

MR. CHRISTOPHER NORTH, my sarvice to your honour! You must know, that having been indulged, by those who have the care of me, with liberty to pay a few months' visit to my native city, that I may recruit my old bellows a bit with an occasional round of the Castle or Calton hills, I have found nothing half so refreshing,—nothing, I mean, that smacks so well with my taste,—as a lounge over your inimitable Monthly at my evening's allowance. With a jolly long pipe, a cann of prime stuff before me, and old Buchanan stuck fast in my dexter, I am as merry an old fellow as ever the devil shook a cudgel over. In fact, so many happy evenings have you made me spend, with still renewed and unabating delight, that I have not only formed the highest opinion of yourself, but have come to the determination, out of sheer gratitude, to sniggle for your future acquaintance, by cheerfully volunteering to your sarvice a sort of a nautical yarn, or log, or whatever else you think proper to call it, which came into my hands in rather a curious manner, as you shall hear.

Not many years ago, when I were snugly laid up in Haslar, and fairly believed myself done up for good, the doctors' loblollys brought into the ward one day, swung in a cot, a fine young good-looking fellow, who seemed to be just about slipping his cable, and bidding this here world a long and a last farewell. As they laid him in the crib alongside my own, and as the doctors were close on their attendants' heels, followed by a naval officer, who seemed to take a great interest in the fate of the patient, I could both see and hear the whole of their proceedings. No time was lost in laying him in bed, or in stripping him for the doctors to see the nature and extent of his damages; and, by the mast, Mr. North, although I must confess it has been my lot to see many a poor fellow in a very sad taking, I never yet beheld one alive who had been so dreadfully mauled. His head and arms were cut in many places more or less severe, and his body and limbs were almost, as a fellow might say, completely riddled with pistol and musket shot, some of the latter of which, the principal doctor declared, were still fast in his body. Having finished their overhaul, however, they declined doing more at that time, declaring their patient in too exhausted a state, from the fatigue of coming ashore, to be able to undergo farther operation.

"He wants nothing at present, sir, but rest and nourishing medicines," said the principal doctor, addressing the officer. "As soon as he has recruited his strength a little under these, it shall then be our care to rid the poor fellow of the shot that still so cruelly torments him."

With this the officer appeared to be content; and, after giving the young fellow a most excellent character, and requesting the doctors to let him want for nothing that money could procure, as he would cheerfully pay for it, he made

his obeisance and retired. He was no sooner gone, than the doctors, after a little trifle of parley with one another, gave the house-surgeon some orders in a lingo I didn't understand, and shortly after left the ward.

As I confess my ignorance of the exact length them there cute chaps, the doctors, can dig into a fellow's hull, in search of shot, without capsizing human life, any description of mine may well be excused of the sad manner in which I beheld this poor fellow cut up. He bore it with the firmness and fortitude of a Briton, astonished not only us but the very doctors themselves, hardly giving a squeak, though at times he sighed heavily; and when at last they'd done, and left him lying pale and motionless on his bed, in truth it was all our curiosities to see how soon after that he would drop from the perch. Pshaw, stupids! we knew nothing about it. To the astonishment of us all, when he awoke next day he was evidently much improved; which the doctors no sooner observed than, hardened devils as we're apt sometimes to think them, they grew nationly proud and fond of him, and poured the wine and good things into him, my boy, with a good will and a profusion that absolutely set all our chops a-watering.

Well, sir, in little more than a month or two, my young friend was on his pin-ends again; and then it would have cost you one of your good-humoured smiles to have seen the pair of us stumping it down stairs on our crutches to the hospital walks, and there, sunning it on a bench in the pretty garden, mutually overhauling our interminable stock of yarns, about the Danes and Dutch, the French and Spaniards, in great style. Oh, Mr. North, how I did love to hear that fine, young, smart fellow talk away! In fact, he were quite a lawyer at that trick; for he was never at a loss, never stuck at a word like our parson when he

reads prayers, but sawed away, my boy, as steadily, and smoothly, and saucily, as a swan in the Serpentine River. It was on one of these occasions that he first told me he had been long in the habit of keeping what a fellow might call a sort of log, wherein he jotted down any thing remarkable as came in his way; a scheme of his, he said, that, besides the amusing him, completely defied the agent to cheat him out of a copper of his prize-money: for your prize-agents of those days, mind me, were just the boys that remembered to forget they were due you a skirrach, until you could water their memory a bit, and stir them up with the long pole of some circumstance or other, which they durst not say nay to. It was also on one of them there loblolly sunshine occasions that he first gave me the story of his youth, and all about his early friends, and the old proud tartar of a fellow his grandfather, who not only bundled his own son out of doors, and sent him to Coventry, because he loved a pretty girl, but would have served his grandson in the same manner, and for the same fault, had the younker not had the spirit in him to jump at once on board a man-o'-war. Then he would laugh so heartily at his folly, and be so merry on the wisdom he displayed in taking such a sagacious step, and forced me withal into so many side-shaking guffaws, that I can assure you, Mr. North, many and many a time, when we got up stairs again, I've been compelled to turn in, my poor sides ached so confoundedly. Fine fellow! heaven only knows where he is now; for these happy days were too much of a good thing seemingly to last long!—for, getting healthy and stout, d'ye see, he was discharged the hospital, and ordered on board the guardship, where I lost him. Before he left me, however, he put a bundle of proper ship-shape sea-going paper into my hands, for all the world the same as

a ship's proper muster-roll, telling me it would amuse me, and compel me to think of him now and then. *Think of him*, Mr. North! by the Lord Harry, the young rogue had taken too strong a hold on me ever to forget him. I loved him then as dearly as ever old fellow could his own flesh and blood; and I love him as dearly now, sir, tho' I must confess, it has never happened to be my good luck ever to clap eyes on him since that unlucky day.

Alas, sir, I were in such a sad taking at parting, that into my chest, holusbolus, went the fine fellow's present, and there it has lain ever since without my ever once bestowing a single thought about it. It was only the other day that a lucky thought came pop into this old head of mine, and I'll ever give Maga the praise of giving the first idea of it. I've already told you how dearly I loved the young fellow, and how mortal queer it was that I could neither discover where he went to, nor where he was to be found. I have also told you, how gloriously I luxuriate of an evening under the lee of old Buchanan. Now, I must tell you, that, since my arrival in Edinburgh, there is nothing in all my brother's house I watch so steadily as to collar your monthly the moment it arrives, and sit me down for a leisure read. Well, says I to myself, one evening I were thus pleasantly employed, says I, this here clever book is read all over the British King's dominions, both here and the Indies, with North and South America, France, Germany, and all the world to boot. Now, says I, still prating to myself you know, were Mr. North to bundle it in, body and bones, Ned would be certain of seeing it some one day or other, for well I know the young fellow is curious, and a very devil at reading. He'll know his own story, and who put it in, directly, says I, and then he'll be writing me a long yarn, I hope, of all about him-

self, wherever he is. By St. George! the plan is a most excellent plan, says I, and no sooner said than done. That very night I had a rummage for the long-neglected papers, and a careful overhaul convinced *me* at least that they would suit Maga to a nicety.

Not, however, being over-blessed with a high notion of my own sagacity, I actually deigned, sir, contrary to all custom, to ask my brother's opinion, and that, too, in the presence of his son, my hopeful nephew, who is in training, you must know, for what my brother calls one of the *learned professions*; though what the devil induces him to make such a huge hulk of a fellow a paltry pen-and-ink man is more than I can guess at. It matters not; through this talkative young gentleman my scheme and its story soon got wind, and, like a slow-match, it blared and muddled away until it was in the possession of all the incomers and outgoers—no small number, I assure you—who contrive to keep my good-natured brother's house, for a principal portion of the day, as busy as a common thoroughfare. Well, sir, things being in this hopeful shape, and I being absolutely surrounded, through the diligence of my nephew, with a whole swarm of the so-called literati, cognoscenti, dilettanti, and heaven knows how many other hard names these little coteries distinguish themselves by in this learned city—this modern Athens as it is called—the short and the long of the matter came to this, that ever since my intention got afloat, I have been actually bored to death by the whole gang, every soul of them vieing with each other in bothering me with his opinion as to how I should steer, in order to make a favourable impression on the minds of your countless readers; and every one of them agreeing as well with each other, in the way and manner of attaining this desirable

effect, as the old hooker herself does to her course, with the wind all round the compass. Now, sir, though it is the most earnest wish of my heart that the young fellow's story should at least be as *agreeable* to your readers as it is to myself—and he often succeeds in recalling to *my* mind scenes long since gone for ever—still it certainly was my first intention, like a plain man unused to writing, to have allowed him to pursue his voyage in his own way, under your safe convoy and direction; and all this, in the innocence of my heart, I told these inquisitive and fanciful jokers. Zounds! would you believe it, Mr. North? I found myself in as bad a mess as the poor old blade and his donkey; and was scouted, and teased, and worried so unmercifully, that I was glad to haul down my jabber and sing out for quarter; for their *Pshaws!* and *Nonsenses!* and other such like pop-shot, were whistling round my head and ears as thickly as a North Sea sleet-shower. Amidst all their flummery, however, and many a fancy-flam was proposed, they all agreed that nothing would do half so well as a long-winded, well-told, regular-built story, in which I was bound to clear poor Davies (my *protégé*, as they were pleased to term him,—d—n their French!) from the smallest taint of reproach or vulgarity, by telling all I knew, and vamping up a little more than I knew, of the regular respectability of his family, and so forth, for the two or three last generations at least!

Here was a commission to load an old Greenwich-man with! So, d'ye see, I first looked gruff; then swore a little, for I could not help it; and then I flatly refused the job. "Mayhap, gentlemen," says I, "you're not aware that you assign me a task for which I am unfit. I know nothing about your shore rigs," says I, "and no shame to me; but if you really think it will advantage the young

fellow, and thereby, mayhap, be of sarvice in fishing him out," says I, "in God's name set about it directly any on ye that chooses." This was all the sly rogues wanted, I believe, for they instantly laid their nippers on the papers, and away they went in as high spirits as if they'd been bound for the dock-yard to receive pay and prize-money. The never a sight did I see of them again till about ten days afterwards, when they sent me a package containing their precious narration; to which, the moment after a careful and somewhat curious overhaul, I had but two objections; but, mind me, they were clinchers. In the first place, then, this same fancy narration of theirs was as bulky as an admiral's instructions, and as long as a best bower, and of course, you know, my dear fellow, I never could have had the conscience to expect that either you or Maga could have found stowage for it; and, in the second place, the matter of it, to *my rough taste*, was quite trashy, as bad, indeed, as black strap, or six-water grog;—by no means a plain, sober, matter-of-fact story, but swollen and inflated, like an old woman in a dropsy, with the poetry and puffery of sentiment—every period being scissared as carefully and neatly as a round-robin—and plain common sense, throughout the whole of it, completely massacred at the shrine of sound and nonsense. And who the deuce think ye, sir, did I discover was the writer of this fancy affair? Why, no other than my overgrown loggerheaded nephew; who, because I have sometimes allowed the conceited puppy a little familiarity with me of an evening, and because, also, his father has been fool enough to spend as much hard-earned money in the keeping him at college, and all the rest on't, as might have sent him with a cargo to the coast of Guinea, thinks himself, I suppose, as good a judge of public taste, as you or I, Mr. North, who have

seen sarvice ! D—n the impertinent son of a dog-fish ; I had twenty minds to spritsail-yard him, and then turn him adrift !

I am now more cool, sir ; and like every other man, deserving the name, I mean to have my own way, simply because I think it the best—certain I am it is the shortest. I have already, in this letter, hinted at several bits of the young fellow's family history, as told me by himself ; but in case you, sir, should be of my puppy of a nephew's opinion, and prefer what he is pleased to phrase a *continuous narrative*, why I can walk over the ground again as far as I know it, in the twirl of a mopstick.

You must know, then, sir, that Edward's father was from all he ever heard from the good folks at home, a rampageous, high-spirited, tearing sort of a fellow, from his youth up, who thought proper to marry his mother at hap-hazard, without thinking it at all necessary to consult the wishes of a single soul of his family ; an offence which was taken so highly amiss by the equally hot-headed and purse-proud grandfather, that, without a moment's delay, he immediately bundled his son off, like a young mutinous rascal, into the service of the Hon. East India Company. As the old man, in his anger, would neither support nor acknowledge his son's wife, she, like a girl of spirit, shortly after unshipping herself of a chopping boy, also disappeared—most people conjectured in search of her husband—leaving Edward to the care of grandfather, who, taking a fancy to the youngster, very carefully and affectionately fed, clothed, and schooled him to the mast-head. Being a regular chip of the old block, however, you'll not hinder the young spark from very early betraying a peculiar address in nosing out, and running after, every pretty face that was surmounted on a petticoat : nor was it long before

his grandfather discovered him on the eve of forming as binding a connection, with a skittish hop-my-thumb like himself, as ever his father had done before him. The old man, sadly enraged, directly put in his spoke, and forbade the banns; on which my young Sensitive, fretting, and fizzing, and fuming, like a pot-fire in water, after committing as many extravagances and making as many ridiculous grimaces as a St. Helena monkey, most gallantly blew out the brains of all his future prospects, went down to Leith, entered the naval service, and was snugly on board the Adamant guard-ship, before you would have said Jack Robinson. As he took no pains to conceal this *wise* measure, but rather seemed to feel a sort of savage satisfaction in thus publicly affronting his grandfather and all his family, they, on their part, assumed the appearance of complete indifference, and never wrote, nor made a single inquiry after him, so far as he knew, until by the usual volunteering and transferences of the service, he was hid from their view for ever. This affectionate departure may probably account for his never writing home.

I have now, Mr. North, given you all that I know of the young Man-o'-War's-Man, and shall take my leave with expressing my hope, that while his narrative may find favour in the eyes of your numerous readers, it may, by some lucky chance, fall into the hands of its writer,—a few lines from whom, addressed to me at Greenwich, would, I assure you, sir, give me an infinite deal of pleasure. Farewell, Mr. North! I will ever be proud to subscribe myself your servant to command,

BILL TRUCK.

Canongate, 10th October, 1821.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOLUNTEER.

The sea, the sea!—the sky-blue boundless sea!
Is just the place, to roam at large, where I should wish to be.—
'Tis said, 'tis done—I'm now aboard—have neither dread nor fear,
Let come what may, I'm off, hurrah! a dauntless volunteer.

IN the month of July, 1810, at an earlier hour than that appropriated by the Leith burghers to their morning walk on the pier, the sound of a gun and display of a foretopsail, not only announced that a vessel of war was getting under weigh, but hurried a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Britannia Inn to the landing place.

"What a delightful morning you have got, Farrell," said one of the ladies to a gentleman in full naval uniform, "I declare I almost envy you. The *sea* is so smooth and gentle, and the sun sparkles so beauteously athwart that fine bay there, that, could I only persuade myself of a continuance of such charming weather and smooth water, I dare say,—I don't know, though,"—continued she, smiling and blushing,—“but I might almost be tempted to venture out with you myself, for one very short cruise.”

Captain Farrell eyed the fair speaker with a good-humoured smile; and, taking her by the hand, replied, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than the company of such a fair lady; “though I am very doubtful, my dear Matilda,” added he, “whether that delicate form of yours would be able to endure the cold rude winds that blow from the rocky wilds of Norway and Shetland.”

“Norway and Shetland, captain!” cried the young lady, disengaging herself from him with an arch smile; “nay,

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then, my gallant sir, I've done with you completely.—Ugh!" added she, shuddering, "I positively declare, the very mention of such frightful places makes me ready to faint."

"I thought as much, my good girl.—But, come, you will surely give me your hand at parting?"

"Oh, certainly, captain," said the lady; "and wish you fine weather, and a successful cruise into the bargain."

The captain thanked her, and bowed; and, having taken leave and made his obeisance to the rest of the party, he stepped into his gig, which immediately shoved off, and darted from the harbour with all the celerity for which these boats are so famed.

The commander of his Majesty's sloop-of-war, Whipper-snapper, was speedily on board, and the vessel was already under way, when the admiral telegraphed him to lay to, and send a midshipman on board the guard-ship; an order which, while it was instantly obeyed, made the captain impatiently exclaim to his first lieutenant, "What the deuce does the old fellow want now, Toddrell, think you?"

"Heaven knows, sir! for he's troublesome enough at times: however, I can soon tell you," replied the officer, snatching a telescope from the capstan. "Oho! the old boy is going to send us his last quarter's gatherings, for a passage to Yarmouth, I suppose."

"Confound him and his rubbish!" said Captain Farrell, peevishly. "Why the devil don't he keep a tender for his own use, like any other guardo, and not be continually disgracing his Majesty's officers and vessels with the transportation of all the felons and jail-sweepings of Scotland.—Are there many of them?"

"No, not above a dozen, I think," replied the officer; "yet the cutter is completely crowded; but that may be owing to the luggage, you know.—You'll see them all directly."

The cutter was soon alongside, discharged of her cargo, and hoisted on board; while the Whippersnapper, taking a sweeping stretch round the islet of Inch Keith, stood down the Forth under all the sail she could carry.

From his antipathy to what he phrased *rubbish* and *jail-sweepings*, Captain Farrell was too much engrossed

in crowding every inch of canvas upon his vessel his ingenuity could suggest, in order to give her a more imposing appearance from the shore, to pay the smallest attention to his new comers; and the petty officers seeing them standing idle and unnoticed, instantly hurried them to work. This careless inattention on his part, however, proved the very means of bringing them all the sooner under his notice; for, having at last got the Whipper-snapper something to his mind, he was hurrying aft to indulge himself with a stern-forward view of her, when, in passing a solid mass of fellows who were tugging away at a weather brace, the whole suddenly lost footing by a yaw of the vessel, and, tripping up his heels, rolled him before them into the lee scuppers. From this awkward and ignoble situation he was speedily released by the exertions of a young man, who, with great alacrity, flew to his assistance, and succeeded in dragging him from the embraces, and from under some hundreds weight of sturdy terrestrial matter, ere his astonished subalterns could come to his relief; then assisting him on his feet, and modestly expressing his hope that he had sustained no injury, he rapidly mixed among the crew. Captain Farrell looked after the stranger in silence, surveyed his crest-fallen and uprising levellers with an angry eye, and having bestowed upon them a few passionate epithets which we shall not stop to repeat, retired to his cabin to adjust his soiled clothes.

"By jingo! my lads," cried an old seaman, addressing these unfortunate aggressors on dignity, "you had better keep a good look-out in future. The skipper, I can tell you, is not the lad that will allow himself to be floundered about in that there sort of manner even by us, who are seagoers, far less by the like of you mere landlubbers, who are good for nothing but emptying a bread-bag. I would therefore have you stand clear the next time, otherwise you'll catch it."

"Catch what?" asked one of the recruits, with great simplicity.

"A broomstick, you scoundrel!" replied old Bluff, as he walked away, eyeing his querist with infinite contempt.

But Captain Farrell had been bred in too hardy a school to allow his good humour to be invaded by trifles, and no sooner had consigned his clothes into the hands of his servant, than he was again upon deck, with no other remembrance of his fall than a certain degree of curiosity to see and know something more of his *passengers*, as he termed them—a desire which was no doubt a little heightened by the modest gallantry and genteel address of the young stranger by whom he had been so opportunely aided. Seating himself, therefore, on the taffrail, he was proceeding to examine the hitherto neglected list of the guardship, when he discovered it enclosed a note, addressed to himself, which he immediately opened, and read as follows :—

“ H. M. S. Adamant, Leith Roads.

“ DEAR FARRELL,

“ ALONG with a few law customers, hospital, impressed, and other as-usual articles, which it is my orders to transmit you for a passage to Yarmouth, I send you a single volunteer, who is certainly the most complete and clever unaccountable I have ever met with since I entered on the guardo service, and who, by my honour, has constantly foiled me in every attempt I have hitherto made to discover who or what the devil he is. Pray God, he may'nt turn out to be a king's yarn of the old fellow himself after all!

“ Now, my dear Frank, as I confess my curiosity is not trifling to know who or what he is, and as I know you, of old, to be a cool, studious, boring sort of a fellow, I have pointed him thus out to you as a famous subject on which to try your fist; and shall cheerfully hold myself your debtor for any thing under a gallon of rhenish, if you can give me a rational account of him when you return. Certain I am he is far above the common grade; for not only has he got all the language and polite manners of an admiral about him, but positively puts me down in the way of talking with as much ease as I could tip me a glass of grog. In my own eye I have thought him many things, but not to my own satisfaction by half; for I think him by far too modest for a player, and a devilish sight too free with his fists for one of your psalm-singing lubbers.

" He first came under my notice from a complaint made against him by our first boatswain's mate. It appeared that the young fellow had not been long on board before old Brady, who you know for a scoundrel of the first water, thought proper to cut away the skirts of his coat ; which was no sooner done than he, far from relishing so simple a mode of procuring patches, directly up fist, and levelled old silver-whistle with the deck. The battle, thus commenced, raged so violently, that first the garrison and then the gun-room were up in arms ; and when at last he was secured and brought before me, he laid down the law and defended himself in such a spirited gentlemanly manner, that, by my honour, Frank, I could'nt help applauding the fellow, while I was obliged to condemn him. Since that time, by way of some small compensation, I have employed him constantly in the clerk's office, where I have always found him quite at home, and can warmly recommend him to you, if you are in want. I only part with him now at his own request, somewhat reluctantly, for no other reason than that he and Brady seem to be irreconcilable.

" By the way of a finish for this time, my dear fellow, should you go into Bressay, as you likely will, I will thank you to tell my old friend, Kate of Lerwick, that I'll not expect her here this summer, though the good old girl may send me as many stockings and geese as she pleases, you know. If you want a reason for this sudden shift of wind, I will honestly tell you, that the blessed effects of my last cruise on shore have so completely drained me with my agents, as will fairly compel me to hoist the yellow till a future quarter-day. Then, my boy, the word shall be '*Bout ship!*' for none shall be merrier than your friend and old messmate,

" RALPH HIGHGATE,

" Sen. Lieut. and Commanding Officer."

No sooner had Captain Farrell read this elegant production, which, whatever may be thought of it, had cost Lieutenant Highgate no small degree of trouble, than seeing his own officer on deck busied in trimming some of the foremast sails, he himself called to the boatswain's

mate to send the people from the guardship aft to muster; an order which was promptly obeyed by an ear-stunning blast of the whistle, the huge fellow growling out as he went forward,—“ D’ye hear there, Adamants ? Go aft on the quarter-deck, man and mother’s son of ye, to muster ! ” —which was no sooner over, than the captain, walking along their front, amused himself with inquiring into the nature of the various offences which had consigned most of the strangers over to salt-water duty, and laughed very heartily at the bungling attempts some of them made to palliate their crimes.

He next made some slight inquiries into the respective abilities of the impressed and other seamen, and concluded this ceremonial by consigning them all into the hands of the purser’s steward, in order to be messed and victualled, retaining only the young volunteer, to whom he signified his intention of having something to say.

He was now joined by Lieutenant Toddrell, who, after perusing the aforesaid epistle, burst out into a most immoderate fit of laughter, at what he called the absurdity of Highgate’s opinion. “ By the Lord Harry, he gets worse and worse ; that Guardo will not leave one drop of seaman’s blood in him. But why should I be surprised at any of Ralph’s freaks or whimsies ?—it was ever thus with him ; he was ever full of romance and poetry, madrigals, players, and skip-jacks. I remember as well as ’twere yesterday, when I was *Mid.* with him in the *Temeraire*, he was known to all the fleet by the name of *Sentimental Jacky* : and it’s not the first dozen of times I’ve seen him grace the cross-trees or topgallant-yard for coquetting on paper with some fanciful Daphne or other, when he ought to have been thumbing his Hamilton Moore. He is a brave fellow, however, and a good seaman ; and his only fault, if it be one, is, that he is inclined to look on passing matters with eyes that would do more honour to a parson than to a naval officer. As to his notions regarding this lad, I’m convinced that they’ll be quite of a piece with many others that I’ve seen him form. However, let us overhaul the fellow—this high-flying incognito—’twill be but unkenneeling a fox, and will afford some excellent sport.”

Captain Farrell smiled at the mischief he saw hatching in Toddrell's brain ; but protested against all severity, as the young man, besides having rendered him very essential service that day, was a volunteer, and did not belong to the ship.

"Phoo!" cried the lieutenant, "a volunteer! that's all in my eye!—and as for not belonging to the vessel, what matters it?—isn't he in the service? However, take your own way of it; for I am devilishly mistaken indeed if you shan't find me right."

The young stranger, who had all this while stood uncovered at a humble distance, was now ordered to advance by Captain Farrell.—"Come nearer, my lad," said he, leaning his back to the capstan; "I find by this list you call yourself Edward Davies?" The stranger bowed in silent assent. "And pray, Mr. Davies, d'ye belong to this place?"—"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Were you ever at sea before, my lad?"

"No, sir."

"O well, then, you were probably brought up from childhood in its neighbourhood, and have been accustomed all your life to the noise and bustle of shipping?"

"No, sir."

Here the impatient lieutenant broke in,—“Or perhaps you've had some near relations in the service who were accustomed to spin their *yarns*?—Pshaw! I mean to tell you marvellous long stories about it when you were a boy?”

"No, sir," was still the response.

"What!" exclaimed the lieutenant indignantly, "were you neither brought up in the neighbourhood of the sea, nor had some kinsman or other to tell you lies and blarney about it?—Pray what the devil then made you think of it? Was it because the shore would support you no longer? or was it?"—

"Truce, Toddrell," said Captain Farrell, smiling and interrupting him, "give the lad fair play at least. I asked you, my lad, a plain question, and you have hitherto returned me an evasive answer. I must, and will, have a distinct one.—Tell me, and tell me at once, were you ever at sea before?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, with looks of distress.

"Ha, ha, ha, ho-a!" burst out the lieutenant, and stamped his foot for joy. "Come, come, Mister Davies," said the captain somewhat sternly, "this will never do. I must have more from you than *no, sir*, when I condescend to ask you questions."

"I have answered you both, gentlemen, with the most scrupulous regard to truth," replied Edward, modestly, but firmly. "I never lived nearer the sea than Edinburgh, where I was born, or the banks of Esk, where I believe I spent the happiest years of my life. As to my reason for becoming a volunteer, I did it, I can assure this gentleman, from no unworthier motive than *choice*; for as to the flattery and falsehood I might unhappily imbibe of a sea-faring life, it could only reach me through the volumes I have, seemingly too often, spent an idle hour with. That I was completely a novice in the whole matter, however," added he, sighing, and surveying his clothes, "needs no other confirmation than my present appearance before you."

"True, true, my lad," replied the captain, softened, and hastily interrupting him, "your clothes are battered and cut-up enough, to be sure—but that's nothing, for the wind will soon come round again in that quarter, if you behave well—at least I should hope so.—Are your parents living, Davies?"

"So far as my knowledge extends, I believe they are, sir?"

"You believe they are, sir?" echoed the captain, with surprise; while his lieutenant, with the affected calmness of a victorious soothsayer, looked still harder in the abashed youth's face, exclaimed, "D—n me, that beats cock-fighting!"

"Pshaw!" said the captain to himself, leaving the captain, and pacing the quarter-deck with hurried steps, "Highgate's completely at fault, as Toddrell said. The fellow's a regular drilled darby-ringer after all! and yet," continued he, carefully surveying Edward, "who would have thought it?" Then stepping up in front of the astonished Davies, he said, with considerable severity,

"Did you not tell me just now, fellow, that you were born in Edinburgh?"

"I certainly did, sir," answered Edward calmly, "but I never said that my parents resided there."

"Well, well, be it so," cried Captain Farrell, coolly, but somewhat sarcastically; "and, pray, where are you now pleased to say they reside? for, remember, you believe they are still alive."

The young man looked embarrassed, blushed deeply, and, though the question was eagerly repeated by Lieutenant Toddrell, continued silent.

"What, does it clinch at last, my lad?" cried the lieutenant; "D—n me, but I thought as much,"—and commenced a walk in his turn.

"Hark'ee, fellow," said Captain Farrell with a mixture of anger and contempt, "from what I had myself seen and learnt of you from this paper, I was fool enough to feel friendly inclined towards you—but that is now over. 'Tis true, we are entire strangers to one another, and yet I cannot help thanking God that you don't belong where I command—for I hate a suspicious character, to say no worse of you, as I hate the devil. Before you go, however, take a friend's advice for once, and bethink yourself better before you venture again to answer such questions on a quarter-deck, otherwise you will stand a fair chance of paying the gangway a visit. Remember this, and so farewell—you are at liberty to depart."

Edward, whose face had been an alternate deep-flushing red and an ashy paleness, while the captain was speaking, still stood, however, apparently absorbed in the most painful feeling. Twice he essayed to speak, but his tongue denied its office; and it was only by a desperate effort, on a second order to depart, that he was able to utter, in a tremulous voice, "I obey you, sir, and I do so with deep regret;—for I leave you under impressions, which, I would fain flatter myself, are as disagreeable to you as they are infamous to me. Believe me—believe me—they have not the smallest foundation in truth."

"Then, why not be as honest as you talk of," said the captain, more coolly, "and answer me a common question

in a common way, without resorting to that paltry, shuffling, quibbling manner to which, I cannot help thinking, you've had too much occasion to resort to lately? If you think, my lad, such a stale trick will serve in the least to conceal you, you are mightily mistaken;—for, were such a thing at all worth my trouble, I could tell you in a moment what you are. There are thousands of such fellows as you in the service already — for whom I would not give one straw in comparison with the bold and fearless scoundrel, who honestly hoists his flag, and lets every body know that he is one."

"I must confess, sir," replied the youth, with great humility, "considering my present appearance, and the associates amongst whom you found me, that your suspicions are perfectly reasonable, though, as applying to me, I solemnly assure you, they are perfectly unjust; for I *will* proudly repeat, I am not what you think me. I could as easily as fearlessly lay every event of my life before you—but—you must excuse me—No—it may not be at this time; nor is it at all necessary that I should bring needless degradation on highly respected names, by associating them with such a despicable being as a man-o'-war's-man."

"Very well, young man," cried Captain Farrell, "very well, take your own way of it, and content yourself; for your concerns, you know, are nothing to me, and I have something else to do than stand here prating with you. I must tell you, however, that I think you a queer one, and no better, I doubt me much, than you ought to be. You may leave me."

So saying, Captain Farrell turned on his heel, and walked towards his officers, leaving poor Davies to join his bandit companions in a state of mind far from being enviable.

"Well, sir," said Toddrell, "don't you think poor Ralph's headpiece is in a sad taking? An unaccountable forsooth! Pray God all our matters were as easy to be accounted for as that fellow—who is a smart lad enough, but who, no doubt, is some barber's clerk ashore, who has bilked his tailor, and run for it. However, I'm really

sorry for Highgate, poor fellow ! for he gets to leeward so very rapidly, that, d—n me, if I don't think the little brain he ever had is leaving him fast ; and if God and the Admiralty spare him a few years more of the first fiddle of a guardo, he'll get as muddled, and crank, and pompously stupid, as a port-admiral, or a dock-yard commissioner."

Here Toddrell's laughter overcame his wit, and he bayed away, as our Campbell says, "*both long and loud*," to the great admiration of all his juniors, who joined him as a chorus with great glee. Captain Farrell's gravity, however, and his utterance of a peevish *pshaw* ! soon abridged the view of their well-scrubbed teeth, and put their merry muscles in a more decorous and business-like form. Leaving them, therefore, more sedately making various remarks on the unexampled strength of that Scottish genius, whose magic pencil makes such paltry fragments as the Fern Islands, objects of such high interest in the literary world,—and the juniors busied in taking observations of the headlands of the beautiful coast of Northumbria—the saucy Whippersnapper nimbly walking through it meanwhile—we will conclude for the present, content with having introduced our man-o'-war's-man, however inauspiciously, to our readers.

CHAPTER II.—THE GUARD-SHIP.

Your work is very hard, my boys, upon the ocean sea,—
And for your reefing topsails I'd rather you as me;—
I feather my oar unto the shore, so happy as I be
In the Guard-ship, ho!

We left Edward, moving slowly forward from his conference with the officers, in a state of mind far from being enviable. By the thoughtless, though friendly, kindness of Lieutenant Highgate, he had been exposed to a scrutiny which of all things he had least expected; and thus taken by surprise, and determined not to affront, as he thought, the honour of his family, he had found the little that he did say treated as falsehood, and himself rudely levelled to the same grade of infamy as the felons he accompanied. The sneering unbelief, too, so broadly displayed by Lieutenant Toddrell, had done its work; and the captain's parting words, on dismissing him, of his being "a queer one," and no better than he ought to be, still rung in his ears, and stung him to the soul. With a heavy and a bursting heart, therefore, and unwilling to betray himself in the presence of men, who, he was quite aware, looked upon all such feelings with the greatest contempt, he retired to a solitary corner under the vessel's little fore-castle, and there gave way to an agony of tears. The rude ungainly taunts of the lieutenant, it is true, had excited no other emotions than a certain scorn and contempt, which, in other circumstances, and in another place, would, in all likelihood, have provoked a return; but the graceful manners and manly delicacy of Captain Farrell had won his heart, and several times was he on the point of returning to the quarter-deck to demand an audience of him, that he might tell him his whole story. Here, however, there was an explanation to make, which both shocked and alarmed his pride, of which, we need hardly remark, he had a very respectable share. "No, no, it can never be," exclaimed he mentally; "I have voluntarily courted my fate, and, however hard it may

prove, I must learn to bear it. I might have chosen better, it is true; and yet, how could that be, when I chose to the best of my knowledge? Have I not ever loved sea matters? Have I not wished many times to be engaged in them? And have I not *now* got my wish? Yes!" added he, with a convulsive shudder, which made his teeth grind together,—"yes! I have got it in an overflowing cup, every drop of which I must drain to the bottom—for too much, far too much, has already been done, ever to be undone with honour. Alas! well did Lieutenant Highgate say, when he gave me the list to carry to the midshipman,—‘There, Davies, that is your banishment, since you will have it, God bless you, and farewell; we may meet again, though at present it ain’t very likely.’”

From this melancholy and mortifying reverie, he was suddenly aroused by the smart blow of a rope’s-end athwart his shoulders, and on wheeling round beheld the boatswain’s-mate.—“Yo hoy! who have we got skulking here?” growled the brutal fellow, repeating the blow.—“Oho! you’re one of the Johnnie Raws, are you?—and crying too, or blast me!—I thought you had belonged to *me*. But never mind, my buck, a simple snaffler or two in the bunt is nothing at all at all, when once you’re used to it—so come, come, save your water for another occasion; rub up your sparklers, and jump aft there, like a blade of mettle, and give us a pull of that there brace.” Edward obeyed, and launched with such apparent cheerfulness and good will into the bustle of the deck, as evidently to gain on the good graces of his new associates: the boatswain’s-mate in particular exclaiming, “that though awkward, he was willing, and in a short time would make a d—d good top-man.”

Busily occupied in this manner, the day flew by; but, with the return of night, came more serious and melancholy reflections. It was impossible for Edward to avoid remarking, with what marked and studied contempt he was treated by Lieutenant Toddrell, and all his inferior officers, who individually seemed to rejoice in humbling the impostor who had had the audacity to aspire to rank above his fellows, and who accordingly singled him out for the most tri-

fling, unceasing, and vexatious duties, exulting and sneering at his ignorance and awkwardness. Even the captain himself, of whom he was inclined to think so favourably, seemed to have become harsher and more stern towards him since their conference together, and appeared to view the indignities which were heaped upon him with an unsparing hand, with some degree of satisfaction. Gathering from the ill-natured taunts of the young gentlemen, that all this wretched usage proceeded from something contained in the letter, while he could hardly refrain from cursing the officious kindness of Lieutenant Highgate in thus erecting him like a target to be shot at, he was incessant in his inquiries at the older seamen as to when they expected to arrive at Yarmouth; naturally enough judging, that were he once quit of the Whippersnapper, he would sink unknown amongst the common herd, and get the common usage allowed to every one. Nor had he long to exercise his newly-tried patience; for the breeze continuing steady and favourable, the vessel speedily made her way to the much-wished-for roadstead, which was no sooner in view than the supernumeraries were ordered to get ready to go instantly on board the guard-ship, the Whippersnapper meaning to proceed without delay to her cruising ground.

This order Edward prepared to obey with the greatest pleasure; for, not to mention another reason than her inconvenient lowness and wetness, the Whippersnapper was so completely overloaded with live lumber as to have made a longer stay very disagreeable. He was therefore very soon on the quarter-deck, with his mattress and blankets under his arm, and had ample time to survey his motley companions, while a Bardolph-faced fellow of a clerk prepared the *invoice*. If our readers be inclined to stare at this, we can honestly assure them, that it was actually an invoice of so many head of live stock, "virtualled," moreover, "for that day," and sent from his Majesty's sloop of war, Whippersnapper, to his Majesty's flag-ship, *Grab*, Dugald Dolittle, commander. Edward and his comrades were thus all standing in groups, talking of the nature of their change, when the serjeant of marines came up to

them, dressed in a dirty jacket which had once been scarlet, and a ratan in his hand, as if prepared for drill; and having elbowed the first of the squad he encountered in the genuine spirit of a nautical martinet, he bawled out, with a most authoritative countenance, "Come, men, come;—fall in—rank up!—Blast your lubberly eyes! stand in a line, can't you?—What a rascally, lousy, good-for-nothing set!—Look here;—put all of you your toes to that there seam, and stand straight up, and keep your front—so now, so,—too far, my lad; back a little—there now, steady!—What's that whoreson loggerhead wheeling for? My eyes, can't you stand steady, and be d—d to ye, you lubber!—so now, so—steady!" He was here compelled to silence by the appearance of his potent commander issuing from the companion-ladder, and meekly followed by his bareheaded amanuensis, carrying pen and ink, and the aforesaid invoice. Captain Farrell, who seemed to be in none of the best of humours, after slightly saluting his officers, who were all on deck, replaced his well worn every way cocked hat on his head, and strutted his two or three paces of a quarter-deck, apparently wrapt in profound cogitation, with a solemnity of dignity truly ludicrous. At length, making an abrupt halt, he turned to his obsequious lieutenant, who stood watching his motions, and said, "Is the boat ready, Mr. Toddrell?"—"Yes, sir, but not manned," was the answer. "Then man her directly," cried the captain, "for we must be off—the wind sets fair."

The lieutenant immediately gave the signal to the watching boatswain's-mate, the shrill whistle blew, and *Away there, large cutters!* was bawled through the lungs of an ox. This command was promptly obeyed, the men coming scrambling up in all directions, and the commanding midshipman standing at the gangway, waiting orders. A profound silence was now broke by the captain ordering his clerk to muster the people that were going away, and the serjeant of marines to see that they carried nothing along with them but what was their own. While this was going on, throwing one leg carelessly athwart the breach of a carronade, he amused himself with a scrutiny at the

individuals and their luggage as they passed him to the boat. As soon as they had all got huddled in, he again appeared on the gunnel, "Are you all right there, Mister Faddell?"

"All right, sir," replied the midshipman.

"Then make all the haste you can on board again," said the captain, "for I shall get under weigh directly; and hark'ee, youngster, see that you bring me back a proper receipt."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the midshipman; "shove off, Parkinson"—and away they went.

A very short time brought them alongside of the *Grab*, where the ceremonials of introduction were much the same as those of taking leave of the *Whippersnapper*, excepting that they were marshalled by a smart dressed master-at-arms, and that every thing else bore a proportionate degree of gentility, and was of larger magnitude. The formalities of introduction over, they were next handed down to the purser's steward to be entered on his mess-book, were told the number of their respective messes, and then turned adrift to make of themselves what they pleased for the day.

As Edward had silently resolved to imitate the behaviour of those men-o'-war's-men who were along with him, well knowing that former experience would regulate their motions, and observing them making the best of their way for the lower deck, he immediately followed, and after their example, was shortly seated at his own mess table. This mess was under the control of one of the quarter-masters, whose wife amused her leisure hours in the superintendence and care of a petty chandler's shop, and retailed snuff, tobacco, tea, sugar, butter, cheese, bread, potatoes, needles, threads, and other luxuries and necessities, to all who had money to purchase, or trinkets or other saleable articles to pawn, and to a select number of her own ship's company on credit to a certain extent. As both the lady and her husband were unable either to read or write, she was compelled, to the sad loss of "many a good pen'orth of backor," to consign all her credits to her memory between the one meal's hour and the next, when

honest Ritchie Sangster, the fifer, who belonged to her mess, being at leisure, used to relieve her, by enrolling the whole of the aforesaid credits, day and date, into a sort of journal which she kept. Now it so happened that this same Master Dick laboured under a disorder proverbially common among his countrymen of the north of Scotland, and of course was not only a little over greedy, but had enacted the part of private secretary to Mrs. Susan Harley so long without a rival, as to be very often somewhat unreasonable in his demands; which, when not immediately complied with, the cunning puffer of sweet sounds would start away from the table, with a cry of "*Here I come, sir!*" and hasten upon deck as if he were really wanted to whistle a butt of water from the hold, leaving poor Missis Sue, with an overloaded memory, in a state of mind something between wonderment and chagrin. By way of relieving herself on those occasions when "her dear wag Richard took his *tantrums*," Mrs. Susan had no doubt been at infinite pains in the study of a certain kind of hieroglyphics, which are very popular among the more enlightened and *politerer* bar-maids and pot-boys of Cockaigne; but whether from the want of comprehension, or the want of time to comprehend, is not exactly known, but so little progress had she hitherto made in this elegant science, that her knowledge on these occasions often failed her, and would finally compel her to send Joe Harley in search of the fifer, whom she would then flatter and pettle with good things to return to his duty. It is a very common nautical observe, that every man has his lucky and unlucky days, which, of course, since they are unavoidable, he must just take as they come, with as much coolness, or as much heat, as he pleases; and the eventful day that Edward joined the aforesaid Richard's mess, was no doubt one of the fifer's unfortunate ones. It had so pleased the stars, that Dick thought proper that very morning to take the *tantrums* for something or other he wanted, and that to such a violent degree, that the flag of Mrs. Harley's defiance was still hoisted when Edward made his appearance at her table. She was then in the very act of resorting to her old *dernier*; and consequently bore all the

marks generally exhibited by a certain class when engaged in mental calculation, *i. e.* she would bite her nails, scratch her ringlets into a fine disorder, survey her shoe points, then mark down her hieroglyphic, which the next moment she would erase as being wrong or unsatisfactory; ever adding, at the end of every failure, a hearty ejaculation on the absent Dick, which it would be very wrong to interpret a blessing. It is impossible for us to say by what sort of sympathetic attraction Mrs. Susie was led to behold our hero with a favourable eye: it could not be his clothes, for he was nearly in rags; nor could it be his "speaking eyes," for grief and inquietude had dimmed their lustre: certain we are, however, there was a something about him which attracted her regard; for, contrary to her usual and well-known practice—being fond of showing strangers that she was somebody—she was remarkably civil to him, and even kind; while he, on the other hand, grateful for such unlooked-for attention, and observing her somewhat perplexed in her accounts, gallantly offered her his assistance, which was gladly accepted, and in half the time Dick would have taken, he had all her debits entered on her journal. Without meaning it, after-consequences showed that this was a master-stroke for a person in Edward's forlorn situation; for it matters not whether he had the far-famed Ledyard, or the politic and smooth-tongued Marmontelle in his eye at that lucky moment, since he happily succeeded in making a friend of Mrs. Susan Harley, who, besides her own powerful influence as the senior quarter-master's wife, and the most invincible scold in the ship, possessed an almost unlimited patronage in being *femme-de-chambre* and washerwoman to the first lieutenant—a power of itself, indeed, almost equivalent to the command of the vessel. As the accidental discovery of our hero's abilities made her completely independent of her *dear wag Richard and his tantrums*, whom she had apparently spoiled by her flatteries, she could not conceal her high satisfaction from her new-found auxiliary, but insisted, as the day was far advanced, that Edward should stay with her, promising to introduce him to her husband, who, she assured him, "was a dear good old creature, and might do him a kind-

ness." This request, it may be easily imagined, was too agreeable to Edward to meet with a refusal; and he accordingly, nothing loth, sat still until the arrival of the quarter-master, who appeared to be a hale stout old man, between fifty and sixty years of age, with ruddy cheeks, a fine figure, and a very pleasant open countenance.

"O, you are there, Harley, my love," cried Mrs. Sue, "I were quite moppy for want on ye."

"And well, my sweet wench, what dost want, or what art to give me, now I am come?" said the good-humoured smiling quarter-master, seating himself.

"Whatever you please, my love.—Shall I hand you the beef platter, for sure you must be hungry, after being on deck so long? or wilt rather choose a nice comfortable basin of warm coffee with I and this young Scotchman? Lauk, now! you don't see as how I have got a young Scotchman, Joe, since you left the berth?—Ay, that I have, my old blade, and such a one, too, you can't think."

The quarter-master, who had commenced eating, turned round to Edward, "You would come on board to-day, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Oh Davies, Davies," cried the lively Sue, "you must drop that there shore way of talking, now you are on board a man-o'-war. We have no such fine names in five fathom water, I can assure you, unless it be to the officers, who, you know, are all real gemmen, though some of them, God he knows, are poor and mean enough, as my pocket can tell to-day. Whenever you speak to husband again just call him plain Joe Harley, or quarter-master, which you please,—for I can assure you, he likes either far better, and thinks it more friendly."

Edward nodded assent.

Mrs. Harley now commenced a eulogy to the praise of our hero, for the assistance he had given her—very cordially d—d the fifer for an ungrateful thankless ingrate and swab, and concluded with declaring her determination, while she punished the one, to look after the welfare of the other, by allowing him to sleep that night under her mess-table, promising to make him more comfortable next day.

—"You know, my love," continued she, addressing her husband, "that every hammock I have got is in use at present, and I warrant you, Davies, I've got a good two dozen lent out; but you can have no difficulty, I should think, Joe, in coming slyly over old O'Reilly, the yeoman, for one more. God bless you, it would make the poor fellow sleep so comfortably, you know, besides keeping all his bedding snug from these blasted thieves, that lurk about so of a night. Recollect, Davies, we have got a great many thieves on board, so look sharp after all your little things; for 'twas but t'other night that poor Sam Morgan, who had got a little hazy, and lain down somewhere, had the very ear-rings pinched out of his ears while sleeping: now Sam you must know is a very old man-o'-war's-man."

"I have very little to lose, ma'am," said Edward, "except my bed and blankets, and these are of a description which I shouldn't think would be worth any one's coveting—since they would absolutely bring nothing."

"Nonsense, child," cried Mrs. Harley. "Lord love you, there is nothing more common than such poor devils as you losing their bed and blankets. Not bring them much, quotha! that's more than you know on. They'll bring them a dollar though, ay, or six shillings a piece; and many a thing walks a shore that won't turn out so well. But never mind, my lad, yours shan't walk that way, if either Joe or Susan can prevent it—and you don't know what we may do for you, if you're a good boy and behave yourself."

In such like conversation was the evening spent; for Mrs. Susan having by this time packed up all her enviables, felt herself quite at leisure, and inclined to talk. At last, however, the hammocks being piped down, put an end to it for a night; and Edward, tired and weary, spread his lowly couch below the mess-table, and was soon asleep.

Next morning, after stowing his bedding, he was no further disturbed until about an hour after breakfast, when the boatswain's mate piped "*All the Whippersnappers to muster, hoy!*" a call which immediately hurried him on deck. Here he found the master-at-arms and officers in waiting, and immediately fell into line on the quarter-

deck. After a minute examination of each individual, the ceremony concluded with the separation of the seamen from the landmen; the former being stationed to various duties in the vessel, and the latter, among whom was our hero, handed over to the boatswain's mate, who, commanding them to follow him, immediately retired to the main deck. Having here ranked them up with much formality, he next thundered out for the captain-sweeper, and the captain of the head, who at last made their appearance, and were a couple of the filthiest ragamuffins Edward had ever set eyes on. On the approach of these beauties, the boatswain's mate exclaimed with disgust: "Faugh! what a precious couple of walking dunghills! D—n me, Higgins, keep to leeward, and don't murder the blessed seabreeze with the funk of your abominable carcase—and avast there, Williams, and stay where you are if you please, for the devil a straw's to draw between the pair of you. Here are six landcrabs for you, d'ye hear; and it's the first lieutenant's orders that you take each on you a share, and learn them to handle a swab and a broom without delay, for I'm d—d if they are fit for anything else."—And so saying, and laughing heartily at the novelty of his employment, he immediately retired.

A serious altercation now took place between these dirty worthies, who should have the first choice; and the claim on both sides was argumented with a warmth, and in a style of language, quite novel to the ears of Edward. At length they agreed to determine the knotty point by tossing up for the supremacy—but a halfpenny could not be raised in the whole party.

"Come, come," cried the sweeping captain, a little, greasy, lively cockney, "I'll settle the matter with your honour, Monsieur Swab-washer, in a brace of shakes." Then producing the very spectre of a knife, and advancing to Edward, he without ceremony seized him by the button, and said, "Come, my brave fellow, you must not get ill-natured if I borrow one of your shiners to settle this important affair with—you shall have it again in a trice."

Aloft went the button, and the captain of the head was the victor.

"Well," cried the sweeping captain, "I see I've got my usual luck—so take your choice."

"Dang it, Williams," said the swab-captain, scratching his dirty head, "if I knows which to take now I've got my choice—for your large overgrown chaps are generally d—d lazy, and your small ones, again, drive a poor fellow mad with their gallows tongues. But come, shipmates, dang it, I'll follow my old plan with you—open all of you your fists, so, and let's have a squint at them—for I'll be teetotally d—d if Matt. Higgins shall allow either a tailor, or any other loblolly, to enter his crew, with his knowledge." He then went along feeling the palms of their hands, rejected those of Edward with disdain, and choosing three others, carried them off along with him, to initiate them into the mysteries of the head.

Not so the sweeping captain:—he loved to talk—thought himself no trifling morsel of a wit—and now that he was installed in his little brief authority, thought the opportunity of indulging it too good to be allowed to escape. As most of his crew had by this time assembled round him, he threw himself into what he thought an elegant theatrical attitude, and clothing his greasy countenance with something as near a smile as could be seen for the dirt with which it was begrimed,—“Comrades and heroes of the broom!” he cried, “I am happy to compliment you on an increase of force to our honourable crew; and I know you will rejoice on the occasion, were it for no other reason than the bright one of giving you less work; and the less the better, I say. For why should it not be so?—It is our birthright. Were we not all born on good feather-beds, or comfortable pallets of straw, and inured from our infancy to a delightful lazy half the day? To be sure we were, and that's heaven's truth. Besides, are not all our characters already established? and are we not lubbers, and swabs, and lazy, idle, good-for-nothings? To be sure we are;—for, show me the officer, high or low (myself always excepted, who knows your merits), from his worship the skipper, down to Jack in the dust, who expects any thing from a fellow with a broom o'er his shoulder, and I'll give you up my commission in a

moment. [*Here the bell struck six.*] But I must belay, my gallant lads, for our time is approaching, and the canaries will be chirping for us directly. You, Scroggins, I make you my inferior officer,—fly down to that old son of a sea-horse, O'Reilly, and tell him I demand three new brooms, with proper handles for three fresh volunteers we've got. Now see that the old skin-flint doesn't flam you off with some of his worn out gear."

The lad disappeared, and soon returned with the brooms on his shoulder, which the captain examining, declared to be tolerable, and delivered them to Edward and his two companions, cautioning them to take great care of them, and always to appear with them on deck, when the boatswain's mate piped "Sweepers."

The sweeping commander having thus contrived to engage the attention of his crew, continued his harangue until the bell had struck seven, and the boatswain's mate had begun his call: then, seizing his broom, and flourishing it aloft, he cried,—“Take three good hands, Dan, and march your bodies off to the lower deck,—You, Serjeant Scroggins, stay where you are, and here are five darling boys to go along with you. And now, my own fancy men, follow your gallant commander. I'm not like that lazy humbug, Higgins, who sits loitering and pigging it away in the galley, amid smoke and grease, while his poor fellows are working and tearing away—no, no, that none of you can say. I loves to head my jolly lads, shoulder my broom, and show how decks are swept."

Ere this was accomplished, however, dinner had been piped for some time, so that it was late ere Edward appeared at the mess-table.

“God bless me, Davies, where hast been lad?” cried Mrs. Harley.

Edward told her the story of his new appointment, to which she made no reply till dinner was over, and the table cleared, when, beckoning to him, she told him, in a half-whisper, not to be cast down, for it would be her care that he should not be over fatigued in the execution of that duty. “I have only to speak to that nasty fellow, Williams, and he must not, nor shan't, be too severe in

requiring your attendance, for sweeping, at any rate; and if he won't excuse you, I knows another who will;—so keep up a good heart, child."

Edward, who, we must confess, had little genius for the mystery of sweeping, began to express his grateful sense of her goodness to him; but Mrs. Harley would not hear him. She playfully put her hand on his mouth, crying—"Lord love thee, child, I've got better news to tell you than that there. Harley, good soul, has got you a hammock, and I'll sling it for you myself, if he han't time, and you shall lay, this very night, right over head there, as snug as e'er a captain in the fleet;—so come, come, child,—there's your book for you—be handy,—for I've got such a vast number of trifles to chalk down, you can't think!—Pray God I had my own money for them again."

Mrs. Harley was as good as her word. What passed between the sweeping captain and her, Edward never learned; but, at his next appearance on deck, Williams took him aside, and, with a vivacity peculiarly his own, thus addressed him,—“Give me your flipper, my canny Scotchman, for, hang me, I rejoice in your conquest. It is not every one, I can assure you, that could have cut our magical musicianer so completely in pieces, in such a short time. I'd only advise you, my young pell, now since you are in her books, to 'ware falling out with her, for, as sure as my name is Tom Williams, I can honestly assure you, that if our precious Mrs. Sue is a warm friend, she is quite a sky-rocket of an enemy—a complete Tartar, matey—has the fist of a Belcher, and the tongue of the devil. You needn't join us now, if you have got anything to do for her. I can do without you passing well, except of a morning, when the decks are washed, and to excuse you from that, my hearty, is above my commission;—so take your body off, and thank your stars in being the fancy-man of the high and mighty, chaffing and laughing lady, Missis Susan Soft-tack.” With this brilliant speech, and laughing heartily at his own wit, he turned on his heel, and joined his comrades.

It may easily be imagined, that, under the patronage of such a zealous friend as Mrs. Harley, our hero had abun-

dance of leisure to mark the singular mixture of human frailty, craft, and rascality, which formed such prominent features in the society of most of our guard-ships about ten years ago,—peculiarities which have amused us so often, and which have struck us so forcibly, that we really think them worthy a passing description, even at the hazard of being thought tedious.

The *Grab*, then, was a veteran of the old school, fitted with light top-masts, and slightly rigged, every rope being unrove, and sail unbent, which were not indispensable to make her swing properly, and keep her moorings clear, stationed by the wisdom of government in Yarmouth roadstead, for the threefold purpose of, first, receiving all those individuals belonging to the service who had left their ships in bad health, on duty, or leave of absence, and keeping them comfortably, at their country's expense, until an opportunity occurred of forwarding them to their respective vessels; secondly, of receiving all volunteers, impressed men, and gentlemen *from* the bar, with every other species of the desperado, whom the justice or fear of the laws of their country had possibly driven to seek that shelter on the waters which the land refused them; and, thirdly, of serving as a victualler and restaurateur-général to such of his Majesty's vessels as might reach her station in circumstances of distress.

With this general explanation, it may easily be conceived what a diversity of incongruous matter such a vessel contained; and that, amid such an ill-assorted mass, it was by no means unnecessary, as Mrs. Harley observed, to bestow some extra attention on any little moveables you might be possessed of. The iron discipline of the navy, it is true, was by no means unable to meet all this, had it not been for the circumstance, that the very pith and soul of that discipline was lost in such a vessel as the *Grab*, it being impossible to bring it to bear properly on men who came probably one day, and were gone the next. When it is recollected, too, that the people actually belonging to such a vessel formed but a small proportion of her inhabitants, and that, even after enumerating her limited number of officers, petty officers, boats-

crews, and marines, you have left a large majority of able and ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys, with their attending females, disposable, like her other stores, for the exigencies of the service, it was less a matter of surprise that such a laxity should exist, than that such a tensity of discipline should have been so firmly upheld. It was from the unavoidable and comparative idleness of a large body of this mass, that the most prominent features and peculiarities of a guard-ship took their rise; because human invention could not scheme steady work for the whole, and because skulking, which is impracticable in every other vessel, is deemed highly meritorious in a guard-ship. A great body of men were thus very often assembled together, totally unconnected and unknown to each other, who naturally resolved themselves into two distinct classes, as hostile and as completely separated as any two castes of the Hindoos.

The first of these classes, commonly terming themselves *sea-goers*, were such individuals as, having been separated from their own vessels by any of the causes already mentioned, awaited here the first opportunity of joining them again; and, of course, having what they were pleased to call *ships of their own*, they considered themselves merely as passengers in every other, worked very unwillingly, and skulked without shame. Besides, as in most guard-ships, they were looked on as men who deserved every indulgence, from the natural supposition of having undergone recent hardship or fatigue, they generally availed themselves of this friendly feeling towards them, and did little else but lounge away the idle day below, or formed part of the mob of galley idlers.

The second, and by far the most numerous class, are termed *waisters*, and were the simple, the unfortunate, and bandits above mentioned—a body of men who were always held in the utmost contempt, and most of whom, in regard to clothing, were wretched in the extreme. Having, in many instances, figured away in former years in very superior stations of society, it could hardly fail to excite a smile in the spectator to hear two such fellows quarrelling in a style of language which would reflect no

dishonour on more elevated company. "'Pon my soul, George," cried one of these ragged heroes to another in a similar plight one day, "I really understood, from that prating fellow Morley, that you had been at the bread-bag, which certainly has suffered severely from some ravenous scoundrel, and that was my sole reason for being so testy with you; but I sincerely congratulate you on the falsity of my information, and can positively assure you, that, while I crave pardon for my cruel suspicions of you, I shall certainly embrace the earliest opportunity of taking my foot from Mister Morley's inexpressibles."

Nothing is considered too vile or too mean for a *waister*—a term which is equally applicable to sweepers, swab-wringers, menials, and drudges of all descriptions. He belongs to a class accounted the very groundlings of the navy, and literally, in fact, live lumber; and it is against this unhappy class of men in particular that all the artillery of a guard-ship's discipline is directed. All the hardest and most disagreeable duties in the service, therefore, which can possibly be practised, are from them rigidly and minutely enforced; and, from the circumstance of such vessels giving and receiving nearly daily supplies of almost every article in demand for the navy, there is a species of steady bustle kept up, which leaves the unfortunate waisters but little leisure for injuring each other. In defiance, however, of this hard and unceasing labour, and of the most rigid and unrelenting discipline, the few hours of darkness, devoted to repose, are by no means idly thrown away; for most of them, in general, have both heads to plan and hearts to dare; and as the luxurious and licentious prodigality of the first class furnishes a tempting bait to the necessities of the second, neither talent nor ingenuity are awanting to keep up a species of petty depredation not altogether unamusing to an unconcerned person. The proximity and daily intercourse which is held with the shore, too, renders these nefarious practices not only more safe, but makes discovery nearly impossible; for the boats' crews generally participate in the spoil, and of course wink hard, and say nothing. In this way, amongst many others, do the waisters supply

themselves with many trifles, which, however insignificant they may appear in the eyes of a thorough-bred seaman, are, from early habit or long gratification, become indispensable to them for life and comfort.

An instance of this kind, which occurred on board the *Grab*, while Edward was there, excited a greater degree of merriment than pity. Our hero was lying awake one morning, very seriously scanning his past and present circumstances, and the marines were busied in placing the morning watch, when the whole lower deck resounded with a medley of howls and imprecations, bellowed in the strongest Irish accent, which was almost instantly followed by a crash, as of something bulky falling, and rolling down the hatch-ladder. In a trice the bawler was surrounded by lanterns, carried by the ship's corporals and marines; and they certainly exhibited as laughable a sight as often occurs. There sat, squat on the deck, a brawny Irishman of the largest dimensions, of the name of Michael Brennan, in a state of almost complete nudity, within a circle of lanterns, gazing wildly around him with all the stupidity of one suddenly awakened. To all the inquiries that were made as to how he came there, &c. he returned no answer; but rubbing his eyes, and recovering himself a little, he clenched his ponderous fists, and exclaimed, "By the powers, now, if my own day-lights could come over the spalpeens that hoisted me, bed and all, up that d—d ladder there, and then run me down it again, like an old clothes-bag, if I wouldn't be after sarving them a ticket or two in the bread-baskets that would make them remember Michael Brennan, sure, to the latest hour of their blasted lives, so I would now!—Och! but they did'nt roul my bed down after me?—No, no! that would have been too much of a good thing for poor Michael.—It was, Give me your bed, says they,—and the devil may fly away with you, Myck, says they,—and bad luck to them!—Och! I'm completely ruined, sure now!—All's gone, by Saint Patrick, now, to the last blessed skirrach!—My bed—my blankets—my tobacco—and six silver thirteeners my ould father left with me!—Blood and turf, master corporal, and all of you glim

carriers, what were you doing now that you couldn't be after keeping a better look-out ; but you must allow people to be robbed, and kilt, and murdered in this rascally manner ?—Och ! bad luck to you all, I say ! and bad luck to the hour, and the day, and the ould man, and the boat that first brought me among you !”

This pathetic harangue, and particularly the conclusion of it, was delivered with a rapidity and in a tone so irresistibly ludicrous, that a loud peal of laughter was the reply ; which nettled poor Michael so effectually, that, regardless of consequences, he sprung to his feet, and every blow he gave brought a guardian of the night to the deck. This speedily made matters worse.—Michael was overpowered, and put in irons ; but the next day, in consideration of his loss, the narration of which convulsed every hearer with laughter, his punishment went no farther than a few days in irons, and the deprivation of his grog.

In such refined and cultivated society, it was our hero's happy lot to remain for nearly six weeks ; at the end of which period a Nore tender paid the *Grab* a visit, for the purpose of picking up her gleanings. Having taken an affectionate leave of his kind friends, Joe and Susan Harley, Edward immediately embarked, along with the other supernumeraries, to the number of about 150 men and boys, with the happy Michael Brennan at their head, leaping for joy. He no sooner got on board the tender, than wheeling about, and waving his piece of a hat in the air, he cried, taking what he meant to be a last view of his old dwelling, “ Bloody sessions to you, you old tub of the devil ! May every tester you have nibbled from poor Michael Brennan, and that's my father's son, turn a red-hot shot to sink and to confound you ! and may the ould fellow receive you, ship's corporals, boatswain's mates, sodgers and all, into his own ugly bosom !”

The tender now made sail, and gave the *Grab* three hearty farewell cheers, which were as heartily returned ; and in less than forty hours were safely alongside the *Namur* at the Nore, who received them with the usual formalities.

We think it quite unnecessary to say anything of the

Namur, after being so minute in our mention of the Grab ; for excepting a necessary enlargement of scale and magnitude, the good and bad qualities of the one were those of the other. She was a fine large three-decker, remarkably crowded, having nearly 500 supernumeraries on board at that time. Edward was hardly eight days on board her before he became so heartily sick of the monotonous life of a guard-ship, that he determined to volunteer for the first vessel that offered, whatever she was. As they were coming almost daily down from refitting in the rivers, his wish was not long ungratified ; and, in a few days thereafter, he went on board the Tottumfog sloop of war, Charles Switchem commander, along with fifty others of all denominations in the service.

CHAPTER III.—IN HARBOUR.

The scrapers and the holy stones have now been keenly plied,
And the painters, jolly dogs, have done their duty ;
And now she breasts, so smart and gay, the rippling, roaring tide,
With masts on end, and rigging black'd, a beauty !
Her ports unshipt, her carronades run out on every side ;
She looks so like a sturdy fail-me-never,
That, d—n me, if I don't, and I'll do it too with pride,
Drink, "Huzza ! the saucy Tottumfog for ever !"

EDWARD had now, according to the most correct guardship phraseology, got "a ship of his own," being at length regularly enrolled on a vessel's books ; and he had soon to experience the mighty difference of labour that exists between the lazy-lagging regular-timed motions of a guardo, and the unremitting and lively activity exerted on board a vessel of war preparing for sea.

The launch of the Namur had no sooner delivered over her live cargo to the first lieutenant of the Tottumfog, than he instantly ordered them to stow their luggage in midships on the booms, and immediately set them to work in scraping the pitch from the vessel's decks and sides, outside and in, with which the caulkers had so liberally bedaubed her. This done, several days were next spent in getting in and stowing her water-casks, her guns, shot, and other warlike apparatus, together with cables, sails, spare rigging, and other stores, whether for the gunner, boatswain, or carpenter. Provisions and water followed ; the riggers were busy getting the rigging over the mast-heads ; all hands were on the stretch while day-light lasted ; nor was it until the painters began their decorations, that her lively ship's company had the smallest breathing from the hardest and most fatiguing toil.

All this strife of work arose from a circumstance by no means uncommon among naval commanders. While refitting their vessel at any station, they come necessarily under the command of the port-admiral of the place ; who, from the frequency of his signals for the attendance

of the captain, or various other minor officers, is very often troublesome enough; thus not only keeping the commanders continually on the alert, but confining them on board during his official hours, in case their attendance should be required. This, however rigorously they may enforce discipline in their own vessels, as it partially infringes on their personal freedom, is always deemed a grievance highly irksome and disagreeable; and if they can, by dint of a little overstrained exertion, escape to sea, from this unpopular etiquette, a day or two sooner, the task is always enforced with the most unrelenting rigour.

A short time, therefore, saw the Tottumfog's masts on end ready for sea, and a few days more brought her sailing orders, by which her ship's company heard, greatly to the satisfaction of our hero, that her destination was to be the North Sea, with her head-quarters at Leith Roads.

The day previous to sailing was expected by all to be one of *great ceremony*, which, in the version of the navy, is another name for one ushered in by excessive hard work; for it seems, whispers had escaped from that grand focus of internal politics, the captain's steward's cabin, that his worship was to be early on board; the clerk of the cheque meaning to muster the ship's company. Accordingly, shortly after day-break, they were roused by the boatswain and his mates piping *All hands ahoy!* Having turned out, and resigned their hammocks to the captains of the tops, who were vieing with each other in their neatness of stowage, the *holy-stones* were produced, and to it they went, a-polishing the decks for a series of hours. As some of our readers may not entirely comprehend the meaning of this phrase, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable. These stones have acquired the term *holy*, we believe, from the circumstance of their being used in almost every vessel of war at least once a-week—that selected morning being generally Sunday; when a good deal of extra scrubbing is gone through, previous to the word being passed for all hands to clean and dress themselves for muster and prayers. The manner of using them, again, is simply this:—The decks being first well rinsed with water drawn from the sides, and pretty liberally

sprinkled over with sand, the holy-stones are next brought forward, and are large flat stones, from 112 to 130 pounds weight—of a soft, smooth bottom, with two iron rings sunk into their upper surface, from which are appended two hand ropes, which the top-men lay hold of, and by dragging the stone to and from one another, in the manner of a saw, on the sanded deck, they thereby give it a smoothness and a whiteness which the most zealous scrubbing could never accomplish. Small hand-stones are used for those corners where the large ones cannot act upon; and as, in using them, a poor wight must get down on his bare marrow-bones, amid the wet and filth, they have long been known by the cant name of *Bibles*—a term which, by the by, we would remark, *en passant*, is rather inauspicious to the high hopes of those very zealous and respectable individuals who augur so much good from a profuse distribution of the Sacred Volume throughout the fleet, since every thorough-bred man-o'-war's-man must naturally attach to the latter a large portion of that wicked wit, and irreverent contempt, which he invariably feels for the former. The decks being therefore well holy-stoned, are once more rinsed with a profusion of buckets of water, to carry off the sand, then carefully dried up with swabs, and the work is completed.

As soon as the decks were finished, and topgallant yards sent aloft, the yards were carefully squared, the foretopsail let go, a gun was fired, and Blue Peter hoisted—the usual signal for sailing; all which being accomplished, the first lieutenant now ordered all hands to clean themselves, and the breakfast to be piped.

At two bells (nine o'clock), the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of the captain; and Edward, eager to behold his future commander, hurried on deck. From the very first good look he got of him, however, he disliked him; and it must be confessed that even his best friends acknowledged that Captain Switchem's appearance was by no means prepossessing. He was a tall, meagre man, apparently about forty years of age—of a grave, and rather a stern cast of countenance, whose whole figure bore all the external marks of severe exhaustion, from a tropical

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climate. Yet, though his form had an emaciated appearance, and his features came under the description of cadaverous, he had a strong, keen eye, and a custom of showing, in his rapid way of speaking, a finely-formed, excellent set of teeth, which gave a certain cynical animation to his manner, altogether overwhelming and unpleasing. While Edward was coolly revolving in his mind the apparent accuracy of the reported character of his commander, to the living figure before him, the clerk of the cheque came on board, and the boatswain immediately piped, *All hands to muster, hoy!*

No sooner was the clerk gone, than the captain, ordering all hands aft the mainmast, took his station at the capstan, and began the following speech:—"It has pleased the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, my lads, to bestow the command of this hooker on me; and as we are to be together in future, I hope we shall agree well, and be good friends. I must, however, say, that I am determined to have nothing from you but strict, steady, good discipline. I hold in my hands the Articles of War, which are to be, in future, the rules of every man's conduct: and it shall be my fault if they are not strictly enforced; but as most of you already know them, I shall refrain from reading them at this time, certain as I am, that those among you who have never heard them, will, very likely, think they hear them soon enough. Two things, however, I must mention; for, by the sacred Power that made me, I am determined to enforce them with the utmost strictness, and to punish all aggressors without mercy. The first of these things is, I never will forgive a thief; and the second, I never will forgive a drunkard. Now, pay attention, my lads; I say I never will forgive e'er a one of you who turns out to be either a thief or a drunkard. No—so help me God, I will punish a thief in the severest manner wherever I catch him: ay, though I should leave my cot, and burn an inch of candle at it. Regarding drunkenness, my lads, I will take another way. You all know it to be a low, lubberly, beastly crime, to which, God knows, we are all liable enough at times; I mean, therefore, to make this one

exception to its universal punishment. If it is committed by any one of you, while we are in harbour, I pledge you my honour I will be at some pains in considering the offender's general character; and, as he performs his duty at sea, so shall he have every reasonable allowance given him. But always bear in mind, my lads, that this great indulgence I will only allow to good steady men in harbour; for no person whatever shall escape the most rigorous punishment I can think of at sea.

"Now, my lads, although I know that it is not common for officers like me, commanding his Majesty's vessels of war, to condescend to explain to their crew their motives for either this or that punishment, I will yet be so honest with you as to tell you, that I have very weighty reasons for punishing both these crimes severely. We sail to-morrow, please God, for the North Sea station; and when you know that it is one which requires the utmost steadiness, good conduct, and sobriety, both from the variableness of the climate, and the intricacy of its occasional navigation, I am certain you cannot fail of perceiving my reasons for the punishment of drunkenness; since it principally proceeds on a determination I have long ago formed, that every man, while God grants him health, shall always keep himself in a state fit for duty, and not trundle his labour on the shoulders of some other poor fellow, who has no manner of business with it; while he, forsooth, is either pigging it below, under his mess-table, or else scampering the decks like a fool and a madman, creating confusion, disorder, and mutiny, wherever he comes. Again, when you recollect how short most of you are in the necessary rigging for a North Sea winter, you certainly can neither think me harsh nor cruel in severely punishing the scoundrel who would deprive e'er a one of you of the most trifling article of wearing apparel. I would ill perform my own duty were I to do otherwise; and it's a long look forward before pay-day appears.

"You now know my mind, my lads, on the two principal points I ever mean to quarrel with you on. I am now going on shore to take leave of my friends; and as some of your old messmates may wish to see you before we go, I mean

you all to be as merry as myself; and I shall accordingly leave orders for you to receive a double allowance of grog to-day, with which you may drink his Majesty's health, and a good cruize to us: if you have any left after that is done, you may add my health, and the rest of your officers. Good by t'ye—be merry, but be wise. Boatswain's mates, pipe down!"

The whistles were instantly blown, and the ship's company dispersed in high spirits.

"Side, boys," bawled the quarter-master—"attend the side." The captain, after some further private conversation with his first lieutenant, at last made his farewell salute to all his officers; and again did the boatswain's pipe sound its long lengthened note as the gig shoved off.

All was now impatience for the commencement of the revels, and every minute was fifty, ere the dinner was piped. At length came the happy hour; and at eating and drinking, with no duty to trouble him, who is so happy as Jack, either ashore or on board? It is no easy matter, indeed, to convey to our readers even the smallest idea of a man-o'-war's 'tween-deck, with all hands at dinner; for the long loud jolly laugh, the merry catch and cheering chorus—the shrill lively whistle, the ill-humoured boisterous squabble, and the growling deep-toned imprecation—all strike the astonished ear at the same moment with such a stunning noise, that one would think

"Hell was broke loose,
And all the devils were there."

As, however, we find it altogether impossible to identify either the speakers or choristers, where all were speaking and singing at once, we have only humbly to propose to any of our readers, whether lady or gentleman, whose curiosity may be so far excited, that they are exceedingly welcome to take hold of our arm while we slowly walk round the crowded deck, and note down the living conversation as it strikes the ear.

"I say, Jack, what d'ye think of the skipper's speech? How d'ye relish yon whimsy-whamsy of his'n 'bout drunk at sea, and drunk in harbour, eh?"

"Think! d—n me if I know what to think on't, Mayhap, taking a small drop of grog, when one can touch it, may be both lubberly and lousy ——"

"Lousy! why, Jack, he didn't say lousy, man—he said beastly."

"Ay, that he did, Jack,—for Nat and I were close under his lee."

"Well, well, maties, and what the devil else could he mean, I should like for to know, by beastly but lousy? O ho! my smart fellows, don't you be after picking me up before I fall; nor don't you go for to think that I've forgot what my old messmate, honest Dan Colfin, of the *Majestic*, used to say.—Ay, he was the lad for my money, either fore or aft, thof he was a Scotchman!—and I'm sure he was a great scholar, for I've heard all our officers say as much. Well, Barnes, says Dan, says he, whenever a fellow calls you beast, or beastie—I think 'twas some such rigmarole phrase he used,—you may depend on't he means that you are lousy, says he;—so up fist directly, says he, and knock the fellow down."

"Vy, I doesn't know but what you may be right, Barnes, a'ter all; that there Scotch differing so much from our good English, you knows.—But I say, maties, what if our old Gibby there should get himself malty of an a'ternoon, as usual, when we're at sea?—My eye! what a cod's squint he would turn up when the skipper would say to him, *You are a low, lubberly, lousy swab, Gibby! Serjeant of marines, put that drunken beast in irons!* (Imitates.) *Saul! ye may do sae, your honour; but de'il a bane o' me's fu'.*—Silence, you old sinner! you are continually drunk, Gibby!—Boatswain's-mate, give him a d—d good starting! You are worse than a pig, Gibby!—give the scoundrel five dozen at least! I wouldn't give five skips of a louse for all you ever do, Gibby! d—n him, send him through the fleet!" Here the humble disciple of Matthews could no longer hold out against the resistless vigour of his own wit, but readily joined his messmates, who were convulsed with laughter.

"I'se tell ye fat it is, Maister Lillyeuk, or fat-e'er's your name, if thou disna clap a stopper on that vile potata-

trap o' yours, d—n me but I'se gie ye a clank ower the canopy sall mak your day-lights sparkle again, and syne we'll see how you'll like that, my lad. Fa the deyvel d'ye think's gaun to stand your jaw, ye snuffle o' a creature? Confound ye! ye're just a very good sample o' a' the rest o' ye're d—d cockney dirt—aye yattering and yelping whan ye're eating, or whan ye've your nose close to the bread-bag!—But bide ye a bit, my man—we're gaun to a place where I'll may be live to see a hantle o' that cleck o' yours ta'en out o' ye."

"By my soul, you are right, Gibby, and Hollyoak's wrong. I believe we shall see your calf country, my old boy, very soon.—I say, Mack, what d'ye think's the largest tree in Gibby's country?"

"O, how should I know? But what country d'ye call Gibby's?"

"Why, Shetland, to be sure."

"O! Shetland, is it—there I have you, matey, for many's the good glass of grog I've had in Shetland. The biggest tree that I know that grows in Shetland is, let me see, a large, tall, bushy, full-grown—cabbage! almost as high, by the hokey! as our grog-kid there, ha, ha, ha!"

"Avast, avast there, Mack;—Pshaw! you shouldn't be so d—d witty on Gibby's country, my lad, seeing you don't know how much you may be beholden to it yet before you hop the twig. For my part, I'll only say that the man that speaks glummishly of Gibby's country knows very little of the North Sea—I'm certain they don't—eh, Gibby? But never mind them, my old soul; we'll very likely soon be in at Brassay—won't we, Gibby? And then who knows but you'll tell little Ailsey to bring us plenty of murphies, and eggs, and soft tack—Won't you, my pretty Gib? won't you, my heart of oak?"

"Come, come, d—n your squeezing Jack; my banes are a' sair already wi' your nonsense, I declare."

Here the whistle blew, and *Grog, ahoy!* was bellowed down the hatchway. The sound was heard with a shout of joy; and away scampered the cooks of the various messes with their vessels to the grog-tub.

The mirth grew now both boisterous and tumultuary;

the very sight of the grog seemed to have the effect of raising the animal spirits to a higher key ; and so very zealously was the carousal commenced, every one in the joy of his heart talking louder than his neighbour, while ever and anon the rude and boisterous chorus struck the ear, that one would have thought that young and old, in defiance of every caution their captain had given them, were in full march to a state of the most complete inebriety.

" Scaldings, matey, scaldings!—D'ye hear, you fellow? keep that filthy mop of a head of yours out of my way.—Blast your day-lights, you lubber! if you make me spill a single drop of this here grog, but I'll dance your rascally ribs into powder."

" Hollo! you sodger, mind your well-blacked pins, my boy, and don't capsize with the good stuff."

" Number five!—Number five!—call number five below there!—Here, my old mate, lay hold of the grog-kid; the hatchway's so completely choak-a-block with lobster-backs and barbers'-clerks, there's no getting down but by the cable."

" Come, come, heave a-head, old skulk-me-ever, and let me pass you: our mess is on fire, mate, and here is the water."

" Weel, sirs! and fat d'ye think o' your fine cockney creature now?" bawled Gibby, with one of his usual ill-natured grins;—ha, ha, ha! if I can keep frae laughing at it. Hang me! if the poor singit mumping cat hasnae lost his call; and now ye'll hae obliged to wait till a' the sodgers are saired before ye. Saul! the brat was for starting me, sending me through the fleet, and fiend kens a' fat; but, in gweed faith, if ye're a' o' my mind, the devil a spoonfae o' grog should wet his wuzen!"

" For shame, Gibby, to propose such a thing! I'll be d—d, now, if you'd speak that way did you not expect to get a few of these same spoonfuls, as you call 'em, whistled into your own muzzle. All the mess knows that it's not a trifle you'll stick at when a glass of grog's in the wind; and how do you know but poor Hollyoak may like the stuff as well as yourself?"

"Oh, blast it! give the fellow his grog; I wants nene on't, for my part: and I hold it as bad's a round and sound starting to deprive any one of his grog. Rather cob him, I say; for he had plenty of time, and knew well enough we had the first call."

"Avast, avast there, mates, for here he comes!—Come, Hollyoak, hand round, my buck, for we're all in a state of mutiny here:—and I say, old Petticoat Lane, tip Gibby a choker at once, for he's been swearing he'll grog you."
(*Chorus from a neighbouring mess.*)

"Nor never will I married be
Until the day I die;
For the stormy wind, and the raging sea,
Parted my love and me."

"Well, well, mates, no more about him.—Rather, Gibby, let's hear you give us a slice of your old pell, the Bounty, that good old Spitzberger. I don't see why we should'nt be as merry as e'er a mess in the hooker on such a day as this.—Come, Gib, my beauty, strike up."

"Oh, Greenland is a cold country,
And seldom is seen the sun;
The keen frost and snow continually blow,
And the day-light never is done,
Brave boys!
And the day-light never is done."

But deil a bane o' me can sing now ava. It's far ower high for my auld pipe, although, nae doubt, we've seen the day; but, losh, sirs, I just scraugh awa' now like an auld hen in a flaming passion.—But, whisht!—ay, that's something like the thing." (*Chorus.*)

"Farewell, and adieu to you, grand Spanish ladies!
Farewell, and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders to sail for Old England,
But we hope in short time for to see you again."

"Tut's, callants, here's to the Tottumfog, and a' that's in her! May she soon nail a prize or twa, and then scud to Shetland as she were driving to the wuddy; for, truth to tell ye, mates, I'm gaun daft to see our Ailie."

"Huzza! well behaved old Gibby!—ha, ha, ha!"

"And now that we're all so comfortable, mates," chimed in Hollyoak, a little elevated, "I scorns not to be my share

to the harmony; so I'll tip you the fag-end of a Common-Garden ditty, which I've sung with such an applause as you can't think—my eye! it was deafening!

“And shan't I have my vill, old boy?—
Must ve, dear Emma, part?—
Oh, lauk-a-day! vat vill I do
To shun a broken 'art?—
By jing! sweet gall! a happy thought
Has just popped in my nob—
I'll go to sea, and fight the French :
I vill, so help me, Bob!—
So, Emma, love, to heaven above,
Ven I am far at sea,
Do pray a prayer, and tear a tear,
All for the loves of me.”

“Weel, Lillyeuk,” cried the vivacious Gibby, “saul o' me, after a', but ye're a bonnie singer! and eh, man! that's a beautiful tune, amang mony ither beauties that Scotland may weel haud up head and be proud o'. I'm no speaking o' the words, mind ye, whilk are neither mair nor less than a deliberate murder o' the king's English, as, indeed, maist o' you cockneys mak a common practice o'.”

“Never mind, Gibby; I say, bravely sung, my jovial blade!” exclaimed another speaker. “Hurrah, for the Tottumfog! push round the grog, my boys, and d—d all expenses.”

“I tells thee, Tummas, thee hast goutten three tots already; how many wouldst thee ha' now?”

“What argufies that, my lad, when they wan't half full. Come, come, bouse me up another, matey, there's a good fellow, and I'll touch you off a flashy stave. (*Sings.*)

“Oh, the rose it is red, and the violet is blue,
And my heart, love, beats steady and constant to you;
Then let it be early, late, or soon,
I will enjoy my rose in June.”

“Dang it, Tummas! that's always thy way: but I won't be sung out of my grog by e'er a one. I tells thee once more, that I'se only the plush, and that I be's entitled to, aint I now?—But come, come, matey, thee needn't be angry either; there's another for thee.”

“Angry! no, no, I'm not angry, my old ship. Here's smacking luck to you, my dear boy, and a fistful of yellow doubloons before you are many years older.—Angry! in

faith ! it's a very different story then, my hero ! If ever you see Tom Sykes angry—that's real savage, I mean—I'd advise you as a friend to stand clear, mate ; don't you go for to think that he's been at Copenhagen and Trafalgar for nothing. (*Sings.*)

"On the glorious the second of April, all at the doom of day,
We unreef'd all our topsails, and then we bore away :
Lord Nelson on the poop did stand,
With his spy-glass all in his hand ;
And all he said, as we push'd for the land,
Was *Steady ! and Cheer up, ho !*"

"Boatswain's mate! boatswain's mate!—Below, there! You marine, d'ye hear, fellow?"

"Sur?"

"Call the boatswain's mate, forward there, directly."

"Ay, ay, sur.—Boatswain's mate! Forward there; pass the word for the boatswain's mate."

"Hollo!"

"You're wanted on deck." (*Chorus.*)

"The deil pu' out your twa black een,
I wish your face I had never seen,
You're but a proud and a sauncy quean,
I winna be your dearie, O."

"Up there, sweepers, and clear away the deck!—D'ye hear there, you Murphy, Davies, and the whole boiling of you?—Come, come, no grumbling; it's of no use: so shoulder your brooms, and come over the deck as smartly's you like. Come, scud!—D'ye hear there; fly, and out of my sight with you!"

"Well, my lads, as I were saying, we had her by this time just two points abaft the beam——"

"You tie an earring, you swab! I wouldn't allow you to stand at my lee-wheel."

"D—n me, if I don't think, somehow or other, that our skipper will turn out a tartar, good weight, after all. He's got a smacking sharp cut-the-wind of his own, and I don't like his top-lights at all, at all."

"Avast there, my hearty; after me, if you please. I say, mates, here's bad luck to Bet of the Jetty, and to all the rascally smouches and humbugs of Sheerness! That's your time of day, my hearts, keep the tot trotting."

"Let us drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
Our spirits to cherish, our hopes, and our lives;
For we'll pay all our debts with a flying fore-topsail,
And so bid adieu to our sweethearts and wives."

"Pshaw! d—n the song! hear me out, mates.—Well, as I were saying, by this time we were all double-shotted, and were just going to give her another physicker——"

"Ha, ha, ha! My eyes! twig canny Shields Neddy! Malty, by the Nor'-lights!"

"You lie, you land-crab! I'll walk on a seam with e'er a man of your mess."

"By the powers! you may say it, my darling! for it's just the place for a fellow to laugh and grow fat in. I've seen a good deal now of the world, both east and west, and every point of the compass, honey! but the devil fetch me, were it in my power, but I'd pitch my tent in snug little Ireland before e'er a corner in it at all at all; ay, faith, and so would I now. (*Sings.*)

"If I had, for my share, a nate hunder an 'air,
Och myself wouldn't care, for dull I'd never be;
I'd be off, in a jiffy, to the fair flowing Liffy,
Nor ere roam from home, or I wish you may skiver me:
Hospitality!—all reality!—
No formality there you'd ever see!—
The free and azy, would so amaze ye,
You'd think me right crazy—for dull I'd never be."

The bell now struck six, when the pipe of *All hands to dance, ahoy!* hurried all the young men on deck, in excellent trim for frolic and fun of every description, leaving all the more grave and aged below, happy in each other's conversation. Parties were speedily formed, and *Hunt the slipper*, and several other games of a similar nature, were immediately commenced. Other parties amused themselves with dancing on the fore-castle, to the beat of the drum and the sound of the fife; and the grotesque manners of the huge hulks of fellows who personated the fair sex, made every side ache with laughter. The scene was new to our hero, who enjoyed it very highly; although he could hardly avoid remarking, that all the sports and dances were of the rudest description, and were more like the prefatory lessons for initiating men into the mystery of bearing hard blows and heavy falls with good humour;

than the pastimes of reasonable and rational beings : for as all the frolics, of whatever nature they were, commonly ended in a mock squabble, where the whole party engaged mutually gave one another a hearty drubbing with their knotted kerchiefs, taken from their necks for that purpose, in one or two instances it actually occurred that, where the parties thought themselves rather severely handled, it verged pretty nearly to a serious conclusion, and several heavy blows were interchanged, with every apparent good will. This, however, was seemingly against all rule ; for, wherever it was like to happen, the others, by dint of ridicule and laughter, soon put their anger to flight, and speedily restored good humour.

Although the subject may appear somewhat trivial, yet will we venture a description of two of these sports, which we believe not to belong to the class more generally known, and both of which, we can assure the reader, please a vast deal better in the performance than they can ever be expected to do from a brief description.

The first is termed *building a cutter*, and is merely a dramatic squib, concluded in the usual way at the expense of some simple good-natured landsman, ignorant of the sport, who, having allowed himself to be pinned down to the deck, as the cutter's keel, and four stout fellows placed to keep him steady on his back, the word is instantly sung out of *Launch, there, launch !* when instantly, to the astonishment of numbers, and the joy of the whole of the lookers-on, about a dozen of buckets of water, which had been carefully prepared during the passing conversation, are discharged smack in the face of the unfortunate prostrate, and followed by others in such rapid succession, that he is nearly suffocated, and completely drenched, before he can fight himself clear of his tormentors, while all around him are generally convulsed in laughter.

The other game we have selected is named *the Bold Buccaneer* ; and is one which exclusively belongs to the most active and alert seamen in the navy. According to the number on board inclined or capable of taking a part in this very hazardous piece of amusement, the performers may be four, three, or two in number. At the time that

our hero beheld it, it was done by three, two of whom were Shields colliers, and the third a fearless Irishman. They were three athletic well-made young men, rather below the middle size; and such was their known celebrity in this performance, that no sooner was this game publicly announced, than every other was immediately suspended, and young and old, officers, cooks, and scullions, hurried on deck to witness an exhibition at that time universally popular.

The candidates of applause soon divested themselves of their hats, kerchiefs, jackets, and shoes; and having braced themselves tightly up for exertion, and taken their stations, the performance began on the forecastle by the *ci-devant* black diamond boys chanting the following humble rhyme, to, however, a very sweet and lively air:—

“Our countries on the ocean stand,
We’re mermen bold upon the main;
Who dares dispute when we command,
He never shall dispute again.

For thus we resolve, and thus we decree,
No rival shall ever appear on the sea,
Before he first fights us, so bold and so free,
Whose watch-word is Death, boys, or Victory!
Hurra, hurra, hurra!
Glory or Death, boys, or Victory.”

“Well, brother,” began one of them, “how do your bearings stand?”

“By observation yesterday, Porto Rico, E.N.E. 20 leagues.”

“Have you seen any thing lately?”

“Yes, brother, I saw a sail last night, and gave chase—but I’ve lost her.”

“What did she look like?”

“She loomed like a square-rigged vessel.”

“The same I saw myself. Keep you as close to the wind as you can hug, and I’ll go large; for I’m almost certain we’re in the track of the object of our wishes, the Braggadocia privateer. We have only to capture her, and then home to old England as if the devil kicked us! I think we had better part company, and make sail, brother.”

“Ay, ay,—the sooner the better.”

Both now cleared the forecastle at a single leap; and

both taking a side of the deck, advanced slowly aft, with many curvetings and specimens of agility, until they espied the Bold Buccaneer sitting carelessly whistling at the very extremity of the gaff boom. He was instantly hailed with a "What ship there, ho?"

"Ay, ay," replied he, "that's the very ship, dear, to be sure."

"Confound the rascal," continued the speaker, "D'ye hear, there, fellow, what ship is that?"

"For sartin, honey, it's the very ship."

"If you don't answer me directly, I'll fire into you."

"If you do this time, my darling, it's more than the son of your mother ever did before, joy."

"Is not that the Braggadocia privateer?"

"Mayhap she is Braggadocia enough to take every inch of consate out of you, however.—Oh! by St. Patrick! there's two of you, is there? Then, by the lovely maid of Killarney, it is full time I was after shaking my own beautiful trotters, sure now." [*Rises, and moves slowly up the rigging.*]

"Hilloah! you ship, there," bawled the speaker after him.

"What want you now, gragh?"

"Won't you tell us your ship's name?"

"No, troth now, that I won't.—I'll be after telling the flying Braggadocia's name to ne'er a spalpeen like you.—I'm away, for I like none of your company, my darling."

"Make sail, brother, and give chase;" and both instantly sprung to the boom.

A trial of the most dexterous agility and presence of mind now ensued. They ran up the rigging, and slid down the stays, even from the very mast heads, with the rapidity of arrows, and leaped from one yard to another, by means of slip-ropes, with the confidence and agility of the monkey tribe, amidst the reiterated shouts and plaudits of the whole ship's company. They continued this fatiguing and perilous exercise a great length of time, and, as the pursuers, by the laws of the game, were compelled to follow in the exact line the pursued led them, the chase seemed for a goodly time to be nearly hopeless; for, though the

two Shieldsmen moved swiftly and fearlessly on, the Bold Buccaneer, well worthy his name, scorning to yield, no sooner led them down to the deck, than off he flew again, nor would he halt for a moment until he reached the topgallant yard's-arm. Here, making fast a rope's end he had brought from the top, he would coolly await their arrival on the cross-trees, and then, when his fire-faced pursuers had almost made sure of him, would the daring fellow spring to the yard's-arm at a bound, and, slipping down his rope with astonishing rapidity, would either stand the next moment on the topsail-yard's arm, or, seizing hold of a stay, continue his run to the deck, leaving his disappointed and breathless pursuers looking after him from the top-mast head. Thus they continued, with the most admirable exertion, until the Buccaneer had brought them to the deck three several times, when, unfortunately, in a rapid descent on the main-topgallant-stay into the fore-top, he wounded his foot on a straggling marlin-spike. Still, however, he scorned to give in, though his speed was greatly retarded by his wound, which bled profusely. At length, after uncommon exertion, he was laid hold of by one of the Shieldsmen, in the act of making fast a slip-rope to the fore-yard's arm, and a struggle ensued which baffles all description; the Buccaneer endeavouring to shake him off, and either escape by the lift, or else make a spring to the stays, and canny Shields keeping him stoutly and firmly pinned to the yard's-arm. This was the more increased by his companion coming dash in between them, by slipping down the lift of the yard. The Buccaneer finding it now impossible to escape, made a sudden spring, and overboard he went headlong. Hazardous as the matter now appeared, one of the Shieldsmen hesitated not a moment, but dropped from the yard after him, and was gallantly followed by his companion; and now a sort of fight ensued far more painful than pleasant. All three were excellent swimmers, but completely exhausted; and, the tide happening to ebb at the time, the current of the Medway proved too strong for them, and carried them all so rapidly astern, that a boat was instantly despatched to pick them up; thus ending a most finished display of

agility and courage, with no other injury to the parties than a little extra fatigue, and a good ducking. For this, however, they seemed to be amply compensated, on coming on board, by the cheering plaudits they received from the whole ship's company: the officers giving them divers drams to qualify the salt water they had been compelled to swallow, and their messmates bustling in changing their wet clothes for others more congenial to comfort; every one evincing, by these little acts of care and kindness, the high satisfaction to which their distinguished abilities had given rise; and for no better meed than which, however we may deny it, men are sometimes spurred on to greater feats than even the figuring away in the breakneck sport of *The Bold Buccaneer*.

It was now a delightful summer evening. The noisy clang of the dock-yard had ceased; the lighters and shore boats, with their commodities, Jewish and Christian, and a few unsaleable British beauties, were hurrying towards the harbour; the sun had given to the windows of Blue Town the appearance of a splendid illumination,—had tinged the curling tops of the gently-rising waves, and the neighbouring richly-wooded shores, with a golden hue,—and plainly announced to the most casual inquirer, in all the dignity of beauty and expressive silence, that labour must cease, for the day was at a close. The topmen were aloft, and the marines and signal-men were at their posts. Every eye on deck was now steadily fixed either on the admiral's ship, or on the sun; which no sooner sank beneath the horizon, than the words *Fire* and *Sweigh away!* were given, the muskets were fired, the topgallant yards tripped and hurried with Blue Peter to the deck, the ensign disappeared at the same instant, and the ceremonial of sunset was concluded by the drummer, who beat the tattoo to the well-known air *Go to Berwick, Johnny!*

A short interval of order and quietness had now happily succeeded the most boisterous mirth and uproar. The fife, the fiddle, and the drum, with most of their admirers, had gone below; when the pee-wheep-chick-a-chick sound of the boatswain's pipe hurried young and old once more on deck for their hammocks, and a few moments saw the

Tottumfog's sides, fore and aft, studded with human heads arrayed in all the varied costumes of the world. When all were assembled, the word *Pipe down!* was given; the boatswain's pipe gave its sanction by a screaming trill; the hammocks flew out of the nettings as if by magic, and were as hastily shouldered by their owners, who, in their haste to reach their respective berths below, displayed an apathy of feeling and an equanimity of temper highly exemplary. We have not the least doubt but it would have excited both the wonder and laughter of our readers, to have seen young and old coming literally rolling down the hatch-ladders along with their hammocks; and we have still less, that it would have made many of them stand somewhat aghast, to have heard the strange medley of reiterated shouts of, *Stand from under! Scaldings below there! and Murder!* with all the usual accompaniments of mock screaming, peals of laughter, and direful imprecations, which commonly attend this hurried piece of business. All this, however, and a great deal more, passes quite unheeded when once people are a little accustomed to it; for all this is but merely a noise, which a few minutes puts an end to. The various parties speedily return to the deck to roll up their respective hammock-cloths to preserve them from the weather; and, like all other services in the navy, every thing is forgotten as soon as the bustle is over. In a very short time a large portion of the people returned to their sports as cheerful and good-humoured as ever, laughing heartily at the cuts and thrusts they had both taken and given; while not a few there were, who, wisely noting the probable fatigue of the following day, stole away to their hammocks, and were soon asleep.

CHAPTER IV.—SAILING DAY.

Then stick to't, my hearts, and be jolly, boys,
At the mercy of Fortune we go;
We're in for't—then, certes, 'tis folly, boys,
To be down-hearted, you know!

THE first thing that saluted the ears of our hero in the morning was the hollow boom of the admiral's gun, almost immediately followed by the boatswain's piping, *Up all hammocks, hoy!* This command, as usual, opened the throats of all the midshipmen, and other petty officers; who, severally running about the lower deck, exerted the strength of their lungs in bawling, in the roughest notes they could assume, "D'ye hear there, sleepers! up all hammocks!—Rouse up, men, rouse up! Turn out there, turn out! Out or down, lads, out or down!—Ahoy, you fellow there, no rigging in dock; come, jump! or down you come!—Hilloah, who have we got here? Oh! a sick man, is it? Come this way, a parcel of you, and bundle this man of straw into midships out of the way. Pretty behaviour truly! to get sick now we're going to sea—shamming Abraham, I believe? Lash up there, lash up! Move your fingers a little smarter there, Master What-d'yecallum, if you please!—Bear a hand, my lads, and on deck with your hammocks! Come, cheerily, my hearties, quick, quick!" These vociferations, accompanied now and then with a shake of not the most gentle description, had an excellent effect in putting the drowsy god to flight, and enforcing a speedy obedience to orders; so that a very few minutes saw the lower deck cleared, and the hammocks all safe in the nettings.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner reported on deck, than the boatswain made the air ring again with, *All hands unmoor ship, hoy!* an order which was received with a shout of applause.

"Up there, gunner's-mates! down there, tierers! Pass round the messenger, my lads! Carpenters, ship your

bars ! Stopper the best bower, forward there ! Man the capstan !” were now the orders of the first lieutenant, re-echoed lustily, and immediately enforced, by the before-mentioned underlings, who, now that the game was fairly started, followed up the cry with voices in every possible variation of the gamut.—“ Are you stoppered there, forward ?” demanded the first lieutenant.—“ All ready, sir,” replied the boatswain.—“ Unbit the cable, then.”—“ Ay, ay, sir,” was the answer.—“ In the tier there ?” —“ Sir ?” —“ Are you all ready below there ?” —“ In a moment, sir,” replied the master from the main hatchway, “ we’re clearing away as fast as we can.” —“ Bear a hand then, Stowage, for we’re all waiting you, and the day wears apace.” —“ Ay, ay, sir,” cried the master ; “ I’ll sing out the moment I’m ready.” —“ Look about you smartly, then,” replied the lieutenant, smiling, “ for I care not how soon you begin your song.” Then, coming aft to the capstan, he said, “ Now, my lads, I expect to see you walk away with her with life and spirit. Not in the dead-and-alive way, mind me, you’ve lately been accustomed to see on board of a guard-ship, but smart and bravely, like the active service you now belong to. Come, serjeant, where’s your fifer ? Oh, I see the fellow. Come this way, my little man ; stick your body up there, on the back of that carronade, and let’s have something lively from you.” —“ All ready in the tier, sir,” bawled the master.—“ Very well, Stowage,” answered the lieutenant : “ Look out there, forward !—Go round ; play up fifer,” and away they all stamped, to the favourite air of the fleet, *Shove her up !* amid the cries of, “ Well behaved, my lads ; that’s it, stick to her : keep it up, fifer !—Surge there, surge ; gunner’s-mates, look to your nippers !—Pay down, my hearties, pay down ! Are you all asleep in the tier there ? Light out the small bower, will you ?—Come, another rally, my hearts, and away she goes !” &c. &c. until the anchor was right under ; which, after a few cheering and desperate rallies, at length gave way, and was speedily at the bows. While a few of the forecastle-men were employed in lashing and securing the best bower for sea, the capstan was rapidly bringing in the loose cable of the small bower, so that in a very short time

it was also right under foot. The first lieutenant now busied himself in sending aloft the topgallant yards, reeving the royal and other fanciful rigging, then hoisted Blue Peter, and fired a gun as before. The capstan-bars having by this time been unshipped, the messenger tockled along the booms, and the decks cleared up, he now ordered the captains of the tops to see that all their running rigging was in a fit state for working, all which being duly reported, after telling the signalman to keep a sharp eye on the harbour for the captain, the breakfast was piped.

All hands were busied in regaling themselves with their *skillogalee*—a vile oatmeal liquid, in imitation of Scottish porridge—when the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of Captain Switchem; who, after seeing how matters stood, with an economy truly commendable, immediately descended to his cabin, to throw aside his holiday clothes and gewgaws; which, however stylish and becoming they may look on shore, are altogether unnecessary on ship-board, gala-days being always excepted.

His servant soon afterwards making his appearance, on his way to his master's cook, was interrogated repeatedly from the mess tables with the eager question of "What's the news?" and although the endearing appellations of, *I say, my lad—my dear boy—my cock o' the green—my good old ship!* &c. &c. were carefully prefixed to the demand, yet seemed he to think himself a person of too much importance even to deign a syllable of reply, or to regard his various interrogators with any other looks than those of the most cutting contempt, as he slowly and gravely paced forward to the galley. This ill-judged behaviour had the effect of putting compliment speedily to flight; and, on his return, such volleys of abuse saluted him from all quarters, that he was glad to quicken his pace, and seek shelter in his master's cabin. Nor was this his only punishment; for he had the mortification, not a minute afterwards, to be compelled to answer this important question; and to answer it, too, before those very people whom he had affected to despise.

In his former hurry he had apparently either forgotten something, or had received some fresh orders to deliver to

the cook; for the uproar his behaviour had excited was barely subsided, when he again made his appearance bending his course the same way as at first, but with a good deal of more activity. Unfortunately for his self-elevated importance, which was destined from that hour to be completely kicked from its stilts, he was met midway in his journey by the gunner, whom the noise had drawn from his cabin, and who, quite unceremoniously, laying hold of the collar of his jacket, brought him to a full halt, with the old question rubbed down to a familiar, "I say you, Mister What's-your-name, bear a hand and tell us what's the news?" Such a question from an anchor-button was not to be eluded. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he threw his ready carcase into one of its most finished congées, and, with a face all over smiles, readily replied, "Really, my good, sweet sir, my news is very trifling—vastly trifling indeed; Captain Switchem and I have been so harassed of late, and the dock-yard and the admiral's office, with their impertinent commissioners, their clerks, and all the rest, are such a confounded bore, you know." From this flowery and high-flying way of talking, however, he was suddenly warned to forbear, by observing in the gunner's countenance something of a squall beginning to be apparent, which he dreaded might be yet more obstreperous than the one he had already endured. Making, therefore, a sudden eddy in his speech, he more modestly resumed, "But it can't be shore news a gemman of your rank wants—certainly not. Excuse me, sir; but I've been in such a flurry all this here morning, that I purtest my poor brain is gone quite a wool-gathering. I certainly presumed, sir—I crave pardon, sir, I meant—I—I understood you to say, as how you wished I to say, as to when we should sail?"

"To be sure I did, Mister Consequence," growled the gunner, highly displeased. "Why, what a shuffling, beat-the-bush knave you are; you didn't suppose I would ask *you* for any other news, did you?"

"Certainly not, my dear Mr. Fireball; to be sure and certain not, sir," cried the still smiling lackey, with a face reddening between shame and rage, at the power which

thus rudely and publicly insulted him. "Well, sir, as I was saying, I heard Captain Switchem say to the pilot, in the dock-yard there, just before he and I came off, you knows, and just when they parted, says he, 'Bear a hand, Mr. Tackabout,' says the captain, 'for I am quite impatient to be off,' says he. Well, sir, the pilot he answers the captain directly, and, says he, 'I shall merely take a morsel of breakfast, sir, and be with you ere you know what you're about. Just get you all ready,' says the pilot, 'for I'll board you in an hour at farthest, and by that time it will be very nearly flood;' and so, sir, with that Captain Switchem seemed satisfied, and so the gig shoved off, sir, and so—I believe, that's all, sir. But, my stars and garters! the captain will be so cross and out of patience at my terrible absence! and me all his things to brush and put away!—I assure you, sir, I heard no more, sir;" and with another congée, more stylish than the first, away tripped the grinning domestic, followed by the eyes of the gunner, whose expressive and weather-beaten countenance betokened a something between good-humour and contempt.

"Hilloah, master," cried his mate, with his large mouth stretched from ear to ear in the form of a grin, "wan't you saying as how we would need a spare monkey's tail for the after carronade?"

"I was so, Jack," replied the gunner, turning away, "but don't you think a cat's one would answer infinitely better?"

"It would so, master," rejoined the half-choked mate, "though I'd be content, for this cruise, with serving its breaching with a whacking dose of broomstick."

The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped *All hands, ahoy!*—who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when the first lieutenant bawled through his speaking-trumpet the command to *loose sails*, which made the topmen spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity. Edward, in this outset of business, found himself in no small dilemma, between a willingness to be useful, and an ignorance of all duty; he was, therefore, with a motley herd of landmen

and marines, alternately the follower of the boatswain's mate and the serjeant, who, bustling about the deck at their head, put the necessary ropes into their hands they were to haul on.

"Fore-top there, main-top there!" bawled the first lieutenant, "are you ready aloft?" which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out, *Let fall—Sheet home!* and away scampered the deck bands with the sheets until the blocks smacked together. "Belay, belay, men!" cried the officer. "Man the capstan!—Jump cheerily, my lads. Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready below?"—"All ready, sir."—"Yo, ho! where the devil have all our hands got to? Fore-top there, main-top there! come down here all of you. Masters Etercap and Pinafore, kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!"—"Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. "Look out there, forward!" again bawled the first lieutenant: "Come, my lads, pluck up a spirit, and off she goes. Play up, fifer!"—And round went the capstan to a good smart step, the men beating excellent time on the hollow-sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent commander in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and sarcasm.

The anchor was no sooner run up to the cat-head and fished, than the first lieutenant gave, "Man the jib and topsail halliards—hoist away!" The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay, gaily; topgallant-sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed: and the Tottumfog, thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking gracefully and steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvas, fresh paint, moderate wind, and fair weather.

She had got pretty nearly clear of the assembled vessels, when the captain called out, "Mr. Fireball!—where is Mr. Fireball? Harkee, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly." The midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. "Mr. Fireball," said the captain, from the top of the round-house,

"I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very nearly the proper distance."

"All ready, sir," answered the gunner; "I have only to unship the ports, and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice."

"Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly," said the captain: "You know the sooner it is done the better, since we may all expect to be busy again directly. Zounds, pilot! is not the wind chopping about?"

"Yes, sir," answered the pilot, surveying the compass, "it has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, you had better douse your courses and small sails, take a pull of the fore and main braces, and get a hand in the chains?"

"You hear what the pilot says, Mr. Fyke?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the first lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet, and springing forward. "Man the fore and main clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!" and up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

"Fore and main-tops there!" cried the officer.

"Sir," responded the tops.

"In royals and topgallant sails!"—which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops to send each a hand aft to the chains.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered both captains, leaning over the top rails.

"I'm all ready now, sir," cried the gunner, advancing to the captain.

"Ah! very good, Mr. Fireball," replied the captain, looking astern with his glass. "Stand by, then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and, mark me, old boy,—commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well. That's far the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better."

The gunner assenting, went forward.

"By the mark seven!" sung the leadsman in the chains.

"Steady!" cried the pilot to the quarter-master. "And steady it is, sir!" replied the man at the wheel.

"By the deep six!" sung the leadsman again.

"Luff, boy, luff," cried the pilot; and "Luff it is, sir," was the response.

"By the half-mark five," again sung the leadsman.

"Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off," said the pilot, with the usual reply.

"By the deep four!" continued the leadsman; and the pilot immediately cried to the captain, "'Bout ship, sir, if you please!—Luff a little, my dear boy; luff a very *very* little!"

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert, and ready for duty. The first lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—"Helm a-lee!" and the boatswain's pipe gave its usual trill; which was instantly followed by, "Square the main-topsail yard! Forecastle there! shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet!—Man the fore and main braces—haul of all!"—These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated, and round went the Tottumfog on another tack.

She was running athwart the narrow channel of the Swin, with her broadside to the fleet, when the captain gave the word *Fire!* which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute, which the wind as speedily carried off to the admiral. This piece of ceremony being immediately returned by the admiral's ship, after one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and, having partaken of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished Captain Switchem and all his officers a fortunate cruise, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave, while the Tottumfog stood steadily to sea; and while, also, many on board, as the shore sank in the horizon, said,

"My native land, good night!"

CHAPTER V.—THE CRUISE.

Let me tell you that *Order* in all things is good;
The mason shows that in his piling of stones:
Hence walls straight and tall as the mast from the deck.
And *Exercise*—smartish—by all's understood,
As an excellent ridder of salt from the bones;
Hence niggling and bousing for ever—quoth Jack.

HIS Majesty's sloop-of-war the Tottumfog now stood on, under easy sail, and our hero passed through Hollesly Bay with mingled sensations of wonder and delight; for an immense number of deeply-laden craft, of all sizes and shapes, augmented every moment by fresh arrivals, lay here at anchor, waiting with impatience the return of the fast-ebbing tide to stretch away into the forest-masted Thames; there to minister, with their cargoes, to the wants, comforts, or luxuries, of the myriads of London. And such was the bustle and varied noise of this vast assemblage—some getting foul of each other; others repairing, with the most noisy alacrity, their recent injuries, whether of accident or the weather; and others, again, diligently watching for the turn of the tide, eager, like hounds in the leash, to start away for the wished-for haven—that, while it could not fail of giving a less partial spectator than Edward the grandest idea of the riches, power, and prosperity of his country, might well itself have been termed a *City on the Deep Waters*. Although he felt every inclination, on this occasion, to indulge a little in those gratifying reflections which the *amor patriæ*, aided by the sublimity of such a cheering scene as now presented itself, was so well calculated to inspire in a sanguine and yet untutored mind, yet was he speedily reminded that such discussions formed now-a-days no part of his duty, by the boatswain's piping, *All hands to muster, hoy!* and the Tottumfog soon saw her whole ship's company huddled on her quarter-deck.

While every one was curious to know what was going to be transacted, Captain Switchem suddenly made his

appearance in proper fighting costume, and, taking his stand at the capstan, after his first lieutenant had called out, "Off hats!" thus began his speech:—

"I congratulate you all, my lads, and I thank God also, that at last we've got fairly clear of the harbour; for there, you must all have been aware, you could learn no good to yourselves, and indeed were of no farther service to your country than to destroy her provisions. You must also have known well, that, during the short time we have been together, we have had very little order among us, and still less regularity. Now, my lads, as we've at last, thank God, got into what you call five fathoms water, and, I trust, in a promising way of being useful to our King and country, by the destruction or capture of their enemies, we have just reached the exact point where confusion and misrule must end, and steady, orderly, ship-shape discipline begin. Contrary, therefore, to my first intention, I now think it my duty, as your commander, to read in your hearing so much of the Articles of War as is applicable to your several cases, both blue jackets and marines; and I can assure you I do so, to put it out of all of your powers to plead ignorance if you transgress them."

With this enlivening proemium, pronounced with an emphasis and show of teeth which excited great wonderment, he now commenced reading those portions of the Act which are exclusively devoted for the observance of all "seamen, landsmen, and marines;" but through which, as partaking too much of the glorious iteration and never-ending turnings of the inns of court, we have no desire to follow him. The various high offences were, *Mutiny, or refusing to obey orders—Desertion of post, and of the service—Sleeping, or negligence of duty, on post—Running away with a King's boat, or deserting to the enemy—Drunkenness at quarters, on watch, in chase, or action—Thieving of every description*—and several other crimes which we shall not name—the penalty for the commission of any of which he most solemnly, while he emphatically gnashed his teeth, pronounced to be *Death! or such other punishment as a court martial, in the consideration of all the circumstances of the case, shall deem it to deserve.*

After going through this appalling enumeration, which to all appearance had a powerful effect in solemnizing a goodly number of merry faces, he unwittingly followed them up by reading a succeeding article, which not only had the effect of breaking the charm which the terror of the oft-repeated threat of *Death* had naturally enough inspired, but was the occasion of much wit and laughter afterwards. This article, so unfortunately stuck in, relating only to officers and subalterns committing any of the aforesaid crimes, all ears were more than commonly attentive; when, coming to the place where the words *suffer Death* were usually inserted, and hearing him read, *Shall be cashiered and dismissed the service, or such other punishment, &c.* it had the instantaneous effect of restoring most of the rueful faces to their habitual grin, and of drawing forth some brief whisperings from others, who were screened from the eyes of their superiors, not remarkably favourable to the impartiality of the framers of the aforesaid enactment.

Captain Switchem, however, warned by a gentle dodge on the elbow from his first lieutenant, soon appeared to be sensible of the error he had committed, and allowed them no time for remark; for, immediately closing the book, he concluded his speech on these death-dealing articles in the following manner:—

“ I have now, my lads, read you the Articles of War, which, as I told you before, backed with a few minor regulations of my own, which I intend to draw out for you, must in future be the rule of every man's conduct. I will, therefore, now conclude, by repeating them to you once more in as few words as I can. Let every one of you do your duty with cheerfulness, vigilance, and alacrity, and both myself and every one of your officers will highly regard and respect you. Again, be faithful, good-humoured, and honest to your shipmates, and I've little doubt but they will love you: and, lastly, if to sobriety, and steadiness to the necessary duties of the ship, you add a careful attention to cleanliness in your persons and clothing, it will not only greatly tend to your own individual comforts and the preservation of your healths, but it will save me a

vast deal of unnecessary trouble, and yourselves a vast deal of unnecessary vexation and even pain—for less than this, I honestly tell you, I will take from no man.”—Then wheeling round, he said, “Will we have time, think you, Fyke, to form the watches before dinner?”

“Oh yes, sir,” replied his first lieutenant, “’tis not yet seven bells.”

“Ah! very good—I’m glad on’t, for the sooner these are settled the better, you know.—Fudgeforit!—where’s my clerk?—Oh, you’re there. Mr. Fudgeforit, be so good as muster these fellows as smartly as you like.—And d’ye hear, all of you, after you have answered to your name go forward to the forecastle, and rank yourselves up in a single line—one close to the other, like the marines, you know—on both sides the vessel all the way aft here. I am going to pick out the watches, and assign you your proper stations, while we have time and the weather is good; and mind me, my lads, the various duties I now give you, I certainly shall expect you will hereafter execute and attend to with both care and punctuality.—Serjeant, you will plant your marines in the same way athwart the deck, abaft the mainmast there.—But stop, stop, hang it! that will not do, they’ll be right in the way there—Zounds! stick them up meantime on the top of the round-houses.”

Mr. Fudgeforit now took his turn at the capstan, and in a short time whined over the name of every man and boy on board; who were all marshalled up, by the united exertions of the serjeant and his corporal, into something like a very bad line. The captain and his lieutenants, attended by the humble Fudgeforit, now went slowly round the deck along this line, examining the person, and inquiring into the abilities, of each individual, who, according as he happened to please in his answers to their various interrogatories, received his watch and station in the ship, which was immediately entered by the clerk into a list which he had previously prepared. In this classification our hero was appointed a fore-topman of the larboard watch.

Captain Switchem having thus finished all his arrangements regarding the full watches and various stations of

the ship, proceeded now to divide each watch according to their tops, and to separate the forecastle-men from the after-guard, to each of which divisions he appointed a midship-man. Then calling the young gentlemen together, he pointed out their respective divisions to them, told them their stations, and explained to them their duty; then ordered them to wait on Mr. Fudgeforit immediately after dinner, to copy from him a list for muster and top duty. "And now, my lads," said he, addressing all hands, "as the wind keeps steady, and you've had a pretty long spell on deck to-day, I shall not want you any more until I have dined myself; when, if nothing extraordinary occurs, I intend to give each of you a fair opportunity of displaying your abilities, and letting me see what sort of stuff you are made of.—Boatswain's mate, pipe to dinner."

As the dinner had been long ready, and the appetites of most were keen, little of any thing like conversation took place until the grog was produced, when various remarks were made on the proceedings of the day.

"Why, hear me out now, Dan," cried one of Edward's messmates; "what the blazes can be more unfair, than to twist my neck, because I'm a common hard-working man, and of some use, for the same crime, if you can call it one, that if one of our gimcracks here, in a fine coat, who is of no use, commits, he will only be dismissed, and put safely on shore? Blast my toplights! if they will be making of laws, with their facting and enacting, and such sort of rubbish, they should make 'em alike to one alike to all;—I say again it's d—d unfair, and that's a thing I would tell their honours, the Lord Admirals, to their face, were they asking me, as sure as my name is Sam Tilbury."

"I believe you will, Sam," cried another, smiling, "as soon as they ask you, though I've half a notion that will never be; unless, to be sure, our skipper, who knows your dexterity in handling a broom, should get you chalked down captain-sweeper to the Admiralty staircases."

"Avast, avast, Jack!" cried a third: "It's too bad on you to blaze away so villainously hot at poor Tilbury; for after all he's only speaking his mind, and I'm sure that there's all fair in any man, be he who he may. For my

own part I'll only say, I wouldn't give the end of a rope-yarn what captain or officer they made me, so that I was made one at all. May the devil fetch me ! but I'd soon contrive to be set ashore, and get rid of 'em all, body and bones !"

" And I would'nt care, Dick, not I," cried a fourth, laughing, " thof my nose, for that day, was spliced to your trowsers."

" Troth, I believe a' you say, lads," cried a fifth ; " but, you see, as a' that's impossible just e'en now, fat think ye is the skipper gaun to try a' our abeelities on fan he gets his grob ?—Saul ! I think that's a story far mair worth the rehearsing than yammering at ane anither about captain sweepers, and sic like nonsense."

" Forgie us, Lawrence, lad," cried old Gibby ; " by my saul ! but I aye thocht ye had mair mither's-wut in that harns-pan o' yours than to ask sic a daft-like question.—Fat wull he be trying, forsooth ! In-gweed faith, country-man o' mine, ye may tak my word for't, he'll be trying and trying at your abeelities, as he ca's them, this blessed afternoon, till the very sweat o' your body rin down ower your beels. Haith, de'il a bane o' me wants ony sic trials ; I've had ower mony o' them in my day, and sae fares it wi' my poor carcage."

Edward, from the moment of his appointment to his station on the fore-topsail yard, had been pondering and considering with himself on the probable figure he would make in his first essay at getting up to the top, and the still more awkward one he would make on the yard. Busied with such important cogitation, he had paid little attention to the passing remarks of his messmates, and had just arrived at the soothing conclusion, that however unwieldy, or awkward, or ridiculous he might make himself, he was determined to do his best ; when our friend Gilbert's information, pronounced with his usual sonorous voice, made him prick up his ears, and we frankly confess somewhat flattened his courage : for the thought flashed like lightning across his mind, that if men, like his messmates, who considered the mounting a rigging as a mere matter of course, were to suffer so much, what must it be to him

who had never been above the height of the gunnel in his life! The thought made him restless and uneasy; and he therefore inquired of one of his messmates privately, with whom he happened to be a favourite, "whether all the landsmen would have to go aloft?"

As the question was asked in a somewhat tremulous voice, the only reply our hero got for the first instant or two was a look of astonishment, accompanied by the consolatory phrase of "Pshaw, man, Ned, never say die!"—when suddenly recollecting himself, "For certain," continued his messmate, every man must go to his station, wherever it is. Why, bless thee, mate, that is the very reason for stationing men; that they may know where to fly to, when they're wanted, either by night or by day.—But where are you stationed?"

"In the fore-top," replied Edward.

"Oh, well, that's so far lucky, however, for that's my station.—Were you ever in a top?"

"Never," said our hero.

"Why, then, my tight fellow," pursued his friend, "I'll tell you what you *should* do, for do it you *must*; and I do thinks, in that there case, that it will just be as well for you to do it by choice, as to do it by force. As soon, then, as the word is given, jump to the rigging bravely, and let not even the futtock-shrouds scare you—for that's the place where all you landsmen go to wreck—but keep bundling on, like your other top-mates, until you get into the top. There you will likely fall in with me, and, if I possibly can, I will assist you—but this I can't positively promise, d'y'e see, it is such a rascally hurried business—fairly every one for himself, my boy, and the devil for us all. But never let that fear you, my soul! Cheer up, and show pluck; and you'll soon learn, if you go about it with spirit, to go up and down as smartly as there is any occasion for."

"But you heard what Gibby was saying?" interrupted Edward.

"Bah!" cried his comrade, "never mind Gibby. Always remember, mate, that he's a lazy Shetlandman, and not overfond of exertion.—Just let me add one thing more,

and then I've done. Whatever you do, my dear boy, I would seriously warn you not to attempt to get into the top through what is called the lubber's hole; unless, to be sure, you want to be called down again, and have to start afresh under convoy of a boatswain's mate; besides the certainty of coming in for a good starting, and being pronounced *lubber* and *swab*, which will make you live a dog's life for ever after."

"But what will they do," said Edward, "with those who really can't go up?"

"Can't go up?—do with them?" repeated his friend, with a knowing smile, "a very short time will show you that, my lad. *Can't* is not a word allowed in five fathom water; and, if there should be any such, God pity them! for the rope's ends will be clawing them so tightly, that they'll be wishing the very devil had them, and jump up the rigging like so many skip-jacks. My eye! we'll have such real laughing.—But, avast there! d'ye hear that, matey?—they're calling Tom Bird, and I strongly smell their purpose.—Now, my lad, let's see you behave like a Scotchman of spirit, and I'll assist you all I can; if you do not, the worse will be your own. So come along."

They were no sooner on deck, than Edward saw how justly his companion had formed his opinion; for there already stood the captain, surrounded by his officers, who, by their frequent looks aloft, sufficiently indicated the subject of conversation, and the nature of the exercise that might shortly be expected. Edward's messmate squeezed his hand, and began to tighten the braces of his trowsers: "D'ye see that?" whispered he: "wan't I right, matey?—Now, my boy, stand by for squalls, and stiff ones too, if I aint mistaken. And, hark'ee, my dear boy—for I han't time to speechify at present—in mounting the rigging, and particularly the futtock-shrouds, whatever you do don't look behind you, lest your courage should fag; but, as you go aloft, keep looking aloft like a bold Britain, and there's never a fear on you. I'll look out for you in the top."

He had hardly time to conclude this brief advice, when the boatswain piped, *All hands reef topsails, hoy!*—which, being as lustily bellowed down the fore and main hatch-

ways by his mates, brought young and old on deck in a twinkling. *Man the rigging!* bawled the first lieutenant through his speaking-trumpet;—*'way aloft!* and off went the topmen with an expedition altogether astounding to a landsman.

And here we must confess that our natural partiality for all that concerns the good name of our hero, almost tempts us to omit describing the half-bold half-fearful floundering agility exhibited by him and six other landsmen in their progress to the top; for truly, gentle reader, it was neither the easy, dexterous flight of a thorough-paced harlequin of a lackey, when "my lady" orders tea, nor yet the cautious and clumsy slow-and-sure motions of the climbing bear, although allied, in many particulars, to both; and, as their more experienced and alert topmates speedily left them behind, there is little doubt but they were the means of affording a good deal of mirth to their superiors on deck. Captain Switchem soon guessed who they were; and, by alternate notes of praise and censure, so effectually urged them on, that, with one exception, they at last got all into the top in a proper manner.

This exception was a smart-talking, slim-bodied young cockney, whose courage had so completely forsaken him, that no persuasions nor threats could induce him to proceed. Never, indeed, had Edward seen so lively a picture of the paralysing effects of fear. Clung to the rigging, with the desperate clutch of one that is ready to perish, dissolved in tears, and trembling like an aspen, every roll and lurch the vessel gave drew from him new expressions of despair, and "Oh, lud, I'll be overboard! I'll be drowned, I'm sure I shall!—Vill none of you help me, there's good fellows! No, no; nobody cares for poor Claywood! I can't go any higher up, sir; 'pon my soul, now, I can't! Oh, dear-a-me, dear-a-me, vat shall I do? I'm so giddy, you can't think—indeed, and indeed, I am, sir!" were his fearful ejaculations, as Edward and his floundering companions left him in the rigging.

His messmate was true to his word, and complimented his arrival in the top, with "Glory, matey!—well behaved, my lad of wax! give us your paw!—Stand by now, to saw

wood. Stick close to me, and you shall see directly what you shall see." There was no time for further parley; for "Fore and main-tops, there!" resounded from the deck.

"Sir!" replied Masters Ettercap and Pinafore, in most harmonious keeping.

"Shake all out, and take in three fresh reefs. Lie out—reef away!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the midshipmen; and the captains of the tops springing to their stations at the weather-earings, sung out, "Light over to windward!—haul over to leeward!—Are you out?—Tie away!" Edward's friend, whom he had followed like his shadow, was at as much pains as the time would allow in showing him how to gather the sail on the yard, and the difference between a *granny's* and a proper reef-knot; but it was merely a glimpse, for *Lie in—hurry down!* was shouted from the deck, which they had hardly time to reach, before *Hoist away the topsails!* was given, and the yards being afterwards braced up, the business was completed.

All hands were now ordered aft on the quarter-deck, when the captain, evidently in high dudgeon, thus addressed them:—"I am sorry, my lads, that I feel it my duty to interfere between you and your officers; but I *will* have duty done in a proper manner, and, in my opinion, it's just as well to begin with you as I mean to end.—Boatswain's mate, make all the people retire a little farther back, and bring the topmen within the circle." This was done, and the captain continued—"Well, what d'ye think of yourselves now? Are you not a set of smart, clever, pretty fellows?—Sailors, quotha! you don't deserve the name! You're a parcel of lazy, lubberly tailors! and move up the rigging like a string of maudling old women or marines. Just look up to these yards, and see what a fine botched piece of business you've made of it. I'll be sworn a bumboat-woman would have done it far better. But I must adopt other measures with you, I find; for I can see with half an eye, that though there a few who are awkward from ignorance, the most of you can work, were you willing. I have just, therefore, called you aft to tell you frankly a piece of my mind, that we may start fair together.

You must either contrive to do your work better and quicker, or I shall begin to try if I can't compel you. I have got some excellent *cat* on board, very much at the service of every lazy, good-for-nothing scoundrel among you; and woe to the fellow, whoever he is, with whom I begin!—Away you go, therefore, every man of you, and just do over again what you've already done. You may try, so it likes you, to do it better and quicker; if not, why, I'm in no hurry: we can try it a third time, or a dozen of times, you know—and, with the assistance of the boatswain and his mates, we'll see who'll get tired first.—But, avast a bit!—for I had almost forgotten—where is that comely spirit that stuck in the rigging like a French pennon? Boatswain's mate, lug him aft here; I must have a little talk with him before he goes, for showing the other landsmen such an excellent example."

The poor cockney was dragged into the circle, by the boatswain's mate, very unwillingly, and stood trembling before the captain, with his eyes fixed on the deck; while the skipper, leaning on the capstan, and biting his thumb nail, surveyed him with a keen inquiring eye for a few moments in silence. At length, with affected coolness, he said, "So, my lad, you can't go up the rigging?—Pray, what is your name?"

"Tom Claywood, sir," answered the cockney, in a voice hardly audible from terror.

"Ah! very good," said the captain.—"Well, Tommy, where does such a smart fellow as you come from?"

"London, sir."

"Dost hear that, Fyke? I could have sworn as much," whispered the captain to his first lieutenant;—"a lazy, good-for-nothing Lord Mayor's-man, for a hundred!—And pray, Tommy, what were you in London?"

"A tradesman, sir."

"What kind of a tradesman, Tommy?"

"Vy, just a tradesman, sir."

"Hark'ee, fellow," said the captain, sternly, "none of your Clerkenwell nonsense to me. Answer me distinctly at once: what trade did you follow in London?—Was it priggish, that you're so completely ashamed of it?"

"No, indeed, my good, dear sir, I were just really a tradesman," replied the cockney, raising his eyes for the first time in a supplicating manner.

"What a little, sly, equivocating rascal it is," said the captain, grinding his teeth.—"Boatswain's mate, come this way? I'll find a way, sirrah! to make you answer me in a trice."

Here the first lieutenant interfered, by acquainting his commander, with a smile, that the term *tradesman* was a name assumed by the more modish London chimney-sweepers, as preferable to the more vulgar phrase.

"Ah! is it so, Fyke?" cried the captain; "I undoubtedly, then, am very wide of the mark; though, as to the fellow, it makes the matter worse.—And so, Tommy, you are a chimney-sweep, it seems?"

"Yes, sir," whimpered the cockney, with humility.

"Why did you not say so at once, then, you cozening, paltry humbug! Did you expect to make game of me?—Boatswain's mate, give the quibbling scoundrel a starting; lace him up smartly!—A fellow that's been accustomed all his life to scamper up chimneys, and dash headlong through whole bushels of soot, to tell me that he can't go up to a ship's top: a very pretty story, indeed!"

"Oh, lud, sir!" cried poor Claywood, in agony, "pray have done; do, pray, have done!—Indeed, indeed, my good, dear, kind sir, I couldn't go any farther up, I vere so werry giddy—indeed, I vas."

"Giddy, pshaw!" said the captain, giving the boatswain's mate the signal to halt; "that's all in my eye, and won't do here, Master Claywood, I can tell you; so off you go to your station, and let me see you do your duty properly.—And now, my lads, you see, all of you, I have begun, and you see also what every lazy lubber among you may expect; so away, and let every man of you go through his duty with life and spirit, executing work as it ought to be done, and not in that careless, slovenly manner you've now left it in, which the laziest keelman in England would be ashamed of; and which, if you repeat a second time, I'm blessed but I'll quilt you all round!"

The boatswain's pipe now called all hands to renewed

exertion, and that with an alacrity which no doubt the severe thrashing of poor Claywood tended to accelerate in no small degree; but, though the topsails were reefed and hoisted with a celerity which called forth many admirable specimens of agility and exertion, yet had our hero the mortification to find that his labour was as near a conclusion as ever.

"Ah, you lubberly dastards!" cried the captain, who by this time had wrought himself into a frenzy of passion, "d'ye see what pretty work you've made? Look at these earings, how they're hauled out, you men of straw! and these points, how carelessly and loosely they are tied, you humbugs! Why, don't you see the sail is all abaft the yard together, and fifty times worse than it was before? Lower away the topsails!" bawled he, absolutely foaming: "Away aloft, every lubber of ye, and do it over again.—Boatswain's mates, thrash the scoundrels up the rigging! D'ye hear there, forward!—Master Marlin, give that careless booby a sound quilting that's asleep with the halliards in his hand.—D'ye hear there?" elevating his voice to a scream,—“lower away the topsails, you lubber!—Move up the rigging smarter, you crazy-jointed rascals!—Fore-top, there! come in all of you off the yard. Lie out—reef away!—Confound you! but I'll sweat the salt out of your rascally bones.”

Again and again were the topsails lowered, and to it they sprung, jostling, retarding, and execrating one another, as, again and again, they were busied in reefing and unreefing; until, completely overpowered with sweat and fatigue, for the weather was sultry, the applicants to the water-tank became so numerous and vociferous, that the doctor expressed his serious apprehensions of the consequences; and thus put an end to the severest test of discipline Edward had ever experienced in his life, greatly to the mortification of Captain Switchem, who, prudent and circumspect as he certainly was, had so completely entered into the spirit of the business, that he gave way to the doctor's remonstrances with extreme reluctance, and retired to his cabin in evident chagrin.

: After such a severe exercise, it is not easy to describe

the shout with which *Grog, ahoy!* was received; the celerity with which all hands disappeared from the deck; or the singular appearance which the lower deck immediately afterwards presented. It was a scene of noisy tumult, in which it was difficult to say whether mirth or ill-humour predominated; for, while the thought of the coming grog consoled and smoothed down the irritated and angry feelings of numbers, there were many on whose shoulders the boatswain's mates' benedictions had fallen so prodigally, who, in giving vent to their impotent rage against these aggressors on the dignity of their manhood, betrayed themselves into extravagancies at once highly ridiculous and laughable. Some threw themselves on the deck the moment they came below, refusing to be comforted; others dashed their hats to the deck, and, with clenched fists, fixed angry eyes, and foaming mouths, most devoutly, heroically, and tragically implored a speedy perdition to every thing on board, themselves not excepted, from their noble captain to the vessel's timbers inclusive! while there was a quiet, modest, thinking few, slunk away into corners, fairly weeping it out.

The invincible Gilbert was an exception to them all. He had charge of the fore-topsail halliards, and, not letting them fly at the word of command, had received what the captain was pleased to term *a sound quilting*, from the hands of the boatswain. He, however, neither dashed his head about, spouted, nor wept. There was little doubt he was remarkably angry, and grievously vexed also; but both of these were expressed, in a way very peculiar to great numbers of our northern countrymen, by a most satanically bitter laugh. The moment he was seated at his mess-table he threw off his jacket, and commenced a very careful examination of the back of it, giving ever and anon the other emphatical *Och!* or *Hech!* accompanied by a sort of hysteric titter, which as nearly resembled a yell as a laugh. In this way he put his fingers very composedly through three different rents in the back and shoulders; but on doing so to a fourth he gave a heavy groan, burst out into another of his convulsive giggles, and exclaimed, wriggling his fingers through the hole, and shaking his head,—“*Hech,*

sirs ! hech, sirs ! fat a great shame that is now ! no to be content wi' beetling our poor auld back, as gif it had been, for a' the world, a bunch o' stock-fish, but he maun tear our jacket too !—ane, sirs, that cost me three-and-twenty gude mint shillings at Sheerness, just the ither day there, and was nae a bit the waur o' the wear !—Uh ! naebody need look at it ; it's completely gone, bedeeviled, and destroyed. Hech, hech ! poor spite, poor spite !”

“ Nonsense, Gibby !” cried one of his messmates, “ the jacket is not in such a bad taking as that there comes to. Why, man, a single skirt of one of the skipper's old coats you so often lay your nippers on, will make your jacket fifty times better than ever it was. Besides, what is the use of making such a bloody nitty about nothing ? Why, man, you've worn that there jacket of your'n, to my knowledge, some twelve months at least, whatever more. How long wouldst have 'em to last, eh ?—For my part, I've a shrewd notion that your *pure* auld back, as you call it, is d—ning your jacket's threadbare eyes at present, if the truth were known ; because as how, you know, had it not been so cursedly crank and musty, it might have stood the friend of your shoulders a little better than it has done, seemingly.”

“ Dinna you be sae wutty, Samuel, my man,” replied Gilbert, somewhat nettled at his friend's remarks ; “ for, crank here, musty there, ye hae nae the like o't in a' your aught. A' your trashtrie is unco behadden to the boat-swain's auld sails, an's tar-bucket too, to fend ye out.—Sae haud ye your whisht : it's weel kend I hae the best o' cleeding.”

“ Well, well, my old blade,” resumed Sam, “ dang it ! aint that what I'm saying ? why make such a noise about that one ? I would think now, for my part, so I would, that, seeing you've got such plenty of 'em, you'd be more taken up with the getting of your back and shoulders white-washed again, than snivelling and ringing the changes about a blasted old jacket.”

“ Just leave you my concerns to mysel, Samuel, my bonnie lad,” replied Gilbert. “ Foul fa' Gibby Tait, but he'll hae sa't out o' them yet, by hook or by crook, ae

way or anither; and mak them glad baith to white-wash his back, as ye ca't, and mend his jacket too.—Fat think ye o' that, nae?"

"Well behaved, old ship!" cried another messmate.—"But how will you manœuvre, to get round that point, my old boy?"

"If ye kend that, my canny lad," replied Gibby, "ye wad be as wise as mysel.—Na, na, gweed faith! as ye wear get ye lear, as I hae done afore ye."

The conversation was here suddenly interrupted by the bawling of the boatswain's mate for the captains of the tops to attend on the quarter-deck, in order to decide by lots the important question of who was to take the first watch. The result was speedily made known to all hands by the mate's immediately giving the call of—*All the lar-board watch, ahoy!*

As Edward and most of his messmates belonged to this watch, they immediately hurried on deck; leaving Gilbert below so greatly to his own satisfaction, that, though highly chagrined on account of the hapless state of his sorely battered jacket, he could not help exclaiming, "Ay, just nae; 'od, that's something unco wise like!—for, saul o' me, I feel that my poor ill-used carcage will be deevilish thankfu' o' a streek in its ain warm blankets."

CHAPTER VI.—THE FIRST WATCH.

When the fair breeze of heaven is so steadily blowing,
And the stars of the blue sky are dazzling and glowing,
And the thronged milky way its pale light is bestowing,

The Night-Watch must surely be cheerful?—

Ah no!—for 'tis silent all, almost to weeping;

So dreary a vigil I never loved keeping:

For, depend on't, the while all your comrades are sleeping,

The soul it gets lonely and fearful.

PREVIOUS to placing our hero on his first watch, we had some thoughts of explaining to our readers the manner in which they are regulated in the navy of our beloved country. Second thoughts, however, convincing us that this must all be generally pretty well known already, we came to the determination to continue our excellent narrative without interruption, referring our more youthful readers to the bottom of the page for all the explanation that is necessary*.

* The nautical day commences, either by observation or account, at the sun's meridian, generally supposed to be our twelve o'clock, noon, on shore. At that moment (meridian) the officer of the watch, or more commonly the master of the ship, orders the marine sentinel to turn a half-hour sand-glass, (which he has always in charge, and which has been previously run out,) and strike eight bells forward; which is accordingly done, and the dinner is piped. No sooner is this glass run out, than the sentry calls, "Strike the bell *one*, forward!" and again turns it, when the grog is immediately piped. When it runs out a second time, he again calls, "Strike the bell *two*, forward!" which is no sooner done than the boatswain's mate calls the afternoon watch. Thus he proceeds until he comes to the eighth bell; which is no sooner struck than the watch expires, and the grog is again piped. Previous to this, however, in order to relieve the quarter-master, the helmsman, the look-out at the mast-head, and the sentinel at the glass or elsewhere, an individual of each of these classes of the watch below goes to the purser's steward when the *seventh* bell has struck, gets his quartern of rum unmixed, takes his supper, and is ready, as soon as the bell strikes, to relieve his man with the rest of his watch. All hands now take supper; and, when the bell again strikes, the first *dog-watch* is called. This is only a watch of two hours; and, of course, when the fourth bell

As the weather continued fine, with a steady moderate breeze, and both the younger officers and men were somewhat exhausted with the bustle of the day, the *dog-watches* passed away in a quiet orderly manner, without any thing occurring worthy of notice. Edward, tired after such unusual exertion, took an early opportunity after supper of throwing himself down on the top of the clothes-bags, and was hardly stretched out before he was asleep, and hardly asleep before his active imagination had him off and away back to his native city, setting him down, amid joy and gladness, in the old happy family circle of all his most intimate and dearest friends. In this terrestrial paradise of the wanderer and the emigrant the golden moments flew rapidly away, and he had just time to be roused to the most joyous pitch of elevation, when the gaudy illusion was rudely levelled, by the boatswain's mate's shrill pipe and hoarse voice, as he bellowed down the hatchway, *All the larboard watch, ahoy!*—This was rather too much, but there was no alternative: Edward, therefore, after a few heavy and bitter sighs, at the strong contrast his situation afforded of the *was* and the *is*, sprung upon deck. "Aft there, larbolians to muster, d'ye hear?" bawled the impatient boatswain's mate; and aft he went to the quarter-deck, where stood the midshipman of the watch, rubbing his eyes, preparatory to calling over his muster-list. No

has struck, the second *dog-watch* is called, which lasts other two hours, and brings the supposed time pretty accurately to our eight o'clock at night. By this time, however, the hammocks having been piped down, the watch relieved generally retire to rest. The watch on deck, therefore, execute all the necessary duties of the ship until their eighth bell has struck, when the *middle watch* is called; and this, again, is relieved, after the same time, by the *morning watch*, who do the ship's duty during other eight bells; which brings the account of time to eight o'clock in the morning, when breakfast is always piped. At one bell, after breakfast, the forenoon watch is called, who do the duties on deck, while the watch below are scrubbing or fumigating the lower deck, or probably mending their clothes; and thus they continue until a fresh observation of the sun is again taken, and the necessary correction made on the time lost or gained. All this being accomplished, the eighth bell is struck, the day at sea is completed, the glass is turned to commence a new one, the dinner is piped, and the watch called as before.—B. T.

sooner was it over, than Edward was ordered on the fore-castle to relieve the look-out; who, after cautioning him to be particularly attentive in reporting to the quarter-deck any thing unusual he might see a-head, and to reply smartly whenever he was hailed by the officer of the watch, left him to his solitary meditations melancholy enough; for so strong was the contrast between the beautiful illusion of his brief slumbers, and his then actual state—a mere atom in the computed strength of a war-vessel, and one, too, whose very existence was of far less value than the continued solidity of the merest plank of the ship—that it left an impression on his mind of such strength and tenacity as not to be easily got rid of.

He was, however, speedily aroused from such disagreeable reflections, by the loud and repeated bawlings which were made for Dennis Mahony, a messmate of his own, and a fore-topman of the watch, who had absented himself from muster. After a long and careful search, both by the boatswain's mate and the serjeant of marines, the latter appeared at the top of the fore hatchway, exclaiming, in answer to the officer of the watch, that, for certain, it was his firm belief, the devil had taken him to himself, for the never a Mahony could he lay his nippers on in the hooker. He had barely given vent to this burst of disappointment, when the cover of the cutter on the booms suddenly gave way, and the head of the aforesaid Dennis appeared above them, replying to the serjeant,—“By the powers, now, officer of the red, but you hardly give Mahony justice there, at all, at all.—The devil has taken him, has he? Aha, my jewel! Dennis knows a trick worth a dozen of that; for faith, and a blessing, and he isn't the boy that ever the devil, or serjeant either, will clapperclaw so asily.”

“Come down, you skulking lazy scoundrel! come down directly,” cried the second lieutenant, who had the watch: “What the deuce took you up there, eh?”

“Auch!—a-a-auch!” yawned Dennis, coming slowly down, “the devil fetch me, your honour, if I can tell you exactly; but so it was, that, after getting my supper, finding this beautiful head of mine a little too heavy for my own dear shoulders, I just thought, thinks I, I'll go and

be after having a squint at my own darling boat here; and so, your honour, I got into her, and put her all to rights; and so——”

“You fell asleep,” interrupted the officer.

“Troth, and you may say it, your honour,” replied Dennis; “for, somehow or other, I’ve never heard a single shake of a human tongue ever since, saving the serjeant’s own beautiful one there, which, to be sure, was doing every thing but blessing poor Dennis Mahony, so it was.”

“Very well, Master Mahony, all very well,” said the officer: “You may stand by to be reported to the captain; that I can tell you, you swab. In the meantime, to prevent that curly mop of yours from getting so heavy again in my watch—for I’m certain you’ve been drunk, you scoundrel—be so good as march your body off to the fore yard’s-arm, and there cool yourself at your leisure for the remainder of the watch.—Come, jump, you rascal, or worse may befall you.”

“Och, och!” exclaimed poor Dennis, “and bad luck to me for slaping! Och, that the devil would fly away wid me in good earnest, and plant me, like a murphy, in my own dear father’s potato-garden, county Kerry, says Dennis Mahony!—The fore yard’s-arm, did your honour say? and in such a bloody cowld night, too? and the never a ’kerchief, nor shoe, nor pee-jacket to cover me?—Och, och! plase your honour, do excuse me for this time—och, plase you, do. Just go for to think, how the blazes poor Dennis Mahony, and that’s myself, could do any other than the way he has done, when he was neither sinsible of himself, nor heard ever a syllable of the matter, at all, at all.—Och, do, your honour! plase you, do!”

“Away, you blackguard, away!” cried the lieutenant, warmly; “Jump, or I’ll give you a starting.—Boatswain’s mate!”

“Ubbaboo!” shouted Dennis, pulling up his trowsers, “I’ve had rather too much of him already, plase your honour. By the powers, now, if my shoulders wouldn’t pass current for a Yankee ensign, so beautifully are they streaked. No, no, the yard’s-arm for Dennis, if a welting it’s to be.—But, may it plase your goodness, your honour,

since I must go, to allow me to go to the head for a minute or so?"

"Get along, you lubber!" cried the officer, smiling, "that's all in my eye! However, go; and do you, Bird, go along with him, and see him aloft. On your peril, let him below!—D'ye hear me?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled the boatswain's mate, as the lieutenant walked away.—"Come, come, mate, off to the head with you."

Meanwhile, poor Dennis, grievously affronted, mourned audibly; ever and anon interrupted by Bird, who, irked and impatient, urged him on to his station of punishment.

"I'll tell you what it is, Tom Bird," cried Dennis, impatiently leaping in on the forecastle, "and that is the short and the long on't, for, soul of me, it's truth. I knows my duty, and can do it; ay, by the powers, as well as you, or ere a he in the hooker: but who the devil ever heard of a poor fellow being sent to perch on a fore yard's-arm for seven bells in this cursed cowl'd quarter, with his neck, and his trotters, and his every thing, as bare as the hour he was born? Soul of me, 'twould provoke the Pope himself!—Harkee, Tom, there's a fine fellow, do let me slip below for my shoes and pee-jacket; I'll not be a jiffy?"

"No, no; can't—won't," replied Bird: "Must obey orders—no use talking—so off you go. 'Sblood! you wouldn't have me sent to bear you company, would you?"

Poor Dennis was now completely at his wit's end, and was moving slowly and sadly towards the fore-rigging, when our hero, still looking out, very gallantly offered him both his shoes and pee-jacket, would they fit him, saying he could want them easily, as he could walk about.

"There's a darling, dear!" cried the overjoyed Dennis, shaking Edward warmly by the hand. "Fit me, honey? by the bones of Saint Patrick they've been made for me! Thank you, thank you, mate of mine; and maybe it may come in the way of Dennis Mahony to do you a better trick.—Good by t'ye, Tom Bird," cried he, halting in the rigging; "you can now tell Mr. Doeboy, dear, that poor Dennis is seated cheek-by-jowl alongside the sheet-blocks;

and if you can chime in a word or two about the blessed cowl'd night you know, do it, like a jewel, and I'll thank you also." He then continued his ascent in high spirits; speedily gained and made his way to the yard's-arm; where, seating himself outside the topsail-sheet-blocks, he gaily chaunted the following melodious flourish :—

There was an ould woman toss'd up in a blanket
 Fifty times as high as the moon;
 'Here I go,' cries old goody, 'and, devil be thankit,
 Troth I'll complete my business soon.'—
 'Ould woman, ould woman, where the plague are you going?
 Where, wid that broom, are you going so high?'—
 'Why, do not you see, you great spalpeen,' cries she,
 'To swape the cob-webs off yon blue sky.'

The warbling of this very mellifluous morsel, which had "a dying fall," and which Dennis appropriately quavered to one of the most lengthy hey-and-go-down drawls of the Emerald Isle, appeared to recal a variety of similar scraps to his memory, which, accordingly, getting vent as soon as they came forward, soon attracted a number of admiring listeners on the deck, who seemed every way disposed to give him all the applause in their power, consistent with that quietness and silence so strictly enjoined in the night-watches of the navy. This smuggled encouragement, and a secret wish, we suspect, on his part, to attract his officer's attention to his cold and comfortless station on the yard, of which he was by this time heartily tired, urged Dennis on to keep rousing and tuning his "vocal shell" with a laudable perseverance, until, getting into the prohibited alto of a fag-end of the lively ambling Ballynafad—to the decorative shakes of which the steady northern breeze whistled charmingly in unison—he at last had the satisfaction of coming under review.

As a befitting prelude to inquiry, therefore, "Keep a good look-out forward, there!" now resounded from the weather gangway.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the look-out, (for our hero had been relieved,) who immediately saw the officer of the watch advancing quickly towards him.

"Forecastle, there! who is that squalling so lustily?" said the officer.

The lad made no reply, except a significant glance at the culprit on the fore-yard's-arm.

The officer appeared to understand him; for, jumping up on the fore-castle, he instantly said, "Harkee, you bog-trotting potato-eater, if you don't make less noise with that cat-call of yours, I'll send one aloft who will speedily change your music.—Foreyard, there! make less noise, will you?"

"Noise, sir!" cried Dennis; "by the piper of Leinster, the devil a noise I'm after making, at all, at all. I were merely conning a stave of my ould mother's over, to kape my tongue from being froze in my head; for my teeth, d'ye see, plase your honour, are ruffing away against each other just now like the Bartlemy showman's fal-lal stick on his salt-box; and as for my beautiful trotters, they're completely gone—in faith are they."

"Curse your trotters!" cried the lieutenant, laughing, and turning away; "make less noise, and come down."

"Och, long life to your honour, and it's spoke like yourself, dear!" cried the happy Dennis, starting to his feet with an agility which showed how true he spoke when he said his feet were completely gone; "for if ever you have to fore-yard or make a spread-eagle of me again, either for slaiping, or singing, or doing any thing else at all, at all, my name is no longer Dennis Mahony."

He was now on deck, and Edward was one of the first to advance and compliment him on his deliverance from such a very disagreeable thralldom.

"Whew!" whistled this practical philosopher; "the devil an inch of me cares a morsel about it, at all, at all, now that it's over. It will all rub off when it's dry, honey. But I haven't forgot your kindness, dear, in dousing your shoes and your jacket for me. There they are, gragh, with many thanks, and never a haypurth the worse of the wear; and if ever you stand in need of any thing, which you think either the hands or the head of Dennis Mahony can do for you, come you to him boldly, and, my ears to a rope-yarn, you'll neither find him ungrateful nor forgetful, dear."

Thus, mutually pleased with each other, and the weather

still continuing steady, did Dennis and our hero pace the lee side of the deck during the remainder of the watch, putting and answering various queries regarding their respective countries of Scotland and Ireland; from which Edward learned, that his new friend, Mahony, was a native of Tralee; a first-rate seaman, having been bred on the waters from boyhood; and, from being early impressed, had seen a deal of service, and was intimately acquainted with the various peculiarities of ships of all sizes and shapes in the navy.

Next morning, after breakfast, *Divisions* were piped; which consisted in the two watches ranging themselves along their respective sides of the vessel; the starboard watch on the right side, and the larboard watch on the left. The captain, attended by his first lieutenant, having first examined the lower deck, and seen that all the mess-tables, and their culinary gear, were well scrubbed and in proper order, now appeared on deck, and walked along the lines, subjecting every individual as he passed to a strict scrutiny as to the cleanliness of his person and linen, and his clothes being properly mended. This business being speedily over, the *Nore draft to muster!* was next piped; and this being the draft with which Edward came on board, he was ranked up on the quarter-deck along with the others. The captain now called them to him individually to the capstan, where he stood, surrounded by his officers, with the guardship's list in his hand, and immediately commenced his inquiry by asking the person whether he had ever been at sea before? If answered in the affirmative, his next question went to ability,—“Can you steer, my lad? Can you heave the lead?” &c. &c.: but if in the negative, it was then, “What trade are you, fellow? Where were you born?” and so on. In short, the examination ended in ordering the seamen about their business, leaving our hero and twelve other landsmen standing in a line, looking foolish enough.

Captain Switchem and his first lieutenant now seemed to enter into a conversation regarding his recruits in particular; for, after taking a turn or two on the quarter-deck, the captain said aloud, “’Pon my honour, Fyke, I really

doubt it much, although I must say the plan seems a good one. At all events, you know, there can be no harm in giving it a fair trial.—Boatswain's mate! Young Pinafore, tell Bird to send me all the fore and main topmen of both watches aft here directly. Come, jump, young gentleman."

"Aft on the quarter-deck, there, all the fore and main topmen of both watches," bawled the boatswain's mate.—D'ye hear below, there? All the fore and main topmen of both watches go aft directly."

"Stop, stop a little, my lads!" cried the captain, halting the foremost of them; "stay where you are until I call you.—Mr. Fudgeforit, hand me the muster-book—ah, very good; now we'll get on smoothly.—Fore and main topmen of the starboard watch, come this way." These accordingly advanced, and were ranged in a line opposite the landsmen. "Now you, young gentlemen," said the captain to Masters Pinafore and Ettercap, while he pointed to Edward's copartnery, "will separate these fellows into their own watches;" which being immediately done, and those belonging to the starboard watch advanced in front, the captain, partly consulting the muster-book, and partly directed by his first lieutenant, called a topman, and bade him make choice of his man, and walk aft with him out of the way, which he accordingly did.

In this manner, having disposed of the awkward of both watches, and dismissed the remainder of the topmen, he next called the selected group around him, and treated them with the following harangue:—"I have chosen you, my lads, from all the other topmen, principally at the recommendation of Mr. Fyke, who is pleased to think highly of you as steady good seamen, to be the masters for a time of those fellows you have picked out. You all know as well as I do, my lads, that his Majesty is so good as to give every one of you plenty to eat and drink, besides free quarters and handsome pay; and for all this he merely expects you to obey your officers, who execute his commands. He never meant all this, however, for idle, useless people; and, 'fore God, I tell you plainly, I'll allow none such to live under my command. I have resolved,

therefore, that these fellows you have chosen shall constantly go with you, and assist you with whatever you've got to do. For instance, you know, when you take your spell at the wheel, I mean them to take your lee one; if you are working in the tops, they are to accompany you; and, in short, where the ship's duty does not otherwise interfere, you are to take all opportunities, and to be at some pains, to make them useful as quickly as you can. I myself will diligently watch your progress; and he that produces me any thing like a passable duty-man out of all these dunderpates by the time our cruise expires, I pledge him my honour I will look carefully after his interest against pay-day.—You may now return to your duty, and I'll be happy to see you get on with them both smoothly and smartly."

He had apparently concluded, when a whisper from his second in command had the effect of instantly starting him a second time, with the sudden exclamation of, "Oh dear, that was certainly a very foolish omission, *Fyke*, and must on no account be forgotten.—Avast there, my lads, just for one moment; for, now I'm reminded on't, there's one thing I've completely forgotten to tell you. Remember, therefore, one and all of you, that I'll have no quarrelling, nor scolding, nor fighting amongst you. That I shall consider an infringement on my own proper duty; for I will allow no man or boy to be punished in this vessel without my own express orders. If any of these fellows, therefore, refuse to obey you, or if they turn saucy, and give you abuse, just bring them to me, and it will go hard with your commander, if he doesn't find a way to make them both more docile and more obedient hereafter.—Go to your duty."

We need hardly stop to say, that, in this ingenious scheme for the expeditious manufacture of seamen, it fell to our hero's lot, "nothing loth," to be chosen by his warm friend, *Dennis Mahony*; an election that made both the friends highly pleased with the final result of this novel experiment in nautical science. Nor must we forget to relate, that when afterwards ridiculed, by one of his top-mates, on his choice of *Edward*, in preference to stouter,

taller, and better-looking men, how coolly and good-humouredly friend Dennis replied, "Troth, and you've just said it, with your own beautiful mouth!—for that's the very reason, gragh,—that same loveliness, and tallness, and stoutness, you're so fond of,—that made me have nothing ado wid 'em at all at all. It was the ugliness of the monster that first took the fancy and attracted the day-lights of Dennis Mahony, so it was; and, by the harp of Ould Ireland, ay, and the Devil's Punch-bowl of my own native Kerry to boot, you'll seldom find them either at sixes or sevens; and then, besides all that, which is plenty, in faith, when you consider what a lovely share he has got of the turnspit in these comely trotters of his, you must for sartain agree with me, that, soul of me, having devil a morsel to admire about himself, he'll be after paying the more attention to me, you know, darling, and so bring me in, with a wet sheet, for a whacking share of his honour's reward, against this here coming pay-day. Och, by the powers! let you Mahony alone, he comes from Tralee, and knows what he's about.—But, ubbaboo! if there isn't Tom Bird going to pipe pork and pase soup.—Bear a hand, Ned, there's a darling, and stow away these rope-yarns in some cunning corner, else the devil an inch of them we'll ever handle again. Well behaved, Davies, that will do.—Never you mind what they say, Ned, but just be attentive, and in a hurry to learn, and tip your Mahony a tot or two of your grog after dinner, and he'll maybe do more for you than you think of.—So come along, my beauty! man of mine as you are now." And away went the happy Mahony, singing as usual a favourite scrap:—

Och, the thistle is prickly, the shamrock is smooth,
But both are a beautiful green, my dare;
So the thistle and shamrock should each other love,
And for ever together be seen, my dare.

CHAPTER VII.—BRASSAY SOUND.

Oh, such is our custom at sea, brave boys, oh, such is our custom at sea,
Whether reefing, or furling, or loosing, no noise nor confusion there ever
must be.—

Return'd to the deck, we bouse every thing tight,

Then at once, at the rowl of the drum,

As fearless as careless, for fun or for fight,

We cheerily fly to our gun :

Then we blaze away at sea, my boys, the smoke and the red flash fly free;

While the black robins sing, and the balls are on the wing,

You'd be thinking, ere we had done,

By the reverberating roar of the distant half-seen shore,

'Twas "a hurricane eclipse of the sun."

IN a few days his Majesty's sloop-of-war, the *Tottumfog*, reached her cruising ground, where she continued to knock about, between the bleak coasts of Norway and Shetland; until the commencement of October; sometimes running down the shattered and variously indented coast of Norway, as far as Santeroe or Christiansand, and at others standing across, and loitering off the no less bold and broken shores of Shetland—whose black, naked, detached rocks, now shooting to an amazing height in a spiral form, or breasting the ocean's mighty dash in solid square masses, and now heaving aloft their ragged heads, as if recently shivered by the lightnings of heaven, are but too justly the dread of the storm-o'ertaken mariner.

As the water was beginning to get very short and not over pure, and her rigging pretty well bleached and requiring repair, Captain Switchem determined to run into Brassay Sound to water and refit, to the great joy of all the Shetlandmen, the almost daily sight of whose much-loved native coast had rendered completely restless and impatient. It was utterly against all rule, however, to go into harbour without making his vessel look as gay as possible; and, accordingly, her sides were newly white-washed for the occasion, her royal masts sent aloft, and the yards crossed. In this swaggering state she had just got within the entrance leading to the Sound, when a violent gust of wind rushed suddenly down a narrow gully from the head-

lands, with such amazing force as made her topgallant masts bend like willows, smacked the royal masts asunder, leaving them dangling in the rigging, and nearly laid the saucy Tot-tumfog on her beam-ends. Being an excellent sea-boat, however, she soon righted; and the wrecks of the royals being quickly removed, she walked majestically into the Sound, until she got fairly abreast of the fort, when the anchor was let go, and the sails furled.

The decks were hardly cleared up before the wives and female relatives of the Shetlandmen began to arrive; and, certainly, the hearty warmth of their first meeting was as pleasant a sight as Edward had ever seen. There was no freezing ceremony, no affected timidity, no coquettish shyness, with these buxom islanders; for no sooner had they fixed their keen-inquiring eyes on the object of their search, than forward they sprang, with a loud cry of joy, and leaping into his arms, half smothered the poor fellow with their caresses. Poor Gilbert was actually in jeopardy; having not only his wife, but two stout masculine sisters, all tearing at him at once. Having contrived, however, to shake himself clear of his sisters, he very cordially returned his housewife's embrace, accompanied with a roaring smack, and the exclamation, "God bless ye, Ailey! my woman; and how hae ye fared sin I saw ye?"

"Sober enough, Lord lo'e thee, hinny!" replied the blushing Alison, with a fresh embrace and a smile; "but a's weel now, sin I'm mercifully spared to see you again;" and the tears of joy came so fast upon the good woman that she could not proceed.

To take them from the common gaze, and allow them to make their numerous inquiries in more privacy, was no sooner suggested than executed; and we feel we would be doing a piece of high injustice, not only to the shipmates of our hero, but to the lion hearts of the united kingdom, did we fail to describe—what was then, and is now, we hope, universal in the navy—with what manly gallantry and anxious care these rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed damsels were handed below, into the various mess-tables belonging to their friends, and with what delicacy and self-denial they were immediately left to enjoy their tête-à-tête, nor

again disturbed until the boatswain's pipe brought all hands below to dinner. Before that time, however, most of the old people had arrived—the fathers and mothers of our shipmates—absolutely laden with store of eggs, milk, and fresh butter; so that Edward and his messmates not only made a most luxurious repast, but had it preceded by the *novelty* of getting a blessing invoked on it, with a fervency and a simplicity singularly becoming the grey hairs of honest Jerome Lawrenson.

This venerable patriarch very soon displayed such a host of popular qualifications as made him speedily be looked upon with a far higher regard than ever could have been expected by a common humble Shetland fisherman. His superior talents apparently subdued the affections of all ranks with ease, as he was not on board many hours before he was a universal favourite; and it was none of the least of his triumphs, so far to excite the curiosity, and overcome the habitual and somewhat arrogant taciturnity, of Captain Switchem himself, as often, in a short conversation they had together, to extort a smile from a countenance nature had formed of her sternest materials. Besides possessing, in high perfection, all those frank and agreeable qualities which so peculiarly characterise the British veteran, Jerome seemed to inherit from nature a healthy, happy, joyous disposition, a most retentive memory, an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and a shrewdness of understanding and perception which enabled him with ease to mould his discourse according to the taste of those he was talking with. In short, to use the captain's own words, "he was altogether a very intelligent and astonishing old man;" combining, in his own person, the united characters of a fisherman, a musician, an excellent pilot, and an *old ship* of the first water; for Jerome, like most of his countrymen, had seen service in his day, had fought the battles of his country, and was full of the anecdote of other years. His manner, indeed, of giving these narrations was as original as it was irresistible—ever having the charming peculiarity of bringing his admiring listeners into the very scene of action; and when he spoke of the triumphs of a Rodney or a Douglas over a Langara or De Grasse, and described,

with eyes kindled to enthusiasm, the heavenly moments of victory, so completely did he command the feelings of those around him, as to be often honoured with three cheers by way of conclusion. When to all these excellencies we add, that honest Jerome was accompanied by his two laughing-eyed bare-headed younger daughters, who came to see their brother, and that he had also brought his favourite fiddle, which he handled like a second Niel Gow, surely none can blame our hero or his shipmates, if, while they enjoyed the present, they anticipated successive days of pleasure in the company of these warm-hearted islanders, during the period of their anchorage.

In this, however, as in many other things, they calculated without their host. Two happy evenings, indeed, they did enjoy, and Jerome's fiddle, aided by the drum and fife, had called forth wonderful exertions from men, matrons, and maidens; when the devil, as if envious of seeing mortals so merry, seemed to dash the cup of joy from their lips, kick it overboard, and limp off with a grin of infernal delight. On the third day, therefore, the captain had been some hours ashore: with his permission, work had for some time been knocked off, the quarter-deck cleared up, and preparations were going forward for a stylish ball, in honour of these countrywomen of the far-famed Troils, when the signalman reported that a small brig was standing for the Sound under all the canvas she could carry; and, of course, she was instantly ordered to be boarded.

When the boat returned, she brought the highly unpleasant intelligence that the brig was one of our northern traders, which had, in company with many others, been chased by what appeared to them to be a large enemy's privateer, although of this she was uncertain, as they had dispersed by order of their convoy, the Ali Croker, who had gone herself in pursuit of the stranger. As it was quite current in Lerwick at the time that the Danish frigate, Lalland, had put to sea, in order to intercept the return of our homeward-bound merchant-men, these tidings, on being conveyed on shore to Captain Switchem, directly brought him on board, when he ordered a gun to be

fired to recal the other officers and boats, and matters speedily assumed an appearance which gave a death-blow to the projected gala. The sails and flags, which formed the ball-room awning, were immediately rolled up, the rigging re-rove, topgallant masts and yards sent aloft, along with some sails which had been unbent for repair; and thus all bustle, and running, and bawling, did the Tottum-fog in a few hours get under weigh, hardly leaving the poor astonished and disappointed Shetlanders a moment's opportunity of bidding their friends a hasty adieu.

The day succeeding this hurried departure was spent in clearing the decks of every thing not indispensable, and subjecting the sails and rigging to an additional scrutiny. By day-break a look-out was ordered to the mast-head; the topsails, judged rather of a doubtful character for the advanced season, were unbent, and new ones sent aloft; the top-chains being, at the same time, passed round the fore and main yards. In short, every thing assumed a more warlike appearance than Edward had yet beheld; for, while the serjeant and his marines were busied below in putting the small-arms of the ship in order, the gunner and his mate, assisted by strong crews, were loading the lockers with shot—tockling up the necessary gear around the guns—filling the cutlass-rack abaft—and lashing a needful supply of boarding-pikes and tomahawks around the boom and shaft of the mainmast. Amid all this bustle, which Captain Switchem anxiously superintended in person, he would ever and anon hurry aft, and, standing on the top of the round-house, take a careful survey with his glass of the blue expanse around him; then coming forward, seemingly still unsatisfied, he would snatch the trumpet from the capstan, and bawl out, "Mast-head, there!"

"Sir!" was the answer.

"Do you see any thing to windward?"

"No, sir, no."

"Ah, so far well," muttered the captain, "for I'm not quite ready yet.—Mast-head, there! Keep a sharp look-out round you, but particularly to windward."

"Ay, ay, sir," hollowed down the look-out; heartily glad, no doubt, that the examination was over.

Having at length got matters somewhat to his mind, Captain Switchem—evidently following up a hint which a *first* appearance of the warlike missiles had probably suggested—determined that the following day should be devoted to a trial of skill with the great guns and small-arms. He therefore ordered his intention to be publicly announced at supper, promising to reward the best gun with two bottles, and the four best shots of small-armed men with one bottle of rum; and this promise, as no similar trial had as yet been attempted, was received with infinite applause.

Next day, after breakfast, therefore, the weather being delightful, the preparations for the *rum* reward were actively commenced. The cooper had stoppered an empty tar cask, and stuck a slight staff in it, which the signalman had very nationally and gaudily adorned with a tri-coloured flag, no doubt thinking that it was the only proper object for British shot to fly at; and this popinjay of a target having been carried out to a proper distance by the boat, the drummer gave a rowl, and all hands stood instantly at quarters.

"Now, Mr. Fireball," cried Captain Switchem from the top of the round-house, where he stood amid his officers, "take the young gentlemen forward with you, and proceed as soon as you like; and, of all things, be sure and tell the fellows to take their best aim. We shall stand here, meanwhile, and be your judges."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the gunner, walking forward.—He then sung out, "Men, fore and aft there, silence!—Cast loose your guns!"

"Done, sir!" resounded from the several captains of these sturdy implements.

"Load with cartridge!—wad to cartridge!—Ram home!" were his next commands.

"Home, sir!" replied the captains, examining their pricking-wires.

"Harkee, you careless Shetland son of a dog-fish!" cried the gunner, running up and collaring our old friend Gilbert Tait, "if I catch you again playing monkey tricks with these withered paws of yours, when they ought to be employed in stopping the vent, I'll make my fists fly

through your ribs like an evil spirit. What wouldst have said now, if, the moment that poor fellow had broke the cartridge, the gun had gone off, and made him the widow of his arm?—For shame, you old fool! I'm certain you know better."

"Atweel I wot, sir, the deil a bane o' monkey-trickin's in my poor head yevenow," replied Gilbert; "I was only just thinking——"

"Thinking, be d—d; you've no business to think, but keep silence, and pay attention to your duty," said the gunner, walking away.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly now, Master Officer-of-mine," cried Dennis, who commanded the neighbouring gun, "that is not so asily done as you suppose; particularly when you remimber what a devil of a wishing-cap way Father Gibby's been in ever since he smelt his own calf country again—to spake never the morsel of a word about his own little darling, Ailey.—Stop the vent! by St. Patrick, the very command is enough to break his beautiful heart, had he not luckily left it behind him."

"Come, come, Master Pat, have done, if you please," said the gunner, surlily, "for, let who will speak, you've got nothing to say, being to the full as careless and inattentive as Gibby himself."

"Me!—me as careless as Gibby!" cried the undaunted Dennis: "Troth, now, Master Officer, you're certainly joking, for the devil a careless hair's about me, sure. I wouldn't make e'er a he in the hooker the widow of a chaise-paring, far less Davies there, that's my own fancy-man now; no, indeed! not for all the grog in the fleet, let alone such a tiny nut-shell of a naggin as we're promised."

"Silence, will you?" said the gunner, in a menacing tone, and immediately resumed his drill.

"Shot to wad!—wad to shot!—Ram home!"

"Done it is, sir!" replied the captains.

"Man your tacklefalls—run out!" cried the gunner.

And out went the carronades with a crash.

"Now, men," continued the gunner, "see that your tacklefalls are properly coiled down, and shoved under the slides, ready for running; and you, captains, will all of you

take your aim coolly by your side and top-sights, and watch carefully for the heave before you pull your triggers. So come now, men—ready, ready, O!—We commence from the bows; one at a time, mind me.—Foremost gun, there, are you all ready?"

"All ready, sir," answered the captain, taking his aim.

"Fire, then!" cried the gunner, jumping to the gangway to see the effect of the shot; which, however, though in a good direction, fell short of its object.

Several broadsides had thus been fired round in succession, many shots of which got unqualified praise for their precision, before the lucky one came, which not only levelled the tri-coloured flag, but shivered the cask into splinters in an instant, amid the shouts and acclamations of "Well behaved, old Gibby!" from all hands.

"Ay, ay," cried Gilbert, with his usual bitter laugh, "we're Shetland, and we're dug-fish, and we're auld fules, and fiend kens a' fat; but deil may care, we still ken something o' our duty, and can throw a shot, ye see, wi' ony o' ye yet."

Captain Switchem and his officers now approached, and complimented Gilbert and his comrades in very handsome terms, promising him ample liberty to see his friends the first time he touched at Shetland again, and giving them all his gracious permission to go below and enjoy themselves over the promised reward.

Gilbert, after hearing all in silence, went below with great composure; and, on being reproached by some of his companions for his clownish behaviour in not returning the captain thanks for his flattering compliments, he tartly replied, "Atweel I wot, I'd do naething o' the kind—I ken him owre weel already, as my poor shouthers can testify, and want nae mair o' his acquaintance. Gae wa', sirs! yon's a blarney—mere claver and chin music—that gaed out at the ae lug as fast as it cam in at the ither. He'll no mind a word o't a' the morn; for, ye may tak my word for't, that if I, or ony o' us, suld hae the misfortune to gie that cross-grained temper o' his the least bit o' a wrang twist, he'll just be as ready to tear our shouthers and jackets to flinders as ever.—I've nae fault to find wi' his grog,

however; so, gun-mates of mine, here's to ye a', and may ye ne'er throw a waur shot than ye've done this day; that's while I command her, onyhow."

"Glory, skipper!—Bravo, old ship!—Success, my cock of the green!" &c. &c. were now the vociferations of all his happy companions.

"By the pump of Aldgate," cried a sprig of the White-chapel breed, "we may all well be as happy as proud this day, for our captain's behaved himself like the son of a real gemman—that he has."

"Like the son of a gentleman, you swab!" said the indignant marine of the gun, with appropriate martial ferocity, and an astounding stroke with his fist on the mess-table—"like the son of a first-rate nobleman at the least, if you please."

But, leaving Gilbert and his merry associates in the full belief that there was not such another quorum of ability in existence, we return to the quarter-deck, where the small-armed men and marines were contending for the remaining prize, by firing at the head of a flour-cask, which, nailed to a spar, was suspended from the outer end of the fore-yard's stunsail boom. This, as might have been expected, was a brief, but a warm and spirited contest; as besides that both parties, when thus opposed, are certain of betraying a strongly marked *esprit de corps*—which ever has and ever will, we believe, form an immoveable barrier to a nearer connection between them—there was thought to be a sufficient preponderance of excellent shots on their side to make it highly probable that the blue-jackets would beat the red, in the use of their own exclusive instrument, the musket. Strongly animated, however, by their own peculiar prejudices, and by that exceedingly nice feeling—the boast and glory of the British soldier, and the only thing that ever *really* appals him—which ever attaches indelible disgrace to every thing that is a *failure*, the red jackets exhibited such a rich display of talent, as, at the end of the second round, to make the final result extremely doubtful. But the third round set the matter completely at rest; the blues beating the red jackets by seven additional hits, the two last of which precipitated

first the one half, and then the other, of the cask's head into the deep, leaving the spar dangling targetless, as much to the joy of the one party as it mortified the feelings of the other.

Though long past meridian, such was the interest excited by this trial of skill, that dinner had never been thought of even by Captain Switchem, than whom there were few living more rigid observers of times and seasons. No sooner, therefore, was he reminded of the circumstance by his first lieutenant, than he hastily declared his great satisfaction at their general proficiency; promised the marines another trial at some future period; complimented the small-armed men on their skill in musketry; and ordering both parties, with but few exceptions, a double allowance of grog instead of the prize bottle, and the dinner to be instantly piped, he dismissed them all in great good-humour.

As the weather continued steady and fine, and the captain probably thought he had exercised all hands sufficiently for a day, nothing occurred until about four bells in the afternoon watch, when, determined not to be idle, but to try the capabilities of all under his command, he suddenly commanded the boatswain's mate on deck to pipe, *All the Boys fore and aft to muster, hoy!*—This was an order that quite astonished the youngsters; who, for the most part, were busied at the time in preparing or attending to their masters at dinner. Throwing every thing, however, aside for the moment, they speedily made their appearance, were formed by the serjeant into two divisions, and immediately sent aloft, for the purpose of giving them a drill at loosing and furling topgallant sails. This unusual scheme, however, was speedily put an end to by an unfortunate accident, which, though it cost one of the boys his life, is, we are happy to say, of rare occurrence in the navy.

The boys had all answered muster with the exception of little Zamba, the captain's negro-boy, who pleaded, in apology, the necessity he was under of getting all his plate, knives, &c. cleaned and ready, preparatory to the cabin dinner. This excuse the captain, for some reason or other,

would by no means receive; but, ordering one of the lads to give blackee a tight lacing, he despatched poor Zamba up the rigging, loaded with all the usual petty epithets of naval scorn and contempt. Weeping bitterly, but nimble as a squirrel, Zamba was aloft in a twinkling, and took his station in the centre of the fore-topgallant yard. The boys in each top were now opposed to each other, with Masters Ettercap and Pinafore at their heads; and neither praise nor censure were spared in urging them on to excel each other. They had thus been very warmly kept at work for some time, when the luckless Zamba, fully too short in stature for the station he had chosen, in making a long stretch for the purpose of tossing up what is called the *bunt* of the sail, unfortunately lost his balance, and was precipitated with a crash to the forecabin, on which he lay extended without sense or motion.

The shrieks of the boys on the yard, and the rush of feet from the quarter-deck, brought young and old to the forecabin in a trice; where the first thing our hero beheld was his captain assisting the surgeon in examining the injuries the hapless youth had sustained. To the anxious inquiries of the captain, the doctor shook his head with a look of the most wretched hopelessness; and certainly the appearance of the unfortunate boy bore him out in his worst apprehensions. Besides his ribs, arms, and legs, which were more or less fractured, he had received a deep ugly gash on the right temple, and from it, as well as from his ears, nose, and mouth, the blood flowed profusely. Every remedy the doctor could think of was tried to recal the fleeting spirit, with but little apparent success. At one time, indeed, when they were changing his position, he gave a slight movement, and called in a faint wailing voice on his mother; but it appeared to be merely an involuntary movement from excessive pain. He quickly relapsed into a state of insensibility; his little interesting sable countenance assumed a lighter and more leaden-coloured hue; and his respiration impeded, and making the blood gurgle in his throat, after a few more minutes of severe struggle, and heaving a heavy sigh, the spirit fled, leaving poor Zamba a lifeless corpse!

At this instant the fore-castle exhibited a picture of considerable pathos. In the centre of as large a circle as its crowded state would admit of, lay the unfortunate sufferer, his head a little raised on the knee of an assistant, and streaming in blood, with whom nature was evidently making her last struggle. At his feet stood the captain, his chin resting on his right hand, gazing in silence on the closing scene, and evidently struggling with feelings of the most acute emotion, if any thing at all might be attached to the deep and rapid flushings which ever and anon flashed across his pallid countenance; on his left side knelt the doctor, every restorative now thrown aside, watching the progress of the poor boy's fast-ebbing pulse; while all around the circle, raised tier on tier, appeared a motley assemblage of faces, of all shapes, ages, and sizes, each bearing the strongest marks of sympathy and sorrow, which altogether gave an interest to the grouping and death of this poor negro boy, no way unworthy the classic pencils of some of our far-famed artists.

The most profound silence was at length interrupted by the doctor dropping the little hand he had hitherto held, raising himself to his feet, and declaring all was over.

"Is it, indeed, Cawdell?" groaned the captain, in a voice hardly audible: "Poor little fellow!—alas, alas! it really has been an unhappy affair altogether!—an exceedingly shocking accident, indeed, doctor!—Heyho!" cried he, in something like the tone of an involuntary sigh; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he hurried his silk handkerchief into his pocket, hemmed, and, turning to his first lieutenant, said, with much apparent composure,—
"Harkee, Fyke, be so good as give the sailmaker the necessary orders.—Come, come, men, down off the fore-castle all of you—zounds! what are all the fellows staring at?—Come, jump, quick! and get out of my way!" and so saying he hurried aft, and immediately left the deck.

Lieutenant Fyke eyed him earnestly until he disappeared; then, turning to the other officers, said in a low voice, "By my honour, gents, he's caught it seemingly, and, if I mistake not, rarely too. Now would I not wonder though we're bored to death with his dismal and

sentimentals for the best part of a week to come. I candidly acknowledge I love him not in that melancholy mood ; for, upon these cursed unhappy occasions, a muzzler of his superb Teneriffe, or a sparkler of his Madeira, is all in my eye.—However, let us be doing." He then wheeled round, and taking a firm and deliberate look at a whole horde of the *very* curious, who still loitered on the forecastle, said, in his usual sharp manner, "Come, come, my lads, this is no place for you, I believe. There is nothing wanted here now but a deep-sea rigger, and him I'll provide without your assistance.—Boatswain's mate, bundle up the sailmaker to me directly, and tell him to bring a clean hammock and his gear along with him ; but avast there, my old boy ! before you go any farther, slue yourself round, and call the watch."

Well knew the sagacious officer the effect of such an order ; for no sooner was the shrill pipe sounded, than it produced all the usual instantaneous consequences of a magician's wand, or the gifted sword of a harlequin, hurrying our hero and his watch-mates below, followed by all the more curious petty officers, idlers, the lame, and the lazy : thus leaving the forecastle in the lone possession of the gentlemen, who awaited the arrival of honest Peter Palm-thimble, the sailmaker.

The melancholy fate of this unfortunate boy, however, operated like a charm, and, as might naturally have been expected, gave a corresponding gloom to the *table-talk* below, very different from the roaring bursts which the prize-grog had previously excited. Edward was therefore no way surprised to hear the never-ending merry stories of mine landlady of Deptford, or my fancy-girl of Gosport, with all the intervening episodes on the marvels of gunnery, musketry, pikes, cutlasses, and tomahawks, in broadsides, boardings, &c. &c. flung coolly aside, and as rich a treat of horrors and horribles served up to the eager listeners, as ever ears or eyes had been blessed with in the 'witching pages of that ghosting, rawhead-and-cross-bones cock-and-hen fraternity, years before led on by that redoubted and popular ghost-seer, who then flourished under the racy cognomen of Monk Lewis. In fact, all the most

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aged, most experienced, and, possibly, most ignorantly superstitious, seemed to make it a matter of conscience to drag forth their most precious morsels of terror for the occasion; and, of course, a number of legends were forthwith related, which, however absurd or improbable, or not even *over* original, they might appear in the eyes of our hero, seemed to gain an eager hearing, and the most devout credence, from all his companions.

We frankly acknowledge that there is a peculiar witchery in these demented narrations at all times, but particularly in those seasons when the human mind has been prepared for unearthly converse, by the view of a parting soul and body. This had been pretty generally the case with all hands, not an hour before, and several fortuitous circumstances conspired to make the hour still more favourable to the excitement of these paralysing tremors;—for the captain and his officers were all cabined and quiet—the weather moderate and steady—the brig in all points snug—the twilight on deck, darkness below—and the miserable rush-lights of the purser barely making that darkness visible. All things considered, therefore, it was no doubt curious, but by no means wonderful, to see the various assemblages huddled closely around their respective orators, who, with a becoming solemnity of voice and aspect, and a most minute attention to the “pomp and circumstance,” screwed gradually up their terrific ditties to such a tremendous alto, as completely unmanned many of their more credulous listeners, whose countenances, and unwillingness to go about duty in the dark for some time after, sufficiently denoted the receipt of the poison, and what a powerful grasp an ignorant superstitious fear can take of the much-vaunted reason and judgment of humanity.

Curious to see the whole procedure in an affair so new to him as that which was now going forward on deck, and sick of being compelled to listen to the absurdly terrific gossip which was universal below, our hero silently adjourned to the fore-castle, where he found Peter Palm-thimble, with no other company than his youngest assistant, as coolly and busy at work, enclosing the little black body in its last covering, as though it had been a much-

wanted sail, which the wind had shivered. Edward paid his respects to Peter with great humility; and Peter, who loved to be thought somebody, received him as graciously as he could have wished.

"I see you've got nearly a finish," said Edward.

"Just about it, mate," answered Peter: "and, in truth, no more than time, seeing daylight's going to turn in. I have only to run him up in front, and give him our couple of needles, and then, my boy, you'll see as nice a tidy, neat, little shell of a fellow, as ever went to the bottom."

"In faith, mate," returned Edward, alluding to the shot enclosed at the heels of the corpse, "he'll go down to the bottom as smartly's a kedge-anchor."

"So he ought, poor little fellow!" replied Peter, sewing away; "and I hope he'll be so lucky as get a soft bottom, and thus, like the kedge, as you say, bury himself in it some six or eight feet: why, in that there case, he'll be as comfortable and snug as in the best churchyard of Old England."

Peter had now finished his job by sticking his own and his assistant's needle through the nose of the corpse, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and lashing them firmly together with a thread of tarred twine; and nothing now remained to be done but to remove the body, on a grating, under the booms, where it was to remain for the night.

While Peter and his man went aft to receive their tumbler of rum, the regular guerdon awarded on all such occasions, Edward, fully satisfied with what he had seen, once more joined his mess-table, where he found the ghost-gossip as lively and vigorous as he had left it.—But as it is rather entering upon what we would call a broad-bottomed subject for this place, we beg leave for the present to sing out, *belay!*—referring the reader to the next chapter for a specimen of the *method* and *manner* of these legends; for as to the *matter* we shall not say a word.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BLOODY BREAD-BAG.

Just twig 'em, how closely and snugly they're knotted,
With their eyes, mouths, and ears, all agape and aghast!—
Depend on't, old Bill's got 'em all safely boated,
And shoved off to the land of the devil at last.
Nay, I'm sure on't—for why should he thus saw the air,
While around him they're stuck up like so many posts:
Were it not that he's up to the eyes, I could swear,
In a long fearful yarn about murder and ghosts?

WE left Edward and his messmates seated in their berth, where the recent fate of the unlucky Zamba was still under discussion.

"I say, Lyson, I do suppose as how they'll not be for touching little Quashee overboard until to-morrow after divisions?"

"Why, what the devil else could you suppose, when you heard the skipper, as well as I did, bid Lieutenant Fyke give old Palmthimble his orders. I'll warrant me any money, the old fellow's as busy as a fly in a tar-bucket even now about Quashee; bedizening his little black bones and body off as trimly and snugly for the bottom, as needle and tarred-twine, and a brace of solid thirty-two pound marbles, can make him.—Davies, you're just come below, didst see him?"

"I did, Lyson," replied our hero; "and I can assure you Palmthimble has given little Quashee as tight and trim a last jacket as ever he wore in this world before."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, mate," responded Lyson, "for many a smile it has cost me to see the number of little pic-nics the old fellow goes through in bedizening an old ship for his last plunge."

"And I says for certain, Bill, that were there ever folly at all on the ocean sea, that's a part and portion on't."

"Oho, Master Wiseacre! pray, how d'ye make that there out?"

"How do I make it out?—why, I makes it out sofd

easy enough, Master Consequence, with your wiseacring. Pray, what is't to me, after my bellows have ceased and my toplights doused, what you makes on me? I don't care a rush, in that there case, d'ye see, whether I'm chucked overboard with a shot under each foot, or as rid of every one article as the moment I first came into the world—not I, shipmate, I assure you; for, if ever you live to see that there day, you may remember what I'm now saying, that you'll please Dick Hawkins equally well whether he goes out of the port the devil a pin's-worth of bother obliged to you, or is launched off rigged out in Peter Palmthimble's most stylish manner."

"Why, all that may be true enough, my brave fellow; but then, as old Peter says, it's the *decency* of the affair, you know: and really, to speak honestly and truly, I don't know a single thing that pleases me more, than to see the poor cold carcase of a favourite pell, treated at least with some care and attention. Oh, long life to old Peter, say I! and long may he pique himself in rigging out an old ship for his last run to the bottom!—Why, Mr. Marlin, the boatswain, himself swears, there's never a he in the fleet whose quiet men slip half so handsomely off the grating as those who have come through the nippers of old Peter Palmthimble."

"But what does the old fellow mean, Bill, by sporting a couple of needles through the noses of all the poor devils he ever rigs out; I never saw any more employed than the one the rigger was using?"

"Well, so far Palmthimble's right, as he generally takes an assistant; but whether that's his reason or not I don't know. He must have some one or other, however, and I've no doubt it's a good one; for he's a poring, thinking, bookish kind of a chap, this same Palmthimble, and can heave the log, or take an observation, better than e'er a young gentleman in the hooker."

"Why, we all knows that, Bill, and none better, in faith, than our honest friend Peter himself. But, chucking all that aside, did you twig the skipper, when the doctor told him as how little Quashee had slipped his cable? My eye! he screwed his chalky muzzle into so many different twists,

and turned up so the whites of his day-lights, that I really thought, for sartain, he was going to tip us a die-away, and sing out."

"Bah, bah, my dear boy, don't you believe it: he's got too smacking a splice of the devil in him to pipe for such a trifle as the death of a little silly blackamoor boy. For my own part, to tell you a piece of my mind, I should have been as well pleased, so I would, had they given him a passage smartly at once, instead of allowing him slowly to breathe his last on board, and then rigging him out and keeping his little black carcase on board all night, for no purpose at all, to my thinking, but to frighten people, and give his honour's glory another opportunity of playing the parson, and sporting yon fine fancy gilded Prayer-book of his'n to-morrow. The truth is, Jack, I can't relish the thought of a dead body being in the same hooker with me at all; and nothing pleases me more, d'ye see, since he will have it so, than the having nothing to with the mid-watch *to-night*."

"Why, what have you to fear in the mid-watch, Lyson?" asked our hero, suppressing a smile.

"A devilish sight more than you're aware of, Master Neddy, for all the larning and scrawling you makes in that there log of the first lieutenant's. What have I got to fear, forsooth? marry, I supposes you thinks, because I can neither read nor write, that I never did hear, in all my life, that there be such things as ghosts, hobgoblins, and apparitions! Oh ho, my buck! Bill Lyson's aboard of you in that tack at all events; for he knows all about that there, and a whacking trifle more. He knows, my mates, and he believes it too, that the ghost of a dead person never leaves the body until it has had proper Christian burial;—if you ask, for why? then I say because it can't, being perfectly impossible. Why, the very stories I've heard from my old pell, Joe of the Terrible, to say nothing more, would convince a very heathen to believe all about it—far less, were I to tell you what I have seen and experienced myself both awake and asleep. D—n it, Davies, you may grin, thof it only shows your ignorance, my lad;—but I'll never forget the many frights I've had in my day, and, in

particular, a dreadful one on board the Terrible—Klaas, my boy, you were there, with that ill-spliced pin of yours; d'ye remember that horrible morning?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Netherlander, "mindsh dat morn—hegger and sklyt! the same as now. I vid tell it you, mates—'tis bong; much vat you call laughter-story. Ve vere bord de Terrible, line-o'-battelle—(ver large vessel—sacre Mayree, vat vork!—up de Mediterrane—out de Yankee—quarters every day—boom—boom—boom—day—night—guns)—Both in vat you call sick bay—ver ver bad—I had mine leg here, and Bill had him's head there, vat you call——"

"Pshaw, Nicholas!" cried Lyson, testily interrupting him, "you're going to make the devil's own yarn of it—let me tell the story."

"Nong, peste, nong!—Ver vell, mates, Bill had him's head there, ver, ver, sore, and he vash vat you call thirsty, and so vash I. Ver vell, Bills gets out him's hammock, and goes bring vater. Ver vell, Jumbo, de skipper's vat you call monkey, vash skipping and grinning so about all de sick bay—Jesu! how he vash larking, here, dere, all about!—Vell, Bill's pouring out de vater so, and I'm looking over mine hammock, vid mine arm stretched out so, for drink de vater; blitszen! all at vance vat you call Jumbo comes pop from de hammocks on Bill's shoulders so, and throws him's dam long paws round him's sore head so.—Holy Mayree! vat shriek, vat cries!—Bill fell squat de deck—bawl out, de deybill, de deybill! and vat you call Jumbo take de vater out him's hand, and drink so coolly, so comique—as make me laugh my sides sore."—The merry export from Fatherland concluded his narration with such a hearty ha, ha, ha!—in which he was joined by the whole mess—as not only astonished our ghost-seer, but absolutely made him wild.

"Come, come, Fontina," he cried, in his surliest voice, "you're touching us rather too much of a good thing now; for hang me if it was that silly story I meant at all. Besides, my old ship, you should recollect, that it's hardly fair to come so harshly over an old pell's frailties, particularly at a time when a person's not themselves, as was my

case that morning, as you well know; for, if the truth must be told, mates, I'd got a smacking whiffler over the scone, a few days before, in a boarding affair, from a great tall Spanish sworder, and of course was rather somewhat weakish and light-headed. This accounts for the foolish part of the story you've now heard from Klaas; for otherwise, thank God! matters are all passing well: the wound is long ago healed, and forgotten; and, barring the time when he gets an overshare of grog, Bill Lyson's as good a man as ever.—But to the devil with such nonsense, my hearts! I were talking of ghosts, and the frightful figures of the dead. Now, I'll convince you all at once, by telling you a real, regular, true story—one, my lads, that I can swear to; for I were told it by Oliver Owen, the forecastle-man, when I was hardly the height of our fore bulwark, and who was himself on board the hooker, and saw the whole story pass before his own daylights. Besides all that, mates, I've heard the same story read in a printed book, and sung in a ballad; so it *must* be true. Let's see, the song begins in this manner—you must have all heard it—

‘ Captain Oram went to sea
Full of mirth and full of glee,
Him and all his ship's company,
On board of the Benjamin, ho!’

Now, I've seen the Benjamin often when I was a mere boy; for she lay long and long a crazy hulk in one of the Liverpool private docks, full of rats and such-like varmint, nobody caring to have any thing to do with her: and as for Captain Oram I don't know what became of him, tho' I've often heard it said, that as how he died raving mad. But, avast! I've begun at the wrong end of my story.—Now, don't put me out by any questions, my good mates, and you shall hear all about it. Well, this same story of Oliver's, which we used to call

The Bloody Bread-Bag,

commonly made sail in this here manner, as I'm now going to tell you.—Hem, ahem!

“ You must know, then, my lads, that the good ship Benjamin, belonging to Liverpool, was a fine large hooker

mayhap about 450 or 500 tons, which traded between that port and the West India islands, and was commanded by a fellow of the name of Jerry Oram, a butcher's son of Bristol—quite a horse of a fellow, who had got his star-board eye doused, and wore large red whiskers. Now, this same Jerry Oram, though an excellent seaman, was, like too many in the same line, a regular-built knave—a harbour-saint, in short, and a sea-devil!—such a complete tartar, that no sooner had he got fairly to sea, than he used to chuck all his fine promises made in harbour overboard, and then do as he pleased—pinching some of their grub, and denying their right to any grog—starting and ill using others, for he was very liberal both of his fists and his feet,—and almost regularly cheating some poor fellow or other out of his wages. On all these and such like matters, numerous complaints against him had been made to the owners; but the rogue had such an invincible cheek, and so smooth and oily a tongue, that he always got over them all, and came off with flying colours; nor, indeed, was it until they had lost some of their best hands, that the owners would make the least into his evil doings. Well, at last they did so, or at least pretended to do so; and, by dint of blarney, plenty of grog, and fair promises, the Benjamin was once more fairly manned, and set sail outward-bound. The Land's-end was hardly cleared, however, before Jerry commenced his old game, so that by the time they got to Montego Bay, and had landed their cargo, most of his hands, heartily sick of his bad faith and ill usage, either cut their stick, or refused to go any farther with him. In vain did the owners there cajole and flatter them, and in vain did Jerry himself speechify and promise amendment; they would be no longer deceived, and resolutely refused to handle another rope-yarn belonging to him. All that he could fleech out of them was, that they wouldn't leave the ship until he procured other hands at Port Royal, for which place he immediately set out, as the Benjamin was meaning to stand athwart to the Gold Coast, in order to pick up a few hundreds of them there blackamoor fellows, who were getting scarce in the island.

“Well, in a few days Captain Oram returned, bringing

with him a gang of fellows who would have disgraced the miserablest shell of a French privateer that ever spread canvas in the Channel. They were a set of regular-built desperadoes; of all colours—blacks, browns, reds, and whites: and of all countries—Irish, Dutch, Danish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. Indeed, I believe my old mess-mate, Oliver, was the only handy fellow amongst them; and as he had lost his own ship in a drunken cruise on shore, and wished much to get home, he gladly acceded to Captain Jerry's terms and flattering promises, and came along with the rest.

“No time was now lost in fitting out the Benjamin for her proposed new cargo, and getting her ready for sea; and as the owners, at last, had begun to smell that all was not perfectly fair on the part of Captain Jerry, they resolved to send a young gentleman along with him, by way of supercargo, to serve as a check on his future conduct. This young fellow, who was a man of colour, or mulatto, as they're commonly called, had been married on a planter's daughter only a few weeks before; and nothing would serve him but, in a foolish fit of fondness, he'd take his young wife out along with him; and, accordingly, in an evil hour for himself anyhow, and just before the Benjamin got under weigh, who should come on board but Captain Oram, accompanied by Master and Madame Morelle, as happy and rollicking as birds in May!

“Every thing went on for a few weeks as smoothly as a pannikin of cocoa; for the supercargo had a prodigal sea-stock both of grub and grog, and he was by no means stingy of it. Madame Morelle, again, was a gay, merry, laughing, young lady, trimly made, with beautiful ivories, and a fine pair of piercing black daylights, the glance of which made a fellow wink again; while Captain Oram himself was Englishman enough, to be sure, to be very fond of his grub, but still fonder and madder of a pretty smiling face, surmounted on a white muslin petticoat: so that, thus all pleased with themselves and one another, who was like Captain Jerry and Master and Madame Morelle! In this way, all billing and cooing, they were as merry as crickets in a baker's oven; and, in truth, there was

nothing but flashy dinners under the quarter-deck awning, grog to the mast-head, and fiddling, dancing, and larking, until four bells often of the first watch. In fact, every thing on board the hooker grew so easy, and the grub and grog so plentiful, that Oliver used to liken her more to one of those trim, fancy, flashy-gilded yachts his Majesty sometimes goes a-pleasuring in, than the old, rusty, sable-sided Ben of Liverpool. But too much happiness is not good, and, indeed, was never meant for this here world, you know; so that, tho' every thing rolled on swimmingly for a few weeks, it was well known, as Oliver said, it could not last for ever, any more than we might now expect to be eternally in smooth water, d'ye see. Well, to be sure, sooner than Oliver expected, all of a suddeny matters assumed quite a different appearance—the merry trio having all gone seemingly on different tacks; for the dinners and larkings were completely knocked off—Captain Oram became thoughtful and peevish, and began to his old game of knocking his fists about; and, as for Mr. Morelle, he seldom left his cabin, or, when he did come on deck, it was merely for a short and hurried walk of an evening on the lee side of the vessel, and then down he'd dive to his cabin again. For the pretty Madame Morelle, she was no more to be seen than if she hadn't been aboard. Some thought she were badly, and that all the fuss and alteration in the manners of the skipper and his supercargo was on her account. This was true; and Oliver was just the boy who first ferreted out the secret.

“Now, d'ye see, my lads, he was a shrewd, silent, sly old fox of a fellow this Oliver; for, being captain of the hold, he had ear-holes and eye-holes abaft, whereby he could pick up bits of news, whenever he'd a mind, that no other person aboard knew any thing about. Now the way he fished into the secret was this: a short time after this dryness took place, being down in the hold putting matters to rights, he heard Morelle and his wife at high words together through the bulk-head; when, clapping his ear to one of his holes, he soon learned that the lady was as well as ever she was in her life; that she wanted much to go on deck, and Morelle would not allow her, swearing that she

wanted nothing so much as a little more of the blarney of that large, burly, one-eyed Englishman!—that being the best name he could muster for Captain Oram. Well, to be sure, that wicked taunt did rouse Madame up, and I do not wonder at it, seeing that no girl of spirit should ever stand such cowardly insinuations. She, therefore, attacked him in her turn, blew him up sky-high, and concluded a pretty pithy scolding lecture by wishing, from her soul, that she had got an Englishman, instead of such an ill-coloured, withered, jealous mongrel as he was, for a partner. My eye, you know, this spicy Rowland for his Oliver set the poor supercargo all in a blaze; and, after reviling her in no set terms with her evident partiality to Oram, and calling her every thing but a lady to boot, he was at last so unmanly as to up fist and give her a clip or two. Her cries brought Jerry immediately to her assistance; who, instantly bursting the door in upon them, like a true fellow of Britain's own breeding, boldly stuck up for the lady. Bitter, and loud, and long, blew the squall; until, tired of jawing one another, they at length took to their fists: and then the shrieks and cries of Madame Morelle, as they roused all hands, and brought the doctor and the mates below to separate the combatants, compelled Oliver to retire, but not before he saw that Morelle had the worst of it, every chopper that the skipper gave him making the poor mulatto smell the deck whether he would or not. Open war being thus declared, frequent squabbings took place every other day, either between Morelle and his wife, or between him and Oram; with both of whom, however, he generally came off second best, seeing the lady had only to sing out to get assistance in a twinkling, and that he was neither weight nor mettle for the tremendous fist and powerful bottom of Jerry Oram.

“It is impossible for me to say, mates, whether all or any on you knows any thing at all about this here black affair your shore-folks call *jealousy*, or how severely it makes a fellow wince when his fancy-girl loses conceit of him, and takes up with another; but this I can swear to, and I speak from experience, d'ye see, it's the devil's own potion—worse than the worst rubbish the doctor ever gave you;

and give it once a fair clutch of a fellow's heart, and he's as happy thereafter as he'd his feet fast in the bilboes, with not a toothful of grog allowed. Now, d'ye see, this here Morelle, the supercargo, was quite eaten up with this same jealousy; and them there mulatto chaps, mind ye, bred up under the glare of a tropical sun, are much more fiery-blooded than we are, and take on as smartly, on such occasions, as a blue-light. This here being the case, of course, you know, every thing on board went to sixes and sevens; there was nothing but scoldings and skrimishings be-aft, while forward it was all laziness, larking, or mutiny, —so that, as Oliver used to say, the old Benjamin was never in such a sad taking in her born days, going where, and any way, and every way, the wind thought proper to drive her.

“Well, d'ye see, matters thus grew gradually a-head, every day getting worse and worse, until one afternoon, after a long chaffing and squabbling match, up jumps Captain Jerry on deck with Morelle at his heels, brandishing a naked sword. Well, mates, Oram wasn't made of the stuff that would ever say die!—not he, never an inch of him; so you'll not hinder him from springing to the arm-chest abaft, and seizing a cutlass, when to it they went, heart and hand, for all the world like two brave fellows, determined to settle the hash once and for all. Now, you must know, mates, that although this here Morelle had neither the bottom nor length of arm sufficient to stand before Oram with his fists, yet he was to the full more than his match with cold iron in his paw, and accordingly he made his slasher play round Jerry's carrotty mop to admiration. Long they fought, and wickedly; while all hands, gathered around them, were so confounded and astounded, as never even to think of interfering. At last, just as every one thought the mulatto were going to carry the day, poor soul, as usual, away he went to leeward. He had received Oram's powerful and furious assault with considerable coolness, and eluded it with masterly dexterity—had completely winded him—and had just begun to ring the changes, by touching Oram a smartish clip or two athwart the bows, when, as the devil would have it,

something or other taking his foot, down he came, and the skipper above him; who, not being in one of his pleasantest humours, speedily wrested the sword out of Morelle's grasp, and, chucking it overboard, gave the poor mulatto a severe and unmerciful thrashing on the deck where he lay. No doubt, Morelle, brave fellow! did what he could, but he was too light for Jerry by half; who, having once got him under his ponderous brawny beam-ends, was determined, like the Scotchman, to keep him there; so he kept quilting away at the supercargo's unfortunate carcase, out of all reason and without mercy; like Roger with his flail, as the song has it. He would have certainly finished the poor fellow at once, so wicked was he in his anger, had his mates and the doctor not compelled him to knock off. In spite of all the doctor's speechifyings, however, to allow Morelle to be taken below to his cabin, Jerry would have his way.—'What!' he cried, 'allow the madman to go to his cabin, to have a pistol ready to send a ball through my head the first time I go below! no, no, doctor, I aint such a ninny as that comes to. I've been too simple with him all along; for that I escaped on deck with my life, a little ago, is to me quite a miracle. I don't know what you may think, doctor, but I say, and I'll swear to it, that the fellow's mad, and no longer fit to be allowed to go at liberty. His nearest and dearest are not safe from his murderous attempts; and I honestly assure you all, gentlemen and shipmates, now around me, that it was in the attempt to save the life of the innocent young lady, his wife, whose father and friends are all very dear to me, that I hazarded and so narrowly escaped with my own.'

"At the mention of his wife, Morelle, who had hitherto lain on the deck with all life beat out of him seemingly, suddenly opened his sore bruised eyes, and pronouncing the word 'villain!' loudly and fiercely, made an attempt to get once more on his feet. This was a go, however, that Jerry was determined to resist; so with one well-aimed blow, that Oliver said would have brought down an ox, he stretched poor Morelle at full length once more on the deck. Even then his malice was not extin-

guished; for, after binding him hand and foot with his own hands, he ordered him, insensible, bleeding, and terribly beaten as he was, to be carried below; where they stowed him, at Oram's desire, in a strong but obscure berth, used by the captain as a private store-room. Here having laid him out, Oram dismissed them, locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, retired to his cabin.

"It was some days after before Oliver saw Oram on deck again, and the first squint convinced him that, in this affair, at least, Jerry hadn't much to brag on, having got a pretty roughish handling; for, besides a poke or two he had got in the carcase, and some smartish clips on his knowledge box, his whole physog. was completely mauled and jellyfied, and his solitary peeper nearly battened up for ever. Oh, the curses and vows of vengeance he muttered against poor Morelle, during the short time he groped about the decks, were horrible and fearful; for he still kept him a close prisoner, allowing no one to see him, giving him his grub, and locking him up with his own hands.

"How he came on with Madame Morelle—for being a strong healthy fellow he soon got well again—I never heard say, as they kept all things snug to themselves in the cabin below; but it's likely all went on well enough in that there quarter, seeing she certainly did prefer Jerry to her husband, notwithstanding of his large red whiskers; and, after all, I do not wonder at it, mates, when you recollect that the one was a strong-built, free-born, English skipper, and the other a thin, slim, skin-and-bone shadow of a fellow, and a dingy blackamoor to boot. This made all the difference in the world to any one you know, far less to your girls of spirit, who generally know, (that they do,) how many pistareens are in a dollar.

"Well, d'ye see, after this here furious squall as I've told you on, there was a long lull, during which Morelle's name was never mentioned, and how he fared no one knew. At last it did get afloat that Morelle had caught the fever, and, a few days after, that he were dead for sartin; and, sure enough, a large box, made by the carpenter, and said to contain his body, was committed to the

deep that same day—both Madame and Oram attending, and appearing mighty sorry for what had happened. Now the whole of this flummery was all in myeye and Betty—a mere fetch to gammon the tongues of the crew, which, to be sure, will be wagging, let the sails blow to ribbons; Oliver being quite convinced, that whatever went overboard it was not Morelle's body. He was at last made certain he was right from what occurred afterwards; for, being down in the hold, a short time after this sham funeral, and hearing some talk going on in a very low under tone, Oliver was instantly at his post, and, to his astonishment, distinctly heard Morelle himself, in a weak, languid, hard-up voice, abusing the pair of 'em as they stood over him with a lantern. What he said Oliver could not make out, but Oram's angry reply, 'Never in this world, you black nigger!' was plain enough, upon which Madame took to her heels, leaving the poor mulatto at the merciment of the enraged Oram, who had no more about him than a postillion's pair of breeches. She was no sooner gone than, by the scuffle of his feet, Oliver was certain the captain was about some devilry, for he immediately heard what he took to be the hissing, rattling, short, quick sobs, and repressed groans of a man that were throttling, which continued for a few moments, and then all was silent. He then heard the little light foot of Madame as she returned, and was met by Oram, 'He's done for now, Anabelle, you may go in,' whispered the skipper; 'you'll find him quiet enough. Come, love, let us leave him now, he'll make no noise; we can truss him up, and give him a passage in the middle watch.' And the cabin door was instantly locked up as before.

"You may swear, mates, that long before the appointed time Oliver was at post; and, after waiting patiently for a time, he heard the heavy tread of Oram even in his canvas slippers. He unlocked the cabin and went in, and after many violent efforts, with both feet and hands, he peevishly exclaimed, 'D—n his ugly carcase! the bag is too small.' Then he heard him using an axe, d'ye see, as thof he'd been cutting up junk; and, after a while, dragging something weighty, and the cabin window quietly

opened ; having to cut his stick, for fear of Oram coming on deck, and finding the after-hold open, you know.

“ Well, my lads, this here Morelle being thus at last got rid of, the work, as far as Oliver could see, went on in a more regular and orderly manner, and even began to assume a more lively and ship-shape appearance ; for the skipper, now quite recovered, while he paid the utmost attention to the wants and wishes of the young widow, once more assumed his proper place in the ship, and saw the duty properly executed ; and this here being the case, d’ye see, and the good old Benjamin all the while cutting through it with life and spirit, she soon arrived at her destination. Having taken on board some hundreds of them poor black devils as work in the plantations, together with some ivory and gold dust, they sailed once more on their return to the West Indies ; and it was shortly after her departure from the land that the rig began of which I were prating.

“ Knowing what Oliver did of the whole story, you may be sure, mates, his mind was uneasy, always expecting to be frightened to death, every other day, by the ghost of Morelle, when he went into the dark and lonely after-hold ; but, no ! every thing remained quiet and orderly, no complaints could he hear from a single soul, and he were actually becoming, like Davies there, a complete unbeliever and scoffer at things he knew little about, when a circumstance happened which, while it convinced him he was wrong, plainly told him, what we all know to be truth, that heaven will not allow murder to go unpunished even in this here world.

“ It was a beautiful evening,—and in the tropics they have many such,—and the Benjamin was going steadily before a fine cooling breeze ; the deck was quiet fore and aft, for while Oram, his mates, and the doctor, were reclined abaft in conversation under the awning, Oliver was as comfortably seated in midships, busily employed in asking himself a few questions. All of a sudden, my boys, shrieks of terror came up from below it were quite shocking to hear. Oram snatched up a pistol that lay beside him, and bawling out, ‘ Mind the fore hatches !—

are they forced ?' sprung forward, followed by his mates and the doctor, armed with whatever came to hand. Bah ! that wasn't the case at all, the blackees below being all as quiet, poor devils ! as so many sheep in a pen. Howsomever, Jerry wasn't long kept in suspense ; for the next inoment up on deck sprung Madame Morelle, followed by a little black wench that attended her, both actually crazy with terror, and she seeing Oram, who was advancing anxiously to meet her, flew towards him, with outstretched arms, and screaming, ' Save me ! oh, save me ! ' buried her head in his bosom, and fainted. Oliver was now quite certain that the ghost of Morelle was at work, although it did not choose to disturb him in the hold ; but he had no time to think, for Oram bawling out for water, Oliver directly jumped to the deck-butt, and, filling the measure, was aft with it under the awning before you'd have said Jack Robinson. Here he beheld a sight, mates, that would have convinced a pagan of the truth of these terrible sights. The doctor, and Oram together, had tight work to bring her to her senses again, but they succeeded ; and the moment she opened her pretty eyes, she glared first fearfully round, as if in search of something that had scared her, then looking sweetly up in Jerry's face, for she was reclining in the huge fellow's lap, she said aloud in Oliver's hearing, ' Thank God, I am here, my love ! for, heaven knows, I've been cruelly frightened ! Oh ! ' she exclaimed, with a shudder at the thought, ' the sight was truly horrible, captain ! ' and again she buried her head in his bosom.—' She must have had a frightful dream, poor lady,' said the doctor, ' for I think all her trouble lays in her mind.'—' No doubt on't, doctor,' replied Jerry, in his usual, smooth, honeysuckle way ; ' and it's the less to be wondered at, when one considers the grief, and the night-watchings, she's lately endured, in attending on that insignificant puppy, that her father was fool enough to bestow her hand upon. She's rid of him, however, doctor, thank God !—for I cannot think they'd have ever been happy—and I trust, by the time she gets home, she'll get as stout and lively as ever : she's young enough yet to make a second choice, and I trust that her own choice will prove

more to her liking, than the one which her father so unfortunately forced upon her.'

"Now, all this here fine talking, though it completely gammoned the doctor, simple soul! and pleased the lady who lay in his bosom, hearing it all, was lost upon Oliver, who not only knew it was all a bam, but devilish well that there was no second choice to make, it being made snug enough already. Whether any of all this was shown in his countenance or not, Oliver could not say, though, to my thinking, there must; for Oram,—and rogues are ever cruel suspicious, mind ye,—after a fierce scowl at Oliver where he stood, immediately added, changing his withering stare into a deceitful smile, 'The lady's improving now, my good Owen, and I've no doubt will thank you when she recovers; you may take the water-flask, and leave us now.' And, on getting such a broad hint, depend on't, Oliver cut his stick directly. He was glad he had done so afterwards, he told me; for, though he had heard many stories, not very favourable to Jerry, before he came on board, he had been always inclined, from what he had seen, to believe them to have originated in spite and spleen; but now that the fellow was compelled to stand all as one as naked before him, without a morsel of disguise within his reach, he declared he saw nothing in Oram, now sitting before him gammoning the simple silly doctor, with his fancy-girl on his knee—I say, he could see nothing in him, he said, but the hardened, heartless, regular-built villain, whom he had all the inclination in the world to get foul of, so that he might be properly punished.

"But, to let that pass, mates, the story of Morelle's ghost appearing to his wife, you know, could not be concealed; and, once known to be on board, it was not natural to go for to suppose that his ghost would confine itself close to the cabins abaft, any more than he himself did when all alive and hearty. As might have been expected, therefore, particularly as they were every hour nearing the spot where belike the deed was committed, the ghost of Morelle grew very troublesome, taking a round of the decks as regular as midnight came, and frightening some poor devils of the middle watch almost out of their wits. It now stuck

to no particular part of the hooker, mind ye, but was sometimes seen walking forward, sometimes aft, and at others, for all the world as if living, it would start away to one or other of the tops, or disappear, through the hold gratings, among the neegurs. Oliver said he never saw it but once, and that was while he and some others were talking together alongside the fore-bitts. It came close to them, and was a slim figure, rigged out in white gear, all gleaming with a faint, pale, bluish light, for all the world like mackerel hung up in the dark: its head being muffled up with summat, they could make nothing of it; but it moved slowly past them at that time, pointing to a bread-bag, all over blood, which it carried under its arm; and when it vanished over the bows, they heard strange noises, as thof it had been the distant clang of some dozen of anchor-smiths, intermingled with peals of wild unearthly laughter, dismal shrieks, and low hollow groans. Both him and his comrades, he said, were so horrified at the sight, that it was some time before they came to themselves.

“Whether there were any of these horrible unearthly sights seen in the cabins abaft was never known, seeing, like many other things, they kept it to themselves; but, forward, they occurred so regularly to some one or other, night after night, as so effectually frightened all hands, that duty once more seemed to have come to an end, since never a hand would stir his stumps to do anything after night-fall; and though Captain Oram and his mates did what they could, in the jeering and chiding way,—for they durst venture no further, so general was the mutiny,—yet nothing was done of any consequence but what they had obliged to lend a hand to themselves. Now, what made all this the worse, was the coming on of bad weather; for the season was far advanced, and little else was to be expected, you know. It is an easy guess-story, then, my lads, to know in what a sad taking the poor old Benjamin must have been in, having thus to encounter the heavy squalls, worse seas, and thunder and lightning storms, of the tropics, with never a willing hand on board her to assist in keeping of her snug. Captain Oram, his mates, and a few stout hearts more, certainly did wonders, and worked

for a while like jolly fellows, who feared neither ghosts, nor the devil himself; but it was impossible they could hold out so for ever, you know; and, as the weather continued still in the same unsettled way, they soon began to fag and fall off, through sheer want of sleep.

“They were in this hard-up and dreary way one dismal, rainy, and squally night, and the few hands that *would* work, after making the old hooker as snug as they could, had just thrown themselves on the deck, under a tarpauling, in order to snatch a momentary repose, when the mate of the watch was roused to attention by a strange, hollow, and uncommon harsh voice, singing out from the main-top—*On deck, there!* Now, you must know, my lads, that this same mate was none of your shilly-shally, timmer-some, shore-bred fellows, who start at straws, or such like trifles, but a regular thorough-bred sea-goer, and was considered, besides, a chap with as bold a heart, and as sound a head, as ever the port of Liverpool produced; but what argufies all that there, when a fellow is taken by surprise?—and so, d’y’e see, whether or not he were thinking of Morelle’s ghost at the time or not, I’ll not say, thof it’s likely enough; but he were just standing firmly gazing on the top, waiting to see whether the bright sheets of lightning, which ever and anon careered athwart the horizon, would let him see who it was that were thus bawling before he would answer, when the same voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there!* still louder than before. He immediately roused his watch-mates, and had just begun to tell them the story, when all hands were astounded with horror, at hearing *On deck, there!* bawled out a third time in a most thundering manner. ‘What do you want?’ sung out the dare-devil of a fellow that stood at the wheel; when, instead of an answer, there immediately arose in the top a most vociferous burst of the loudest and wildest laughter, which, after jeering them for some time, seemed to sail away, and die in the breeze. As soon as they recovered somewhat of composure, for they neither heard nor saw any thing more that night, they mustered their hands, and found all present except the captain, who had stowed himself away below.

“Well, my lads, you needn't fear but all this here story was fully and faithfully conned over to all hands by those who kept the watch; and, if things were bad before, you may swear it made them no better—every soul on board being now convinced that Morelle's ghost haunted the ship; and the devil of it was, no one either had the pluck to speak to it, or knew how to get rid on't. Some stout hearts there were, indeed, who affected to think the story all a bam, and even volunteered to go up and sit in the top until the ghost made its appearance; but, avast there, my boys! some of 'em did go up without doubt, but the closer it drew towards midnight, the more their courage gave way, and the watch were jeering the arrival of the last of these bravaders on deck, when the old thundering voice sung out as usual, *On deck, there!*

“‘Dash my buttons!’ cried a young stout fellow of a forecastleman, jumping to the rigging, ‘but I'll see this same bawler, be he the devil himself; though I'm more inclined to suspect that it's some frolicsome whoreson making game of us all the time. Harkee, mates, keep a bright eye on the lee-rigging there, that no one slides down, while I go aloft and examine the top.’ He had just begun to ascend the rigging, when the same wild and awfully loud voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there!* ‘Ay, ay,’ replied the undaunted forecastleman, redoubling his speed, ‘I'll be with you directly, my hearty; and if you're what I suspect you to be, the never a rope's end in the hooker shall be heavy enough to lace your shoulders with.’

“He had now got on the futtock shrouds, and his head barely above the top rim, when what he saw heaven only knows; but, with the eyes of all the watch anxiously fixed upon him, he gave a dreadful scream of horror, let go his hold, and rolled right overboard; while, for the third time, *On deck, there!* resounded in all their ears, succeeded as before with the same wild unearthly laughter, dying gradually away. ‘Heaven have mercy upon us!’ cried the mate, ‘for this is no fool's trick.’

“The melancholy fate of this brave fellow, who was a general favourite with all hands, entirely put an end to all

duty and subordination; so that the following day the never a he of them all would enter the main-top, even by daylight, without the captain, or some one of his mates along with them; and, when night came on, it was only by the captain's assuring them that he would keep the first and middle watches himself, that he could contrive to muster a sufficient number to work the ship.

"Accordingly, Captain Oram, accompanied by Madame Morelle, kept the deck the whole of the first watch, during which every thing remained quiet and orderly. Eight bells were struck and gone, and he was just standing before her, at the top of the companion, endeavouring to persuade her to go below, as the dew was beginning to fall cold and chilly, when the deck resounded again, with the usual frightful call of, *On deck, there!*—which, whether it were the sound of that unearthly voice, or the suddenness of the shock, seemed completely to paralyse all the powers of Madame Morelle, as she instantly gave a loud despairing shriek, and fell back into the arms of her sable attendant in a state of utter insensibility. As for Oram himself, he seemed to get raving mad on the instant; for, leaving his fancy-girl to the care of the young negress, he sprang forward, and with eyes flashing fury on the main-top, he sung out, *Hilloah!*

"By the Lord Harry, mates, *he* wasn't long of getting his answer.

"*Stand from under!* was the terrible warning.

"*Let fall, and be d—d!* bawled the intrepid Oram; and immediately a Bread-Bag was precipitated to the deck, streaming in blood, the mouth of which bursting open, a human head rolled out, and lay at his feet, which every one could recognise as that of the unfortunate Morelle. This was no sooner done than a burst of laughter filled the air, so loud, so wild, and so continuous, that Oliver said he believed he could have taken his Bible-oath, that all the powers of the infernal world had surrounded the poor Benjamin that horrible midnight. The dreadful flare-up seemed at first to have dumfounded Oram completely, reckless and stouthearted as he certainly was; for he gazed for a time at the head and mangled remains, as

they lay before him, with a countenance in which horror, desperation, and madness, were strongly depicted. Then, as if he'd been concentrating all his physical powers for some dreadful effort, he suddenly burst out with, 'Hell and the devil! are you there again? Away, away! Perdition seize you, out of my sight for ever! Away, and be food to the first shark that meets you!' While he spoke, he first made the ghastly head spin from his kick like a foot-ball, then clutched like a fury on the Bloody Bread-Bag, and, with a strength almost supernatural, made it fly over the lee gangway; when the horrible yelling in the air, as loud and vigorous as ever, seemed instantly to sail away, and die as formerly in the distance. Oram stood fixed as a statue at the gangway until the sounds ceased; then hurried aft to where the doctor and some others were assisting the recovery of Madame Morelle. Pushing every one aside, he lifted the frail and unconscious beauty carefully to his bosom, and, after kissing her affectionately, he muttered into her ear, 'Cheerly, cheerly, Anabelle, my sweet wench! I've given him a passage again, and he'll trouble us no more.—The doctor here broke in upon him; and reminding him of the dangerous way the lady was in, insisted on his immediately resigning her to his care. Contrary to expectation Oram was quite passive, and allowed her to be taken from him in silence; when suddenly a dreadful thought seemed to flit across his already half-crazed brain. In an instant he once more rushed to the place where she lay, pale and motionless; and, after feeling her cold forehead, and still colder little hand, he at once burst out in an agony of despair, 'What, doctor, is she dead—really stone dead? Has that horrible appearance blighted my pretty flower? And have I done all for this?—Have I committed murder, and thrown my hopes of heaven at my heels for nought?—then die, Jerry! die, and be——.' He instantly fell flat on the deck, in a state of as complete insensibility as his fancy-girl. They were both taken below; a fever was the consequence; and before they recovered, the Benjamin arrived at her port, and Oliver was one of the first to leave her.

“Now, mates, what d'ye think of my shipmate's story?

would it not convince any fellow, with the least particle of sense about him, that murder will not hide neither on board nor ashore, and that the ghost of the murdered has no rest, but will constantly haunt the place where the body is, until it obtain proper Christian burial?—What do you say, Davies? for I see you are smuggling a laugh.”

Nothing was ever more true; for Edward having hitherto succeeded with difficulty in restraining his risible faculties, no sooner received this half good-humoured interrogation, than his mirth overleaped all bounds, and he laughed away so heartily, and so highly to the satisfaction of the mirth-loving Mahony, that he instantly joined in the chorus, to the infinite chagrin of the mortified story-teller.

“Ay, there it is, now—dang it, I could have sworn it!” cried Lyson, looking reproachfully at the merry muscles of the laughing pair: “I’ll warrant me, now, the next thing they’ll have the cheek to swear to is, that they don’t believe a single word of all I’ve been telling you, tho’ I’ve already said I’ve heard it with my own ears read out of a printed book—think of that, mates—and sung from a ballad too, as well as many others, I’ve no doubt, on board the hooker.—As for you, Denny, I’d have thought better on you, than to have sneered away so lustily at what I’ve heard you say, not a hundred years ago, you believed in firmly: but as for Davies, there, I aint surprised at him at all; seeing it’s ever the way of your d—d saucy land-lubber pen-and-ink swabs to be cursedly conceited, for ever thinking that ne’er a one’s up to any thing but themselves. But, avast there, my hearts! Master Davies may come cheery and welcome to Bill Lyson for the next story he tells him, that’s all.”

Both Edward and Dennis, perfectly aware that they had rather gone too far, were now at some pains to sooth down the irritated feelings of their loquacious messmate; in which task Mahony showed himself a complete master, for, by a dexterous application of his real native blarney, he so successfully roused the old man’s wonted good-humour, as in no long time to make a returning smile visibly curl on his cheek, and light up once more his dull downcast eyes.

"But after all, Lyson, I must say," resumed Edward, "that while I think your story very well told, it seems to me rather incomplete. What, for instance, became of Madame Morelle, as you call her? for as for Jerry Oram, you know, you told us he died raving mad."

"Ay, my lad, mad as a March hare, as they say ashore. But, in truth, what became of his fancy-girl is more than what I ever heard Oliver say; tho' I'd naturally suppose as how her father would take her home again."

"And I'd as naturally suppose, Lyson," cried a messmate, "as how they'd both been hung."

"Bah, stupid!" returned Lyson, "you fly wide of the mark. Hung, quotha!—'Tis well seen how far you've been from the smoke of your father's chimney, when you bundle in your Jack o' the Halter so readily; for who the devil ever heard of a West Indian planter's daughter, or a slave-captain either, being hung for murder? Why, you silly fool, dost not know they can do in that there quarter what they please?"

"So it would appear," rejoined his messmate, shrugging up his shoulders, "and the more is the pity, say I—for they both, to my mind, richly deserved it; particularly that hot-blooded, hard-hearted, she-hyena, who was the 'casion of all. D—n her! I'd have shut her up with a whole legion of monkeys, who would have fondled her to death."

The discourse was here put an end to by the bell striking eight, immediately followed up by the boatswain's mate's pipe, and his calling the watch; which speedily dispersed these lovers of the marvellous, as well as their numerous and credulous admirers.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MEDLEY.

"Say, shall I sing of a man-o'-war's humbugging,
Its scrubbing and rubbing, and drubbing and tugging?
Touch me the word, mates, and you shall have it readily."—
"Glory! give it mouth, Jack, 'twill make a merry medley."

THE watch was no sooner on deck, and muster over, than Edward, with a curiosity natural to his character, would have immediately proceeded to obtain a view of the body of Zamba, now lying in a sort of nautical state below the booms, had he not found it now carefully enclosed all round with amply large and well-blackened tarpaulins, occasionally made use of, in bad weather, to protect the boats from getting their gaudy colours tarnished by the spray from the vessel's bows. To raise these substantial hangings, which as effectually precluded the smallest glimpse of the little body as if it had already reached the bottom of the deep, was a matter of rather serious consequence, as it would infallibly have given high offence to a body of men, who it was impossible for him not to see, both by their general gloom and evident repugnance to approach a spot so carefully screened in, were in no fit humour to be trifled with. Curious to know something of the general feeling on such occasions, he determined, as the way of giving the least offence, to consult Dennis on the subject, and frankly declare to him his wishes.

To his astonishment, even the merry and light-hearted Mahony heard him to an end in a sort of moody silence quite unusual to him, and then, with great seriousness, replied, "I'll tell you what it is, Ned, and I hope you'll think your Dennis the devil an inch the bigger coward for it, being serious solemn truth, that I wouldn't go for to raise that there tarpauling, and so be after disturbing the dead, d'ye see, no! not for a moun't of money as big, by

the hokey, as the ould Hill of Howth. No, no, Davies, I like you well enough, sure now, and I own it, and that's fair; but, thanks to good Father O'Neal, who, heaven save him! learned me my letters before I could spake, I like ould Mother Church a trifle or so better, my dear.—Bubbaboo, now! and won't you belay?" continued he, coaxingly, clapping his hand on Edward's mouth, "when I tell you seriously I'll hear devil another word on the subject. You surely wouldn't have your Dennis guilty of that dreadful thing they call sacrilege? Blood and turf, honey! but your Scotch religion must be a curious one, if it's any religion at all at all, that allows you to be after going so coolly and needlessly about disturbing the sacred last sleep of the dead, sure."

Dennis was evidently too serious in all this for Edward any further to press the subject; and he therefore amused himself in listening in silence to the various marvels with which every obscure corner abounded. In defiance, however, of the most dismal presages, the night proved one of uncommon beauty;—the silver moon shone with peculiar brilliancy on the gentle ripple of the dark blue ocean; and such a resplendent galaxy of glory twinkled all o'er the face of the clear and unclouded heavens, as had the happiest effects in composing the mind to the most delightful serenity; and the period of the watch thus pleasingly stole away without any of those supernatural appearances, or dire mishaps, so confidently predicted, and so minutely described.

Next morning, immediately after divisions, had been appointed for the funeral—which proved to be a matter of infinite brevity and great simplicity. Captain Switchem appeared on deck in a mourning scarf and sword, followed by his officers and Mr. Fudgeforit, who carried a splendidly bound Prayer-book under his arm: and all hands being summoned to the lee gangway, he immediately commenced operations, by prefacing the obsequies of the dead with a few pithy and rather sarcastic observations on the heedlessness, stupidity, and other bright qualities of the living. Meanwhile, four boys having slowly advanced with a grating, on which the corpse lay extended, firmly

sewed up in its hammock (the operating needles being thrust transversely through its nose),—and having taken up a position, with it at their feet, on each side of an open port-hole, which had been cleared for the purpose, he immediately doffed his hat, followed by all hands, opened the Prayer-book, and began the Church-service in a tone of voice at once grave and dignified, until, coming to the words expressive of committing the body to the deep, the four boys immediately gradually elevated one end of the grating, when the weight of the shots enclosed under the feet of the corpse hurried it off into the ocean, where it disappeared in a twinkling. Having thus finished the service with infinite decorum, Captain Switchem had shut the Prayer-book, had handed it to his bowing secretary, and had once more begun to descant, with his usual acrimony, on the excessive carelessness, and slovenly bustling manner in which the work was gone through by all hands—to which causes he very adroitly imputed the boy's death—and the total want of that steady coolness, order, and dexterity, which he had ever been accustomed to, and which he was still determined to enforce, when the swelling current of his caustic elocution was rudely interrupted by the look-out vociferating from the mast-head—"On deck, there!"

"Well!" returned the captain.

"Land a-head!" bawled the look-out.

"Point to it, my lad!" cried the captain, leaping to the capstan, and hurrying with his glass to the fore-castle.

The look-out held out his arm, at the same time bawling down, "About two points on the weather bow!"

This intelligence seemed to produce a sensation in the mind of Captain Switchem quite discordant to further discussion; and, of course, sermonizing instantly gave way to more active and unpremeditative duty. "Mr. Marlin," cried the captain, hurrying aft—"Where is the boatswain?—Call me Mr. Marlin directly,—d'ye hear there, young gentlemen?"

This was unnecessary, however, as the boatswain, shouting "Here I come, sir!" almost immediately after stood before him.

"Pipe, *Make sail!* directly, Marlin, there's a good fellow," cried the captain: then turning to his first lieutenant, he continued,—“And hark ye, Fyke, shake out every reef, and clap every inch of canvas on her you can. I'd like to have a surveillance of the coast ere night-fall.—Mr. Fudgeforit, lay hold of these things, and follow me—I'll be with you again in a minute, Fyke.”

“It shall be done, sir,” replied his first lieutenant, as he disappeared from the deck, and immediately walked forward to put the people in motion. Meantime, the boatswain had executed his orders—the topmen were aloft—the reefs were shaken out—the topsails hoisted—the fore and main tacks hauled close on board—top-gallant sails and gear followed—and no long period elapsed ere all hands beheld their fancy vessel snoring through it, with the land right a-head, at a rate little short of twelve knots an hour. She stood on in this lively way for some time, when Captain Switchem deeming her to be as close in shore as he thought it prudent, ordered her on the other tack, and she now ran along the bleak and dark-wooded coast of Norway, with a fine steady breeze from the land. She thus continued making way steadily, while Captain Switchem, and most of his officers, were busily employed with their glasses in a strict reconnoitre of the numerous groups of dark black clustering rocks, small islands, and innumerable creeks and openings of that strangely shattered land; when nothing appearing, and the day beginning to close, the Tottumfog was finally put about, and once more stood to sea under shortened sail.

“Well, my maties, here we have had the devil's own day of it, after all, now that it's done,” cried Bill Lyson, sitting down at the mess table; “but indeed I never saw it otherwise with a dead body in company—always a gale of wind, a mast going by the board, a chase, or some one ugly customer or t'other to bother a fellow.”

“Phew! my lovely bright boy of the mountain!” cried Dennis, just arrived from the deck, “as the ould Goody of Gillingham says to her eels, when, you know, she's after skinning them alive, ‘Why can't you be azy, honies, sure it is nothing at all at all, when once you are used to

it. Devil a haypurth !"—and Mahony agrees with her to a tittle. Troth does he—and the devil a skirrach's worth of bother it shall cost him, though he knows, shipmate—ay, that he does—that if you have had the devil's own day on't, gragh, you are likely to be blessed with his mother's own night of it, by way of good company, that's all. Och, by my soul, are you ;—so keep your beautiful tongue lying azy ;—for I heard Mr. Fyke speaking with that long ill-spun cooper of ours about water—and I'm sure you knows very well what follows that, dear."

"A devilish sight too well, in faith, Denny," replied Lyson ;—"but are you certain it was the cooper ? for you know it's a little darkish on deck at present."

"Am I sure it was the cooper, did you say ? By the powers ! as well might you ask me, am I sure if myself's Dennis Mahony, dear. Oho, shipmate of mine ! the ould chopper of cask staves is by much too like a hop-pole for me to mistake him so azily. But the devil another squeak will I make on the subject at all at all, honey ; for may I never knock my beautiful fist through a biscuit again, if there isn't Tom Bird himself coming down the ladder, and he'll soon be after telling you all about it, darling."

It was, sure enough, the huge fellow, who, taking his stance on the foregratings, and bending down his enormous carcase to get his head on a line with the beams of the upper deck, growled out in a thundering voice, "D'ye hear below there, fore and aft, it is the captain's orders that you all turn to, man and mother's son of you, and get ready, without loss of time or hindrance of business, for a jolly good hard spell at washing and scrubbing. The cooper has orders to supply all the messes with a gallon of fresh water a-man, which the ship's cook will boil for you in a jiffy ; and that will serve for your shirts, embroidered trowsers, silk frocks, gold-laced jackets, and other shore and church-going gear. If any of you wants soap they must keep the boatswain in their eye. The idlers, fancy men, and other loblollys, not forgetting Jack in the Dust, may either wash in the first or middle watches, just as their honours please. The clothes-lines to be

hoisted as soon as the morning watch is turned up : but then only, mind me. Bags and hammocks to be scrubbed in the morning-watch, and nothing but clean hammocks to be stowed in the nettings. And, last of all, the whole clothes, bags, and hammocks of the hooker, will be mustered on Sunday after divisions, when the fellow who is dirty will of course be found lazy, and either get a cat or a broomstick to fondle.—So mark me, fore and aft, as you've all got fair warning, you may take your own minds on't—it's all one to Bird.—D'ye hear there, you captains of the tops ? you'll see and have your clothes-lines properly marked and rove in good time, or else, by the Lord Harry, you'll catch it."

At the close of this brilliant haraigue a scene ensued that completely beggars description ; both decks being suddenly metamorphosed into a complete mass of bustle, hubbub, and confusion. In one place, a noisy mob of cooks of the various messes surrounded a tall, raw-boned, dirty fellow, dignified with the name of cooper, who, seated on the deck, with a measure in his hand, loudly vociferated, haggled, coaxed, and threatened all and sundry regarding their exact quantum of the blessed liquid, which rushed and gurgled from an old tinkling rusty pump in unlimpid clearness, and shed an odour so ineffably gaseous, as to make every individual nostril around him cock up in determined hostility. Further forward, again, another band were assembled at the boiling coppers, in the midst of whom might be seen the aged one-eyed cook, swearing, sweating, and brandishing his *tormentors* over the heads of the refractory with infinite dexterity, while his filthy assistant, enveloped in steam, doled out the scalding element to all around him. And every other part of the deck, both above and below, was crowded by the crew, selecting their soiled garments for the wash-tub, slinging or unslinging their hammocks, and emptying their clothes-bags.

"I say, Jack, who do you wash with ?" cried one of Edward's messmates.

"Why, there's Lyson, Mahony, and I, as takes the first spell."

"Well, then, I board you, mind me."

"Aha, my smart fellow, but we're boarded already."

"Already, are you—by who, pray?"

"Why, by old Shetland Gibbie, Lawrie Lawrenson, and young Davies."

"Oho, matey, if that there's the case, I must look sharp.—However, I care's not a souse, there's plenty of time; so I'll board the boarders."

"Harkee, my old chap, will you touch me off a shirt or two?" cries another fellow, addressing a Shetlander.

"What wull ye gie me then, Jacob, lad?"

"Why, anything reasonable, my hearty;—say a pint of the stuff to-morrow at dinner."

"Aweel, aweel, Jacob, that's fair aneuch, as my hand's in, at ony event. But, bide ye there, what d'ye mean by a sark or twa, canny lad?"

"Why, them there here, to be sure, as I've got under my arm."

"Exactly, exactly—Let's see them—Eh! twa chacks, a red and a blue flannel—Forgie us, Jacob! *Four* sarks, forbye twa comforters, and a Guernsey, for a single pint o' grog!—The man's in a creel—gae wa' wi' ye, callant, ye're daft—ye suld list—Na, na, deil a bode o' yours I'll hae.—A pint of grog, indeed! *seven piece*, as my mither used to say, for a pint of grog! Ha, ha, ha!—Saul, I wadna do them under twa days' grog at ony event."

"Dennis—Dennis Mahony!" bawls a third.

"Why, that's me, sure enough—well, and what is't, my darling?" replied Dennis, rubbing away.

"Why, man, tip us a morsel of your soap, there's a good fellow, for mine is completely done."

"Oho, it's done, is it? by the powers, boy, that's another way of the music not so unlike my own, in faith."

"What! hast got none?"

"Plenty, dear, and *royal* soap, too!" holding up a lump of pipe-clay.—"By the powers, gragh, when Tom Bird sung out first about this here washing affair, the devil a single rub of any thing like soap was in Dennis Mahony's possession; and so he'd the choice of nothing at all at all, for claning his linens, to be sure, but a rub

and a promise from his lovely scrub-brush, dear. Well, what to do, to be sure, I couldn't think; till, at long and last, after scratching my beautiful head into humour, I boldly trots aft to the garrison, honey, and comes towney over one of them there young lobster-backs so genteelly, that out he bundles me this handsome piece of white Windsor, with which I intend to make my shirts as beautifully white as if they'd come flying from Chatham barracks to me.—Och, bad luck to washing, says Dennis; for it's something like hanging—best when it's over.” Easily pleased, he speedily concluded his washing, with the following cheering scrap, sung to one of the *tearing* jigs of Paddy's land:—

“Och, never go to your father's house,”
 Ould Murphy used to say,
 “For every thing there is at sixes and sevens,
 'Case this is the washing-day;
 The spalpeens are squalling, your mother is bawling,
 And tugging, and rubbing away.”
 “Och!” cries I, in anger, 'tween cowl and sheer hunger,
 “Bad luck to the washing-day!”

In this noisy, yet enlivening manner, were all hands so busily employed during the most part of the night, that the returning dawn beheld his Majesty's ship, the *Tottum-fog*, jogging easily along, like a moving slop-shop of Rag-Fair, with shirts, frocks, trowsers, blankets, bags, and hammocks, in every variety of colour, twittering from every part of her most musically to the breeze. Even Captain Switchem, when he came on deck, seemed gratified with the novel appearance of his vessel; and the weather continuing steady and agreeable, the remainder of the day was employed in giving a thorough scrubbing and fresh arrangement to the moveables of both decks. This important business having also been accomplished, and the lower deck ventilated and allowed to dry, the clothes and hammocks were piped down, the topsails fresh reefed, and the vessel made otherwise snug for the night—and the watch being at last called, the residue of the wearied ship's company gladly betook themselves to repose.

CHAPTER X.—THE CHURCH.

All hands were below, and snug seated around,
And the service was read with decorum,
When the low hollow wail of the squall's strengthening sound,
Roused the ear of the reading Captain Oram :
He listened a moment, then shut the Prayer-Book,—
“ We'll take prayers for a day *ad valorem*,”
Cried he, with his stern and determinate look ;
“ So jump up, my hearts, from the boy to the cook,
Make her snug,” said the brave Captain Oram ;
“ Reef away !” cried the bawling Jerry Oram.

THE next day being Sunday, and the day of muster moreover, was ushered in with all the pomp that scrubbers, sand, and holystones, could give it. The weather was very unsettled and squally, but as it kept free from rain, every thing proceeded in the usual prompt manner to further the execution of the captain's orders. It was not, however, without the greatest exertion that the decks could be dried up, the hammocks stowed, and the breakfast piped at the usual hour ; for the second lieutenant, who had the morning watch, and who, like most young officers, was very fond of “ carrying on her,” having rather mechanically set to work, as soon as he came on deck, in making all sail as usual, without bestowing a single thought on the very doubtful state of the weather, had met with so many interruptions in the necessity he found himself under of shortening it again, as to be compelled to call in the assistance first of the idlers, and then of all hands, to save his distance, and come within time.

At length the *word* was passed, and the ship's company, after taking a hurried breakfast, were bustling, cleaning, and rigging for divisions and mustering clothes, when a passing squall, which had blown hard for some time before, acquired such a degree of violence, as to compel the officer on deck once more to pipe *All hands reef topsails !* when certainly such another assemblage immediately hurried on deck as has seldom been witnessed, in any exigence of the service, executing duty. All were bare-headed ; some

half shaved ; others stripped to the buff—and there were not a few, whose long, bushy, and highly-prized hair, wantonly sporting at liberty in the wind, put them in jeopardy of becoming unwilling victims to the pendulous fate of the renowned Nichol Jarvie. Just as they stood, however, they reefed the topsails ; and, flurried and breathless, returned as fast as they could to the deck, to resume the now execrated task of decorating their persons, and arranging their clothes, previous to the approaching inspection.

Notwithstanding every exertion they could make, however, numbers were only half dressed when the boatswain's pipe trilled for divisions. Captain Switchem, who had been waiting with no small impatience, appeared directly at the top of the companion ; and the petty officers having at length succeeded in scolding and frightening the numerous lag-behinds on deck, and reporting all present, he immediately commenced a scrutiny into the linen and inner garments of his crew, both on them and off them, and displayed an ability in detecting the numerous petty frauds resorted to by the slothful in eluding his order, and a dexterity in handling and reviewing the various articles, which Dennis Mahony afterwards swore would have done honour to e'er a regular drilled washerwoman in the county of Kerry.

Having gone through this necessary but very unpopular piece of discipline, he ordered the people to stow their bags on the booms ; then, turning to his first lieutenant, said, with something as near a smile as he could make it, " Pretty fairish, Fyke, all things considered ; for, to say truth, the poor devils hav'nt had too much justice done them. However, they may thank you, Doeboy, for that ; who apparently are formed of such high-flying materials, as never to be happy but when you are tearing through it with the rapidity of a rocket. By mine honour, I shan't pretend even to hint at what consequences may not ensue when our returns are made, for the immense consumpt of both canvas and cordage for this vessel. 'Tis a matter which has cost me much vexation, and it grieves me not the less that I have already had so much occasion to take

the notice I've now done of this ridiculous whim of yours."

"I don't exactly comprehend your meaning, sir," replied his second lieutenant, reddening; "but of this I can assure you, that, by *my* honour, the weather was excellent for this season when I made sail; and as it was so, I really can't see how I should be so very disagreeably reflected on."

"Pshaw, Doeboy! nonsense!—sheer commonplace, my good sir," cried Captain Switchem, with unusual animation. "Is not my meaning plain as a pike-staff, when, added to what I daily see with my own eyes, my boat-swain informs me his expenditure is excessive, and his store-room absolutely getting empty;—and all this, too, because my third in command must ever be clapping on more canvas than my vessel is able to carry.—Pshaw! I again repeat it, 'twould chafe the very soul of good humour itself to hear such reasonable and *very* gentle hints mis-nomered disagreeable reflections."

"You are getting warm, sir," replied the second lieutenant, "on what is certainly a very trifling matter. I merely wished to remark, that I considered myself as acting in strict obedience to your orders when I made sail this morning—I hadn't the smallest intention of giving offence."

"Lieutenant Doeboy," said the Captain, gravely, "I cheerfully acquit you of any intention to offend me. You are as yet but a young officer, but you have ability; and, with the exception of this unhappy whim, which you are for ever indulging, but of which I hope you will soon see the folly, I will frankly own I have no cause of quarrel with you whatever. In thus stating my complaints, I mean no more offence than you have done; though, I confess, I think it my duty, as your senior officer, to caution you on a matter which may possibly hereafter prove a serious bar to your professional advancement. Regarding obeying *my* orders, you certainly did so, had the weather been moderate—for I wish to keep my people on the alert in all fair seasons, or when duty calls for it—but this you well know was not the case this morning. I

was not on deck, to be sure—but I was as wide awake then as I am now, and I heard your whole proceedings.—Come, come, Lieutenant Doeboy, I *will* not be interrupted; for, again I repeat it, I mean no more by this but friendly caution.—Can you stand there, and seriously tell me, that the morning was *excellent*, or even *tolerable*, when three minutes did not elapse by my chronometer between your hauling aboard your fore and main tacks, and your clewing them up again?—Nonsense, Mr. Doeboy; I won't believe it."

The second lieutenant, a high-spirited sprig of quality, had in vain endeavoured, during this petty castigation, to break in upon his captain's volubility, but without success. As soon, therefore, as he ceased speaking, he evidently betrayed such strong emotions of being only restrained by those invincible barriers which the experience of ages has placed betwixt the commander and commanded of the navy, from pushing matters to a greater extremity, that Lieutenant Fyke instantly interfered, by inquiring of his captain what he meant to make of the crew, who, having stowed their bags, were now standing forward on the deck, huddled together in a mass of confusion and wonderment.

Captain Switchem took the hint in an instant. "Thank ye, thank ye, my good Fyke," said he, shaking his first lieutenant cordially by the hand;—then extending the other to his second, he continued, "A truce to disagreements, Doeboy. Believe me, I mean all for your good.—Let us rather recollect, gentlemen, that we have more important duty on our hands at present.—Harkee, young Minikin, jump forward and order the gunner and carpenter to get the church ready with all speed. I think we shall have prayers to day, Fyke—'twill keep the people alive;—for I can assure you both, gents. the weather appears both surly and suspicious to my eye; and, in that case, 'twill be best to use some endeavour to keep the fellows from crawling and slugging below.—Fyke, take you the look out, and young Pinafore shall attend you. Be so good as hurry the carpenter, and let me know when you are ready."

Mr. Fyke, an old experienced aquatic, gave a silent nod of assent as his captain and second lieutenant retired.

Then walking slowly forward to the main hatchway, he said, "Are you all ready below there?"

"In a moment, sir," replied the bustling carpenter.—
"Come, come, men, bear a hand—Place the match-tubs at equal distances, as I tould you, and thwart them with them there planks—ay, so now, so.—Now, signalman, do you place your bundle of flags on that there small table, and chuck the union over 'em—'twill make as stylish a desk as e'er a parson's in England—Steward, d'ye hear there? chairs for the gentlemen."

"Are you ready yet?" again asked the lieutenant, impatiently.

"All ready, sir!" replied the carpenter, redoubling his exertions, intermingled with many bear-a-hands and execrations on the awkwardness of his attendants, which it is needless to repeat.

"Forward, there," bawled the first lieutenant to all hands, "toll the bell. Come, my lads, down, all of you, to prayers.—Boatswain's-mate, see them all down."

"Ay, ay, your honour," cried Bird, walking forward.—
"D'ye hear there, all of you?" continued he, raising his hoarse voice a note or two higher than its usual growl; "down you go to prayers, man and mother's son of you. Come, move along, move along, my hearties. D'ye hear there, old Shetland, will you clap a stopper on that old muzzle of yours, and make less noise? Can't you recollect, old salt fish, you are going to prayers?—Come, heave ahead, forward there, and walk, one after the other, as mim and orderly as old Betty Martin at a funeral."

"Ay, by my soul, Bird, and you're right there, boy!" cried Dennis, turning round to him, with a smile,—“for then we'd be as wise as the dead was, you know, when he sung, as they carried him to church,—

"Farewell to the Land of Purratos, my dear!
Where I go I don't know, love; but, troth, never fear
That your Pat shall lack whisky, butter-milk, or good cheer,
With a priest in his front, and yourself in his rear."

and so forth—Och, county Kerry and the Devil's Punch-bowl for ever! I say.—But come, mateys, after all, let's have no grinning, seeing it gives such great offence to the

sweet-spoken officer behind us ;—rather hoist your half-masters, and haul out your beautiful mugs to their full stretch, like the good folks ashore, as he is pleased to desire you, dears."

"Come, come, Mahony, shut up and belay, if you please," growled the croaking Bird—"or mayhap worse may befall you.—Move along, men—Heave ahead there !—Come now, take your seats, and let's have no grinning—for, mind me, the officers will be here in a twinkling."

The entrance of Captain Switchem, followed by his officers, put an end to further discourse ; who, having had the splendid Prayer-Book placed before him in the humblest and handsomest manner Mr. Fudgeforit could think of, immediately commenced reading the Morning Service, in a tone of voice at once clear, grave, and impressive. Notwithstanding this great advantage, however, in addressing a people, and in prompting them to the noblest service of humanity ; notwithstanding an occasional glance from his keen eyes, as though endeavouring to penetrate the phalanx around him, and keep all on the alert ; truth compels us to state *our* honest belief, that a great portion of his praiseworthy labour was absolutely thrown away. Whether this arose from the fatigues of the morning, from the uncommon snug and comfortable manner in which they were now seated, or from the unusual circumstance of hearing only the vibrations of a *single* voice striking their dull ears, we shall not pretend to say ; certain it is, that a very short time elapsed indeed, before the well-meaning reader had as many sleepers as listeners seated around him. Of this, however, he remained in happy ignorance ; and, proceeding onward, had got pretty nearly through the confessional, when Master Pinafore suddenly appeared at his elbow, hat in hand.

"Dearly beloved brother," whispered Dennis to Edward, with the most laughable solemnity, "do pull up your trowsers, and stand by to be moved off at a gallop, like the ould conjuror's balls ; for, by the powers, now I listen, there's a fresh hand at the bellows, boy ;—and troth, Ned,"—looking round and pointing to the sleepers,— "but we've a smart and lively ship's company,—haven't

we now, dear?—Och, how it tickles me to think what a kicking of cripples we shall have in a minnit!”

The various squalls which had hitherto passed, seemed, from the result, as well as from the shortness and frequency of their attack, to have been only the light troops of a passing army, loose, straggling, and unconnected; but those which now approached, like the solid columns of the main body, raged with a fury and a violence absolutely appalling. Captain Switchem stopped reading; heard the boy's whisper; hesitated; listened a few moments, then shut the Prayer-Book, and hurried on deck. Immediately afterwards the shrill whistle blew, and the church was instantly transformed into a scene of the utmost confusion and disorder. For the petty officers, who had hitherto sat with the utmost composure, no sooner heard the well-known pipe, than they sprung to their feet with their wonted zeal, and opened full cry on the sleeping and unsuspecting auditors, who, tumbling and floundering over the temporary benches, afforded infinite mirth to the few who had refrained from the indulgence.

“Ha, ha, ha!” chuckled our old friend Gilbert, “fa the deyvil e'er saw the like o' this?—A kirk! forgie us a', it's onything but that, I wyte—it's far liker Luckie Taylor's changehouse on Lerwick key, whan a' the Greenlandmen are daft with drinking.—Come, lads, up ye gang there, up ye gang—it's just a bit squall, that wull soon blaw by.”

“Come, come, my old boy, heave ahead if you please, and don't stand preaching there,” cried a topman, hurrying past Gilbert; “we've had plenty of that there gear already, 'twould appear, for any good it has done.—My eye!” continued he, on reaching the deck, “how tearingly it blows!”

“Saul, that it does wi' a vengeance!”—said Gilbert. “Gude faith, lads, ye'll have your ain job o't, I doubt, or a' be done.—Forgie us, this is terrible!—Wa'd it not been as wise-like, now, think ye, to have been snoddin and making the poor thing a' snug, instead o' sitting claverin and sleeping below whan a' thing on deck is fairly gaun gyte?—Hech, sirs! but wilfu' folk are unco folk after a'! They will to Cupar, and they maun to Cupar,

in spite o' a' I say.—But, Lord's sake, Jamie Sinclair! Hear ye me, Jamie, my man!—Jamie Sinclair!"

"Well, well, old chap, what hast got to say?" said the captain of the top from the rigging: "Come, out with it snarltly, short and sweet."

"Gudesake, callant, clap on your spilling-lines as soon as ye get up, or, saul o' me, the sail will flee a' in flinders the moment it is squared, ye may tak my word for't."

"Oho, my old ship, is that all?" returned Sinclair.—"Why, my old blade, these toplights of yours are sure and sartain not worth the keeping, and should be returned for old stores, seeing that both the spilling-lines and preventer-braces have been on now as good as four hours ago;"—and away he sprang aloft.

After a severe conflict with the outrageous canvas, a close reef was at length effected, and the topgallant-yards sent on deck; when, the squall still continuing with unabated fury, the first lieutenant thundered from the deck, "Fore and main-tops, there—strike topgallant-masts!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the captains, cutting away the seizing of the mast-ropes,—“Hoist away!"

"Look out aloft, then," cried the officer on deck.—"Come, my lads, bouse away; bouse, there, bouse!"

"Cross-trees, there!" sung out the captain of the top; "you, Mahony, look out there for the fid!"

"For sartain, my darling, and I will," cried Dennis, hammering away on it with a huge marlin-spike, "as soon as it is moveable.—By the powers, Ned, there it goes, dear.—On deck there, avast hoisting—high enough, high enough!—Take that fox, Davies, and make the fid fast to the neck of the shroud, while I pass this piece of sennet round the heel of the mast."

"Is the fid out?" again resounded from the deck.

"Is your grandmother out?" muttered Dennis, impatiently. "Bear a hand, Ned; is it fast?"

"Fast and firm," replied our hero.

"Then lower away!" sung out Dennis to the deck, descending to lash the heel of it to the topmast.

The topgallant-masts being thus lowered, and the rigging hauled hand tight, the topmen at length returned to

the deck, after a considerable time spent in the most arduous exertion; the striking contrast of which, in a comfortable point of view, tended speedily to recal their exhausted and somewhat subdued spirits.

"Well, my dearly beloved Father Gibby, what's the news now?" cried the volatile Dennis, leaping joyfully on deck: "Whether is it to be prayers again or pase soup? for as for being moved about to divers and sundry places any longer, boy, soul of me, but I've had enough on't."

"News, Denny," cried a topman; "why, it's to call aft Jack in the Dust directly, and pipe, *Splice the main-brace!* to be sure. Aint that it, Gibby?"

"Gae wa, gae wa, ye haverel!" returned Gilbert, contemptuously: "What for suld it be splice the main-brace, I'd like to ken; for a wee bit gliff o' a passing squall that will blaw by yevenow?—Na, na, my bonnie lad; gweed faith, were ye to main-brace awa in that daft-like fashion, in thir rumbling and thrawart seas, ye'd no brace lang, I wyte."

"Seas, old boy!" interjected another topman, indignantly; "why they are the devil's own seas, I believe. I wish from the the bottom of my soul we were once more fairly out of them."

"And far the wuddie wad ye be pleased to cruise nae, canny lad?" inquired Gilbert, somewhat nettled at what he considered a sarcasm on his native seas; "just takkin't for grantit, ye ken, that ye had your ain wull, like?"

"Troth, now, Father Gibby," cried Dennis, shoving in his oar, "but I'll be after answering you that for him, dear! you knowing as well as myself that Soulsby's a complete goose in the uptake, and twenty to one does not know what you mane at all at all. Now I can answer you for him slap off the reel. If Soulsby had the power, the never a place would he cruise in but the neighbourhood of Tinmouth; for there, honey, there are shoals of girls, all so beautifully powdered, both above and below, with the lovely flour of sea-coal, as to require a genius to know whether they're young or old, and sometimes, in faith, whether they are men or women. From the Tyne, I'll swear, he'd like a run now and then to the muddled waters of the

filthy Thames, for this would give him a glorious opportunity of tearing his topsails in pieces, carrying away a topmast, and capsizing in style an ould crazy sloop or two; and then in the comely, clanelly, back-slums of Wapping, —think of that, Gibby, dear—amid coalheavers, strong-smelling girls, long pipes, fiddles, and blue ruin to the mast-head, och, soul of me! who'd be like Soulsby?"

At this moment such a heavy sea broke over the weather-bow, as not only put a period to Mahony's wit, but, after levelling him and the most of his merry associates, rolled them aft before it, in sweet confusion, as far as the main-hatchway.

"Gweed Gad, Denny!" cried Gilbert, rising slowly to his feet, "fa the deyvill is that at the wheel? Saul! he's a genus that should be sent for."

"Who is at the wheel, say you, Gibby?" replied Dennis, looking aft somewhat sternly; "why, who the blazes could it be else, think you, but that huge, blubber-headed sea-calf of a countryman of yours, big Lawrenson? By the Piper of Leinster, now, if I haven't all the minds in the world to be after going aft, and kicking him away from it. However, there's a time coming——"

"Whisht, Denny; whisht, my bonnie man," cried Gilbert, interrupting him, but in a subdued tone; "dinna be gaun to tak an ill-will to poor Lawrie, for a wee bit o' an accident that will happen to the best o' us. Losh man, I'm sure ye ken as weel as I do what a thrawn limmer the hooker is whan she likes, and particularly whan she gets in a passion in thae thrwart rumbling seas. 'Od, I've seen me mony a time just at my wit's-end wi' her, bobbing and bowting her nose in the water like anither demented; and often and often I've heard you say as meikle yoursel. Sae dinna be gaun to blame honest Lawrie, poor chield! wha I'm sure you'll confess to be an excellent timoneer, and ane wha'll play tricks on nae man living. But may be ye're angry, lad, because your doup's wat. Now, I grant ye it's no that pleasant to be wat thereabouts, for I feel it mysel yevenow; but, gweed guide us, man, canna ye gang below and shift yoursel, as I sall do, and a's right again? Go, the deil a care-o'-me-cares for a watting now-

a-days, for I'm something like Luckie M'Clarty's bairn, wi' its wat hippens, I'm accustomed till't. Just look at thae Osnaburgs I've on, for instance—they I put on this morning clean and clear—saul! but they're as ready for the scrub-brush as ever."

"D—n your Osnaburgs and scrubber too, honey!" exclaimed Dennis, in great wrath: "It's neither the wetting, nor the soiling of any thing upon me, that Dennis cares a fig about—no the devil an inch of him, at all at all. It's the sin, and the shame, and the big abomination of a great hulk of a fellow like Lawrenson being unable to keep his little grey pig's daylights open, like other people, when he's on duty, but must be after napping and drowsing at such a place even as the wheel; wetting, and abusing, and murdering, what it costs a poor fellow so much confounded botheration and trouble to kape any thing decentish.—That's the matter, Gibby, if you will have it."

"I canna say I understand ye a'thegither, Denny, my bonnie lad," said Gilbert, in a state of wonderment.

"How the blazes *should* you, Gibby, or how the devil *can* you, when the never a morsel of you's willing, seeing that sleepy slug of a countryman of yours is the 'casion of all!" retorted Dennis, impatiently. "By the powers of Moll Kelly, but I'm after thinking, dear, it will be beat into your canister in a twinkling, whether you will or not, when once you come to overhaul the clothes-bag you scrubbed but yesternorn so nicely—I say, when once you come to *shift* yourself, as you call it—faith, and it will be a Shetland shift, I suppose. Ay, you may stare, honey; it's your dearly beloved and well-filled clothes-bag that I mane, and it lies up there, dear, [*Pointing to the booms,*] as well as my own, sure—that's some comfort, however—and I sincerely hope, darling, that by this time it will be equally well soaked with salt water."

"Eh, forgie us, Denny, that's a mischanter that never entered my poor donnered scap," cried Gilbert, in great trepidation, as for the first time he beheld the unsheltered state of the ship's wardrobe. "Gweed guide us, man, fat shall be done? Something of a surety we maun do directly, quite aff-hand in a manner, or a' our good things will be

completely spoiled. Uh, Lord's sake! that's terrible; a' our weel-washed comfortable claes gaun heels-owre-head to the wuddie, and ne'er a ane to halt them. Dogs-tak-it! just haud ye there a minute."

So saying, Gilbert immediately went aft on the quarter-deck to the first lieutenant, who, every thing snug, now stood carelessly chatting to the young gentlemen abaft the wheel, and having made his usual clumsy obeisance, suddenly burst out with a "Lord's sake, your honour! just turn ye round and look at our claes-bags on the booms there. Deyvil tak me, gif it wadnae provoke a saint, for they're waur now o' this day's airing, than if we had ne'er laid a finger on them."

"Well, Gilbert, I see all the bags on the booms," said the first lieutenant, with the most provoking calmness;—"What of them, old boy?"

"Hech me! hear till him!" cried Gilbert, in a tone of utter amazement. "Does your honour no see, you that has sic a gleg e'e at a' thing else, too!—Forgie me, Maister Fyke, d'ye no see that they're a' just perfectly dreeping; and that the whole tot o' our jackets, and trowsers, and clean sarks, and a' ither matters, forbye our sape and tobacco, will be a' in a kirn through-ither by this time, and as wat as muck? Eh, sir, hae some pity, and let us tak them below; for, weel I wot, muckle and nae little trouble they cost us, before we gat them sae trig as they are. At a' events, sir, I maun be sae bauld as tell ye, that gif ye dinna pipe them down now just a' o' a suddenty, the deyvil a dry steek will ane o' us hae to change anither."

"Which certainly would be a great pity, my good fellow, when it can be so easily prevented," replied the first lieutenant. "Go forward, and send Bird to me directly."

"Od, sir, gif ye've nae objections to an auld chield like me, I'll save Tam Bird and your honour ony mair fash about the matter. I'se warrant I'll rair and rout as loud as Tam, for as auld as I'm."

"Be smart about it then, Gilbert," rejoined the smiling officer; "and let me hear you sing it out lustily."

Gilbert replied not, but, giving Dennis and his companions the signal, he gained the booms with an agility he

seldom exhibited, as speedily clutched his bag, then leaping with it on deck, and applying his fore-fingers to his mouth, he made the decks ring again with a cheering whistle, singing gallantly out, "Hey, callants, down wi' a' your bags, boys!" and disappeared in a twinkling, to the infinite amusement of the officers.

As each individual vied with his fellows, the bags soon vanished below. Dinner was then piped; and the weather still continuing doubtful, with occasional squalls, no farther duty was that afternoon required but the usual relief to the mast-head and wheel. All hands having thus an opportunity of passing the time in their own way, a few were to be seen, like our friend Gilbert, carefully examining the interior of their clothes-bags; others, dulled and worn-out, gladly betook themselves to repose; while all the more choice and buoyant spirits jovially knotted together for mirth and conversation, in the course of which many anecdotes and imitations were given of skipper-parsons and ship-churches; the which, as merging on a subject far too serious for the rough but honest grasp of our narrative, we beg leave to omit. We shall end this chapter, therefore, with the conclusion come to by the whole, being the wind-up of a speech of Mahony's, which we think quite in point,—“that it is never Mother Church, but ould Father Badweather, that makes your real comfortable Sunday, either at sea or on shore.”

CHAPTER XI.—THE PUNISHMENT.

There is one thing, my mate, that I mortally hate,
And I care not how soon for it Satan may send—
'Tis the horrible sting of a cat in full swing
O'er a poor wight—seized fast to a grating on end.

WHEN Edward went on deck the following morning, he was agreeably surprised to find not only the weather highly improved, but the vessel, reinstated in all her usual gear, gliding smoothly and swiftly through a rippling sea, which danced and sparkled to the brilliant sunbeams of a beautiful morning.

Having relieved himself of his hammock, he was sauntering slowly forward, no doubt somewhat gratified at the labour he had escaped, by the industry or the impatience of the officer of the watch, when, in passing the fore rigging, he observed a topman, with whom he was familiar, coming running downwards, who, leaping on deck, exhibited a face of considerable exhaustion.

"Hilloah, shipmate," exclaimed Edward, laying hold of this half-winded marine voltigeur, "whither away so fast?—Zounds, man, halt and take breath, can't you?—You've had a tight-laced spell enough of it this morning already, and certainly may now take things a little more coolly."

"Coolly, say'st thou, Ned?" cried the topman in a tone of wonder, "Lord, Lord, how people does talk!—Dost see who's got the watch, lad? dost not see that d—d fiery-faced fellow, the Spread Eagle, yonder, strutting the quarter-deck like a little admiral, and keeping all the afterguard at their points as stiff as mustard, whilst all the while he is bothering and worrying the very soul out of poor old Evans, their captain.—Coolly, indeed, matey!—i'faith, thee'rt a good 'un."

"Why, Sedley, you needn't be so very smart either, in mistaking what one says to you.—I see no one on the

quarter-deck but Master Swipecy, the master's mate; and surely, they'd never trust him with the hooker for a watch, I'd think."

"Well, Ned, I must e'en tell you you are completely out, for all your learning and writing of logs; and you can chalk down that there as something more you've learnt since you turned out, my hearty; for you must know it's just yonder self-same Mr. Swipecy who has got the watch, and, sure enough, the devil's own watch he has made on't. Dang it, man, I am just the boy that can tell you, that we haven't had anything but a dog's life on't ever since we were turned up; for what with his getting up of topgallant masts—then the yards and the gear—then unreefing the topsails, and pulling, and hauling, and bouse, bouse, bousing, and niggling at every d—d brace in the hooker, he has been kicking us this whole blessed morning from hell to Hackney."

"That I've little doubt on, Joe; you've done too much in such a short time to have had much pleasure in it. But, hang me, if I can help being surprised at their giving of him a watch, of all the officers in the ship—a fellow who is hardly ever sober, and who, I am certain, were he a common Jack, would never have his shank-painters clear of the grimmets."

"Phew, phew! my lad of wax! you're away before the wind without either warrant or compass; for as for that there matter of sobriety, and all such rignarole stuff, there may be some difference of opinion, you knows. I loves a drop myself dearly, and never shall deny it, and mayhap that's one cause why I may also love those merry-hearted wags as does the same; but what then? Here I am, will boldly say it, that barring the time when one's a little overhazy, or in a d—d trembleation way (hardly able to squint at a rattlin, you knows, far less to foot it), I shan't walk behind e'er a lad of my size on board in the way of my duty. No, I'll be d—d if I would, my mate, and that there I'm telling you is God's truth. But, as that is not the matter, and shoving all that there bother aside, my heart! even going for to suppose this 'ere Master Swipecy as eternally stupid as an oyster, you knows as

well as I do as how he's the real trueless son of some of your great rich gentlefolks on shore, and that, you know, makes one vast difference; and I hears positive say as how he's to be made listenant as soon as we go in, and that makes another. But besides all that, my heart, and the best reason of all, you'll be thinking, you must know he keeps watch by the skipper's own given orders, for Doeboy continues as sulky as ever, and Stowell, the master, is in the doctor's list. Now, fairly speaking, my mate, how many more reasons wouldst have?—You can't deny that Master Swipecy knows his duty?"

"His duty!" cried Edward, sneeringly;—"I'll tell you what, Joe, if this same duty lies in drinking grog till all is blue, and he can neither distinguish 'tween friend or foe, but will kick and cuff, and level with the deck every unfortunate man or boy who comes athwart his bows, then I'll grant him the praise of saying that there's not such another officer for ability, as I know on, in the service."

"Well, well, Davies, take your own way on't; for, dang it, you're too much of a lawyer for me to prate with. For my own part, d'ye see, I'll only say this, my lad, and I've had ten years more on't than you, that I thinks there are hundreds and hundreds of far worse fellows than Master Swipecy in the service, and my poor shoulders could testify the same, could they but give it mouth. That he's a seaman every inch on him no one can deny, for he is both brave, generous, and hearty; and then I am certain he is no niggard of his grog, nor one who will wince from lending a fellow a hand on occasions. In short, barring his fondness for larking and mischief when he's malty, and this ugly morning's cry-out of Crockfort——"

"Crockfort!" cried Edward, interrupting this apologist, "Crockfort, the barber! why, what of him, Sedley?"

"Oh, is that all you know about it?" cried the topman, in surprise: "Dang it, han't you heard that there news yet since you turned out?"

"No, not a syllable; for you're the first I've spoke to."

"Bah, bah, Ned; that will never go down. I knows well enough you're a quietish sort of a chap, but what

then? you've your ears as well as your neighbours, and I'll be bound to say can make as good a use on 'em. Come, come, confess and be hung at once. Tell me seriously now, han't you heard all about my poor towny, Jackey Crockfort?"

"Not a syllable, upon my soul," cried our hero, gravely. "But what of him, pray?"

"O, nothing remarkably mighty—he's only in limbo, that's all," cried Sedley, coolly; "as fast, my boy, as if the devil had him, or the ship's darbies can make him; and I han't a doubt on't, poor soul! but he'll catch it from one of Tom Bird's best cats, before many hours go by."

"The blazes he will!—Zounds, what has he been doing, Joe?"

"That's far too long a yarn for me to spin at present, mate; for you hear these watchmates of mine get impatient already.—D—n your bawling throats, you lubbers, I'll be with you in a moment.—You're in luck, however, I see, Ned; for yonder is your old countryman, Gibbie, getting relieved from his spell at the wheel, and he can tell you all about it far better than I, if he's in the right vein, and you can come handsomely over him."

"On deck, there!" cried a voice from the top. "You, Sedley, are you going to bring them there thimbles to-day?"

"Ay, ay," cried Sedley, looking aloft; and immediately sprang from our hero's side, and disappeared down the hatchway in search of the boatswain's yeoman.

Edward's curiosity was now so sufficiently raised, that he failed not to be at some pains in endeavouring to come *countryman* over Gilbert the moment they came in contact; and speedily succeeded in cajoling the garrulous old man into excellent humour. "Tuts, lad," he began, "is't the barber body ye're making a' thir inquiries anent? I can tell ye a' about that story fine, as I hae nae meikle ado at present,—and first, I maun fairly confess to ye, that ne'er a thing the creature's done, in the scaith way, but just gotten itsel fou."

"Why, Gibbie, if that's all the ill he has done, I am glad of it," cried Edward; "for Joe Sedley made me

believe it was something more serious. As it is, poor fellow, I am sorry for him, for he must suffer dreadfully both in body and mind,—particularly, you know, when he thinks of behaving so very improperly as to compel Mr. Switchem to put him in irons."

"Whisht, whisht, callant, ye're speaking downright havers, and hae a wrang set o' the story a'thegither. I plainly see ye neither comprehend nor ken onything at a' about the matter.—Losh forgie me! wha ever heard o' a barber suffering in body and mind?—but ye ken nae better, my man, and I winna jeer at ye enow. Ye may take my word for't, however, that Joseph Sedley tald ye sterling truth whan he ca'd it a serious matter; and I tell ye the like, when I ca'd not only a serious but a fell stupid yin. Forgie us, man! just bethink ye for a moment, that were ye to be left sae graceless as to be tempted to try your hand at thieving, wad ye be sic a gomeril as to be the first to tell on yoursel? Na, faith ye; ye come frae the wrang side o' the Tweed for sic foolery; and yet this was what Crockfort did, the stupid doited body;—for it first gangs, ye maun ken, the daring rogue, and nibbles a gude blowout o' Mr. Swipecy's mess-grog, and syne it gets itself so stupid, in the pouring o't down its ain muzzle, as to be the very first to tell the haill ship's company wha was the thief.—Uh! thae Englishers, though they think there's naeboddy like them, they're no half up—a Scotchman has mair wit in his little pirley, after a', than they've gotten in their haill buke, for a' their puffing and blasting.—Aweel, devil tak me, Davies, if I wasna like to rive my auld sides wi' laughing when the poor donnart creature was brought upon the quarter-deck this morning—Lord, man, he looked sae wild, and spak sae muckle, slapping his breast and his brow, and cutting as mony cantrips as ony puggie in a' Bartlemy fair show. It was my first trick at the wheel, ye maun ken, though I've never been relieved till this moment, and Maister Swipecy was bustling, and rinning, and roaring himsel hearse, getting a' thing in order, whan, a' in a moment, up springs a thing full flaucht ower the main hatchway moulding, just a' in a moment, an' it doitered and it flichtered, and it stotted and staggered, a' ower the

quarter-deck—drave Mr. Swipecy this way, and auld Tam, the quarter-master, that—and before we could lay salt to its tail, we were sae surprised—it's down the hatch again, and aff wi' itsel.—But bide ye a bit;—Ye ken weel eneuch what Maister Swipecy is—my certy, no a chield that'll stand nonsense frae ony yin, be he man or be he devil. Sae what does he do, think ye, but leaves a' thing to gae hither and yont, and away he rins after this prankster himsel. Gude faith, he wasna lang o' lugging him on deck, and wha should he turn out to be but the dance-i'-my-lufe shaving body Crockfort, as drunk as Chloe! Aweel, ye see, mony a question Maister Swipecy put till him anent whar he got the liquor, but ne'er an answer Crockfort returned, but banned, and kicked, and raired, just like a perfect heathen; so when he saw it was just an affpit o' time to be bothering wi' him ony langer, he ordered him to be lashed to the boom wi' the signal halliards, until he sobered a little, and syne returned to the wark as if naething had happened. Weel, after a', deil a bit o' me thinks that Maister Swipecy, hellicate as he is, wad hae gane ony farther in the matter, than just fastening him as he did to prevent him fra doing himsel a mischief, had he not discovered shortly after that the key o' his liquor case was a-missing. After finding a' his pouches ower and ower again, a thought seemed to strike him, and down he ran below. What he missed I'll no say; but the upshot o' the matter was, that he came up again in a minute just like a perfect raging devil, yoked on the barber, and I verily believe wad hae gien him a lump o' his death, had he not been halted by the sudden appearance of the skipper himsel, in his night-gown, who, seeing poor Crockfort, and hearing o' his thievery, immediately ordered the serjeant o' marines to put him in irons, and retired to his cabin. That's the story, Edward, and there the poor devil will likely remain until after divisions, whan ye'll learn a' the rest o' the history yoursel; for, my certy, had the skipper fifty other faults, he's no yin that puts aff muckle time wi' thae matters."

"But do you really think that he'll flog the poor fellow, Gibbie?"

“Do I think it, you haverel ! troth, I’m sure o’t; for, not to speak o’ the doited creature filling itsel fou, which is yin o’ the skipper’s deadly sins, he is guilty o’ stealing, and that is anither—ay, and what maks the business the uglier, he’s guilty o’ a fair breach o’ trust; for the bit gashing body, ye ken, was the serving-man, and steward, and barber, and baker, to the young gentlemen’s mess, for which Maister Swipey catered, and of course had opportunities o’ doing, and will be blamed for having done, a’ the mischief that’s ever been done since we cam out, and that’s mair than ony yin’s aware o’, since it’s nae secret what terrible outcries has been in that mess this twa-three weeks bygane about drinking yin-anither’s grog, eating their allowance, and gweed kens a’ fat. Flag him, say’st thou ! my certy, he may depend upon that, baith het and hearty. I wadna be surprised though they gae him the neat five dizen. But, poor creature ! I’m sorry for him after a’, although the bit cocking bantam body wadna shave me the ither day ; for he’s a bit light spirl o’ a thing, and ill fitted to endure the thief’s cat, in Tam Bird’s bulky paws, playing buff on his shouthers. Uh ! I declare it maks my auld flesh a’ creep even to thing on’t.

“Is there such a great difference between the thief’s and a common cat, Gibby ?”

“Difference, callant, say’st thou !—There’s just this difference, that though the common yin be ill and ill enough, it’s a mere flea-bite to the thief’s, which is never used but for them it taks its name frae, deserters, or ony crime that’s thought extraordinary; for, ye see, no to speak o’ its additional length, which maks an unskeellie fallow often hit ye ower baith the shouthers, neck, and face, a’ at the same lick, it has an additional tier o’ owerhand knots, and the end o’ its tails whupt. Gweed guide us, callant ! I’ve seen——But see ye that—eh, man, how time rins awa whan a body’s clavering ! Fair fa’ ye, honest Tam ! blaw awa, my brave lad !”

The breakfast pipe brought Gilbert’s conversation to an abrupt conclusion; for, no sooner did he see the silver-call produced, than protesting, by his good faith, that a man of his years required regular proven, and that four hours

of the wheel in the morning air might well make a sound stomach ravenous, he disappeared down the hatchway.

There were ever two ways of telling a story, and this was amply verified in Edward's hearing long before breakfast was over. For while one party, with Gilbert, condemned the infatuated shaver—not for getting drunk—but for purloining the key of his master's liquor-case; another, more numerous, more zealous, and more noisy, as boldly asserted that the whole story was all a bamm—that the precious Master Swipey loved it too well himself ever to have any grog in reserve to steal—and, in short, that for their parts they firmly believed that the whole was a mean rascally scheme of his to shift the obloquy of the boys' missing grub and grog from his own shoulders to those of the poor barber, and thereby get a fresh supply from the purser. But, be this as it may, it was impossible for Edward not to perceive that business was going on which fully confirmed the accuracy of Gilbert's information; for while he observed the boatswain's mates busied in examining the state of their cats, he could also mark the quarter-masters, as they silently stole one by one into the boatswain's store-room, to prepare the necessary seizings.

At length the eventful hour was sounded on the bell, divisions were piped, and all hands stood shortly in goodly array. The most death-like silence prevailed, every eye being fixed on the procedure of the quarter-deck; when, contrary to common practice, Mr. Fudgeforit made his appearance first, placed a volume on the capstan, and immediately retired, giving place to Captain Switchem and his lieutenants, who, followed by the other officers and young gentlemen, wore their hangers girt on thigh, in proper fighting costume.

After making his usual scrutiny into the cleanliness of his crew and their messes, the captain came to a halt at the capstan; and in what, no doubt, he meant to be his sternest voice, commanded all hands aft, the carpenter to rig out his gratings, and the serjeant of marines to produce his prisoner.

The poor barber, stupified and crest-fallen with the effects of the liquor and fear together, speedily made his

appearance, with a marine at each elbow, armed with a rusty cutlas, and was placed in the centre of a crescent made by the ship's company, the officers and the gang-way completing the circle.

"So, you poor, miserable-looking, good-for-nothing whelp," exclaimed Captain Switchem, with a most brilliant display of teeth, "you must get drunk, must you?—and you love it so well that you will even steal for it? Very good, Mister Crockfort; very pretty work indeed, and mighty well deserving its reward. There is drunkenness for one thing, and there is theft for another, and both, sir, of the very worst description—hem—all very good, to be sure. I believe, my lads, I've told you repeatedly already, that I never will forgive either of these crimes, even when committed singly; now here is a scoundrel who dares me to the proof of my words, by committing both at one and the same time, aggravated most heinously by an open and a daring breach of that trust the young gentlemen, his masters, reposed in him. This is not the only instance of these crimes that I have against the wary villain, my lads; for we had been very shortly out of harbour before I had complaints of his doings, and ever since I've been both annoyed and grieved with a constant repetition of the same complaints every other week. You need not be astonished, then, when I frankly tell you, that I am glad—nay, that I rejoice—I have at last caught him; for he shall feel, and all of you shall see, that I am not to be trifled with, but can as readily perform a promise as make one. Quarter-masters, seize him up!—Strip, you drunken swab!—strip in an instant."

Surrounded as he was by so numerous an attendance, the poor shaver was stripped to the buff, and stood lashed to the grating in a few moments. He now began to whimper; but "Oh, my dear good sir, pardon me!—God bless your honour, just this one time!—Dear, dear, Mr. Fyke, heaven bless you, do speak a good word for me!"—were all he could articulate amid the suffocating heavings of his throbbing heart. He was, however, evidently exhausting his wind to little purpose; for, while the first lieutenant maintained the appearance of the most mortify-

ing indifference, Captain Switchem was inexorable, and the fearful plaints seemed to serve no better purpose than that of arousing to greater extremes his already rising fury. Displaying his well-formed teeth with a prominence only to be exceeded by an angry cur, he exultingly smiled, or rather grinned, over this infatuated lover of alcohol, with what appeared to our hero to be the ferocity of a fiend.—“Boatswain’s mate!” he cried; “Where’s Bird?—ay—Here, Bird, take your station, and stand by to bang that rascal soundly, sir. You’ve the thief’s cat—ay, just so—Now let me see you acquit yourself like a man; and let the scoundrel feel what it is that a thief and a drunkard deserves.—Hark’ee, Fudgeforit, hand me the Articles of War: dost hear, sir? come, quick, quick!”

“Off hats!” bawled the first lieutenant.

“Any officer, mariner, or soldier,” read the noble captain, splicing two articles together, “who shall be guilty of drunkenness on duty, or shall steal or purloin any stores committed to his charge, shall suffer death—D’ye hear that, you rascal?—shall suffer *death*, or such other punishment as he or they shall be deemed worthy to deserve.—D’ye hear that, I say, you drunken, thieving blackguard? Don’t you hear, that were you worth the labour, or even the value of a halter, I could run you up this minute to the yard’s-arm, and at once rid the service and the world of a useless, drunken, unworthy knave? I’ll take another way with you, however, and make you *feel* what it is you so richly deserve.—Boatswain’s mate, go on.—Confound your puling! there was none of that in your head when you were robbing your masters. Serjeant, attend to your glass, and see it *stiffly* run out before you turn it; and you, Bird, mind what I say—I’ll have no feints nor shuffling from you: do your duty, and do it well, or look out for yourself, that’s all.”

After such an exhortation it need hardly be doubted that Bird gave his first lash in the most finished style of nautical excellence, and with such hearty good will, as to call forth a succession of shrieks from the unhappy barber.

“One!” sung the serjeant of marines, turning his quarter-minute glass.

Bird, after threading the tails of his cat through his fingers, now watched the glass held by the serjeant, with their ends in his left hand; when, the instant the glass was run out, making the cat spin round his head, while he whirled on his heel, he gave his second lash, echoed as before by the fearful yells of the sufferer, now completely alive to the horrors of his situation.

"Two!" cried the serjeant, as cool as a cucumber, again turning the glass.

But enough of this; for, though we are anxious to be impartial historians, we confess we shrink with horror and disgust from this Thurtell-like guzzling in human blood. In making this assertion we have not the least inclination to appear *sentimental*, nor to be supposed possessed of those tremblingly alive feelings so much the rage of the dandy-school of the present day. Far from it: for our antipathies rest on very different grounds. We know that this cruel and debasing punishment has been, and still is, too often resorted to for no weightier a reason than the mere gratification of a horribly callous and vitiated taste, delighting in the agonies of a fellow-creature; or the pride we feel in showing off "our little brief authority;" not to mention the still more detestable and base motives of private revenge and personal pique. These are a few of our objectionable points, which are of more frequent occurrence than is publicly known: but we can take still higher ground. In short, we can honestly and truly assert, that we abhor this unfeeling and unmanly resort, also, Because, in all our experience, which is not altogether trifling, we know to a certainty it never made a bad man good, but *vice versâ*; 2dly, Because it is an old tottering wreck of the days of feudal barbarism, now, thank heaven! gradually sinking into the earth, whose disappearance we would cheerfully accelerate; and, lastly, Because in every shape, and in all its bearings, we think it a cool, cowardly, contemptible waste of human blood.

We gladly, therefore, leave it to the imagination of our reader to form his own idea of the infatuated shaver at the conclusion of his third dozen, given both right and left—his back, as it were, invested with a cross-belt of officer's

military crimson sashes—bleeding, breathless, speechless, almost giving up the ghost!—"But, courage, my lad!—there is vast deal sometimes intervenes between the cup and the lip!"—so sung the

"Sweet little cherub that sits up aloft;"

and never was it more strikingly exemplified than on the present occasion, to the infinite satisfaction of all hands.

Captain Switchem, somewhat of a martinet and a severe disciplinarian besides, seemed seriously determined to have his full five dozen out of the scoundrel, as he was pleased to term the half-senseless culprit, when, just as he had pronounced the appalling words, "Another boatswain's mate! Come, Bird, change rounds smartly!" meaning no doubt to commence his fourth dozen with unusual alacrity, the look-out at the mast-head suddenly sung out, "On deck, there!"

"Hilloah!" echoed Captain Switchem.

"A sail to windward, sir!" returned the look-out.

"What does she look like?" continued the captain.—
"Young Pinafore, hand me my glass from the capstan, if you please."

"She is square-rigged, and looms like a brig," bawled down the look-out.

"Ah, very good!" said the captain. Then running forward, and leaping on the forecastle, glass in hand, again he sung out, "Point to her, my lad!"

The man stretched out his arm in the desired direction, the captain's eye caught the object, and that instant the barber's torture was at an end.

"Hark'ee, Fyke," cried the captain, returning aft, "make sail, if you please, and that with as much speed as you can.—Mr. Fireball, see the long nines at the bows in a workable state; we may probably require a long shot or two from you.—Come, cast loose that scoundrel, and hurry him and all these gratings and trumpery below. Doctor, you had better follow; I cheerfully resign that thieving drunken swab to your care and keeping.—Quartermaster, how lies her head? Oh, I see, north-west and by north: steady, steady, there's a good fellow—keep her full, my

lad, nothing off—steady, now, steady.—Heavens, Doeboy, how nimbly she walks through it!”

“She’s a glorious sea-boat, sir, certainly,” answered his second lieutenant.

Such were now the exclamations of Captain Switchem as he bustled about the quarter-deck; this fortunate circumstance having seemingly turned his whole thoughts into another and more amiable channel.

Meantime, by the able directions of Lieutenant Fyke, and the most strenuous exertions of her lively ship’s company, the Tottumfog was put to her utmost speed, under every inch of canvas she could carry; and, indeed, no long time elapsed before she made it appear that she gained ground rapidly on her chase, now plainly to be seen from the deck, bearing away under a heavy press of sail. In this animating situation, like a hound in full cry, we will leave her for the present, proposing to be more particular in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CHASE.

"Plow through it, plow through it, my trim-sailing wench!
Cut through it, cut through it, and never say die!
I'll be hanged else, my pell, if we near her an inch—
Why she tears it away so, she seems for to fly—
Going faster and faster."

"Lord-a-mercy! good skipper," the sea-boat replied,
"You for sartain must think I as dull as a log;
Doesn't see I wants wind, and good sea-room beside—
Would'st ha' me to run my full speed in a fog?—
Surely not, my kind master."

WE left his Majesty's sloop-of-war, the Tottumfog, in full stretch after a vessel to windward, and we now return to find the most of her crew planted on deck, glutting their eyes on their supposed victim, in the fullest expectation that she would prove their prize. Nor was all this without some excellent reason; for if any thing at all might be placed on the circumstance of the stranger's flying from them under a heavy press of sail the instant they gave chase, certainly both Captain Switchem and his officers were fully justified in concluding, that at the least she was not unlike the Irish smuggler, who, being seized and interrogated as to his refusal to await the custom-house officer's usual inspection, indignantly replied, "Why didn't I wait for him, said your worship?—becase, by St. Patrick, I was in a hurry, and didn't at all like his company, dear."

The chase, therefore, was still continued with unabated zeal by both parties, when, the hour of meridian being long passed, Captain Switchem ordered dinner to be piped, at the same time cautioning all hands to be on the alert, and ready to jump on deck at the first sound of the call, as he might need them. Such an exhortation, however, was entirely unnecessary to a body of men already too much engrossed in the subject to care a single straw about either meat or drink.

Nor is this in the least surprising. Does not the

zealot of the turf or the ring occasionally ride two hundred miles at a stretch, in order to see a favourite piece of horse or human flesh gain the shout of the day? And has not the curler or the fowler been known to spend sixteen hours out and out, with all the stupid philosophy of the jack-ass, amid ice, and snow, and December's surly wind—the first, with icicle at nose, wriggling his head, carcase, arms, and feet, *almost* as well as old Grimaldi in a pantomime—and the second, with snout in no better plight, floundering amid naked brushwood or half-frozen marshes, with double barrel at *secure*, fingers thrust in mouth, or any where else equally comfortable, mud-boots leaking, and trowsers torn—when they might both spend the same time in their own warm comfortable parlours in social converse and the *realities* of life, were they not both equally cursed with the most enviable wish to shine as the first man on the ice, or the *most famousest* shot in the county? We know that such things are—we believe it all—and yet can we honestly add, that it sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the fervid energies displayed by British seamen in a chase. Who that has seen the keen and enlarged eye fixed steadily on the object of desire in view—the ready zeal and laughable good humour which pervades all ranks in their eagerness to assist in the work indispensable to that end—the fervency of their frequent addresses to the wind, coaxing, and whiffing, and wheedling to it with all the uxoriousness of dotary, or to the vessel which carries them, in a style equally ludicrous, to blow or place them speedily along side of it;—who that has seen these, in conjunction with the placid coolness, the lion heart, the determined hand, and utter disregard of every peril before action, combined with the most sovereign contempt of all advantage—the blunt, honest, manly feeling, humanity, and even kindness, displayed after it—in short, the marvellous compound of the lion and the lamb—but must acknowledge, that they are characteristics which, compared with every nation, tribe, and tongue under Heaven, whether aquatic or terrene, belong, and exclusively belong, to the ocean-warriors of this great and glorious empire?

During the time of dinner, and while, even in this short period, the hatchways were thronged with passers to and fro, eager to have a peep how the chase was getting on, Captain Switchem, with his officers, and the pilot of the ship; each glass in hand, kept carefully surveying the stranger, and watching her movements.

"I think the wind lulls, Fyke," said the Captain, "and that we are losing ground fast. Turn up some dozen or two of the fellows on deck, and let them fill the engine. I'll have the courses wet directly."

"'Twill be doing no more than our chase is busy about just now, sir, if my eyes don't belie me," replied Lieutenant Fyke, still holding the glass to his eye. "'Pon my soul, I'm right. She is both wetting and getting up a fresh topsail on her after-mast—I see them crossing the yard even now. By my honour, she is a charming, lively creature, and goes through it spankingly."

"A trim boat, beyond a doubt," returned the captain. "But come, let us bustle. Ettercap, d'ye hear, boy?—jump and tell Master Marlin I want him."

"Here I am, sir," replied the boatswain, coming aft.

"O, Master Marlin, pipe up the idlers directly, and get the engine filled without delay—I'm going to wet the courses."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the boatswain; then clapping his pipe in his mouth, he astonished the whole mess-tables with "*All the idlers on deck, hoy!*"

"Thunder and wounds!" cried the bulky boatswain's mate, rising somewhat testily from his half-finished dinner, "what the devil wants he now, and with such pretty fellows as the idlers, too? Damnation! he might let a fellow have his wittals in season, however, I think.—D'ye hear, there, fore and aft, all the idlers on deck?—Come, jump, my boys—jump like smart and lively lads, as God knows you all really are. D'ye hear in the galley, there?—all the idlers on deck. Come, old Slushy-fists, what are you thinking on—why dont you and your cleanly chum there jump on deck?—Doesn't hear the call?"

"O yes, Bird, we hears the call," growled the one-armed cook; "but how the blazes can I go on deck now, and

leave them there coppers in such a blasted pickle. D—n me, they'll freeze in a minute, and then there will be the devil to pay; so what's the use of talking about it? I must even clean them out now the water is hot, or leave 'em alone, and that's more than my warrant is worth. There's Dick there, he may go, and I'll come the moment I'm done with my coppers, for I can't and won't leave them now—and that's an end to the matter."

"You can't and won't, d'ye say, Master Cook?" replied Bird, with something of surprise in his countenance; "'tis mighty well, and devilish sulky, however, though mayhap you're right. You knows the weight of your warrant, I see, my lad, and long may you keep it, for what I care; but it's a d—d sight more than I durst say, that's all. Come, Dick, douse that swab, and jump on deck.—Yo hoy, there! what art thinking of, you roasters and broilers? Don't you hear the idlers called? Mayhap you'll be for touching us off with your can'ts and won'ts also."

"'Pon my soul, Tom," cried the captain's cook, "you must excuse me at present, lad. I dare not leave my charge now; 'tis more than my life is worth. Bless your heart, my dear fellow, were I to be a moment absent just now, the captain's dinner would be completely spoilt."

"Well, and what thought it should, Master Sheepshank?" cried Bird; "'tis no more than what he often does to other folks.—Come, come, my lad of sweet morsels, douse your stew-pans and goblets into the ash-pit there for a few minutes, and jump on deck."

"Douse the devil into the ash-pit there!" cried the enraged cook, brandishing his flour-roller in a menacing attitude; "d'ye think I'm going to spoil the captain's dinner, and get myself into trouble, for either you or your infernal deck? Not I, indeed, Master Bird—I'll be d—d sooner, and that's flat."

"You won't go, then, Master Consequence?"

"Not I—I'll move never a foot from where I am, unless I'm forced, and then they—I mean whoever does so—may stand to the consequences."

"Very well, Master Cook," replied Bird, in a somewhat subdued tone, "I'll see if we can't get some folks

forced on deck, in spite of their consequences, and high flashing—Blast me, if I won't."

"You, Bird!" bawled the boatswain down the galley-skuttle, "why, what the devil are you after there, palavering all day?—didn't hear me pipe the idlers up about five minutes ago? and the devil a one's on deck but the armourer, the carpenters, the purser's steward, some servants, dirty Dick, and that old lazy humbug of a soldier the shoemaker."

"Why, what can I do, sir," growled the crest-fallen Bird, "when the whole of them there d—d cooks are such mighty men, they'll not even budge a peg unless they please? Idlers on deck, indeed!—By the Lord Harry, if I wouldn't sooner turn up both watches at midnight."

"Who is it that won't budge a peg, Tom?"

"Why, old Slushyfists here is one, forsooth, that swears he can't and won't turn himself up, until he cleans out his coppers; and this here fine fancy man of the cabin is another, and he says as how he can't let go his pots and gimcracks for a minute, without completely spoiling the captain's dinner. But I'll see other days with them both yet, I hope, and then they may look out, that's all."

"Oh, you needn't be bragging and threatening, Bird, because Master Marlin is present," cried the captain's cook; "you knows well I'm not the lad that will truckle under you, for as bulky as you are. I can assure you, Master Marlin, I have said nothing but the real truth, whatever Bird may growl at. Here I have my custards, and my table-bread, besides some half-dozen of covers all in the oven—both my blamange and flummery are ready mixed up—and all these, my dear sir, I'm sure you knows, will go to the devil if I leaves them, were it but for a moment."

"D—n your custards, and kickshaws to boot, you pie-making lubber!" cried the boatswain; "you're never in want of an excuse when anything is to do.—Never mind him, Bird; jump up here, and get the engine filled, with what hands you have—the captain wants the courses in steep as soon as possible."

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"Ay, ay, sir," growled Bird, coming on deck, and surveying in silence the motley band of idlers; who now, in the extremes of cleanliness and filth, stood listlessly gazing, with folded arms, before him, awaiting orders.

"Here's a precious set of customers," he cried, scratching his pate from mere vexation, "for a poor fellow to make anything of.—Wet the courses, indeed! by the Lord, I'll swear we shan't have the engines set a-going for two bells to come. However, 'tis all one to Bird.—D'ye hear there, you Master Whitestockings? jump up on the gunnel there, like a jolly serving-man, and draw water—but no, avast, d—n me, you'll not do—your paws are too fine, and we shan't have a bucketful out of your first twenty attempts, so that would be only a losing of time. Here, you shoemaker—no, dang it, you'll not do either—What an infernal set of mongrel curs I've got to deal with!—D'ye hear there, dirty Dick of the coppers? come this way, my cleanly beauty: by the hookey, you're used to the game, you know: jump up there, my fine greasy fellow, and draw water. D'ye hear me, old ship? jump, and bear a hand. The rest of you clap all to the engine, and see that you work her like devils."

After repeated exhortations of nearly a similar description, the engine was at length filled and set a-going, Bird directing the pipe in person. It was worked, however, so inefficiently, and with so many interruptions, caused by the scanty supply of water, as not only to make him lose all patience, but to storm, and bawl, and swear, like a madman, to the infinite amusement of the few officers who were onlookers.

Things were in this state, when the man at the mast-head suddenly sung out, "On deck, there!"

"Hilloah!" answered Tom Bird, gladly seizing on an occasion that had the smallest probability of putting an end to his present irksome employment.

"A sail on the weather quarter," cried the mast-head.

"Ask him what appearances she has, Bird," cried the captain from the stern.

"Ay, ay, your honour," answered Bird, repeating the question.

"She is square-rigged, and has her stunsails above and below, bearing down upon us," said the mast-head-man.

"Oh," cried the first lieutenant, "she'll be one of our own cruizers in chase."

"Think you so, Fyke?" said the captain. "It will be as well, however, to be certain of that.—Signal-man, see that you're ready, as soon as she nears us, to inquire her number."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the signal-man, bending on his pendant.

"Zounds, how the wind lulls, Fyke!" continued the captain; "Isn't it most teasingly vexatious?—why, we haven't neared the chase a single length this last half hour, and we can't carry on in this manner much longer; for we're too nigh the land, you know.—By the by, where's the pilot? where's Mr. Kenilkcoast? Pinafore, tell him I want him."

By the diligence of the boy, the pilot stood speedily at his elbow, and was introduced to his notice by the laconic trio of "The pilot, sir."

"O, Kenilkcoast, you're there—pray how far did you say we were off the Vigtin Isles this morning? for I positively forget."

"By the report I made you, Captain Switchem," answered the pilot, "we were nearly thirty miles to the south-west of them this morning."

"Good heavens! so very near, Kenilkcoast, and my vessel running in their track all day—Why, surely, surely we must be close in with them by this time, pilot?"

"That is just what I expect, sir, and, indeed, have been looking for this last half hour from the forecandle."

"And why not inform me of all this sooner, Kenilkcoast? Really, by my honour, I take this negligence of yours very unkind indeed, who should know so well the anxiety I feel on such occasions.—I suppose now the sooner I shorten sail the better—eh?"

"By no means, Captain Switchem; there is not the smallest danger in the world, I assure you, sir. We have plenty of water, a fine bold shore, excellent sea-room, and moderate weather; and while this continues, I would

really advise you to carry on, at least for another half hour. I confess, I am the more anxious for this, sir, as I expect ere the expiry of that time to make the land, and particularly as I had every reason to think, before leaving the fore-castle, that the weather had all the appearance of becoming hazy, which it undoubtedly will do if the wind continues to lull as rapidly as it has done for this last hour. I have another reason to mention, sir, and it is this, that if the sail now approaching our quarter should turn out to be one of our own cruisers, which I have no doubt she is——”

The pilot was here very unceremoniously interrupted by the signal-man, who came to announce to his commander that the vessel on his quarter had hoisted the private signal.

“Has she indeed, Jerry?—let me see—hand me that glass—Ay, so she has, my fine fellow, so she has, sure enough.—Eh—nine—seven—four—who is that again, Fyke?”

“Why, sir, 'tis Farrell and his Whippersnapper,” answered the first lieutenant.

“Oh, now I recollect, so it is.—Well, Farrell is a fine dashing fellow, well acquainted with this quarter, and my junior—and all these I take to be excellent hits.—Harkee, Jerry, jump aft there, haul down your pendant, and hoist our number directly. Be so good, Fyke, as to see that he is correct.—Well, Kenilkcoast, you can now proceed, for you see it is one of our cruisers, as you supposed.”

“I was merely going to say, sir, that in my opinion you ought to follow the chase as long as you can see her,—for I have no doubt she has hopes of giving you a French leave among the islands, to which she is evidently making the best of her way; and now that you are so ably seconded by Captain Farrell, who has been many years in these seas, and knows them in all their minutiae, my notion is strengthened, and I now consider her ultimate escape from you, with proper management, to be nearly impossible. I would therefore strongly advise your carrying on for another half hour at the least, or for a shorter period, should we make the land; which will not only

enable you to come up with your chase all the sooner, but give you plenty of time to concert measures with Farrell upon what you think best to be done—which certainly cannot be a very difficult matter, when you can employ even your boats against her with excellent effect.”

“Bravo! my good Kenilkcoast—I certainly am bound to thank you for your simple remark, as you are modestly pleased to call it, which, however, I think, is a pretty shrewd one, and which I pledge you my honour. *Fyke* and I shall certainly discuss without delay. Well, we shall carry on for the time you mention, or longer, if you wish it.—Meantime, my brave fellow, d’ye think you are certain of the ground we are on?”

“Perfectly so, sir,” answered the pilot.

“And you know what bottom we have also, I suppose?”

“We have no bottom, sir, within a reel’s line, until we get close in upon the *Vigtins*—probably, say, within a short mile of ‘em.”

“Ah, very good, *Kenilkcoast*, very good indeed—Now would you oblige me so far as to take a trial at soundings as soon as you please, merely to satisfy my curiosity?”

“O, certainly, sir, nothing can be more easy.—*Quartermaster*, get me the deep-sea lead loaded directly, and pass the line forward: I’m going to take soundings.”

“And you, *Fyke*,” said the captain, “do go forward, and halt these fellows at the engine, who you see are doing little good except making us uncomfortable. Knock them off at once, get the engine stowed away, and call the watch, that the pilot here may get his soundings taken in a proper manner.”

The order came like music to the ears of the much-chafed Bird.

“Ay, ay, sir,” exclaimed he, exultingly, unscrewing the director, and throwing it from him; “knock-off is it, at last? by the jetty of *Yarmouth*, and it’s no more than time, I thinks, craving the pardon of some folks.—Come, come, my lively customers, don’t you hear the news? have done, have done. D’ye hear there, my greasy beauty? knock-off, if you please, we’ve had water enough. By the Lord, *Dick*, a spell of this kind does you a deal of good, for,

dang it, if your own dirty mug is not sparkling and shining just now like a new painted bulk-head in the sun.—Here, old sawdust, away with them there hose and director to your store-room; and you, my spinks of files, awls, and hand-towels—smart lads though—capsize that engine of its water, and bundle it down the hold.—Come, smartly, lads, smartly, for time is very precious, as the skipper says in his preachments.”

Having thus, by dint of swearing and shouldering, cleared the deck of his idlers, Bird now wiped his highly-coloured forehead, blew his whistle, and called the watch; bawling to them as they hurried on deck, “Come, jump up, jump up, my jolly dogs,—up on the guns there, and hand along the line.”

“Are you all ready, forward there?” cried the first lieutenant.

“All ready, sir,” answered a forecandleman, from the spritsail yard, holding the lead.

“Heave, then; heave, my lad!” was the next command, echoed by the words—“Watch there, watch!” sung out by each topman to his mate, as the coil of line receded from his hand, until it came aft to the place where the captain stood posted observing the pilot, who, doubtless, beheld with some satisfaction his prediction of no bottom amply verified.

“Aft here, you afterguard, and haul in the line,” bawled the stormy Bird.

“I see you are quite correct, Kenilkcoast,” said the captain, turning round and surveying his sails;—“but you expect to make the land shortly, don’t you?”

“Every moment, sir,” replied the pilot. “Were it not getting so cursedly hazy, the look-out must have seen it before now.”

“Ah! say you so, Kenilkcoast?—Well, well, my good fellow, we must just keep our eyes about us all the smarter, that’s all.” Then turning to his first lieutenant, as the pilot walked away to his old station on the forecandle, he said, “How now, Fyke—how get we on, think you?”

“Oh, very ill, sir—vastly ill indeed. She falls off astonishingly—and then this cursed fog——”

"Is rather unfortunate, to be sure," interrupted the captain; "but it matters not. Kenilkcoast assures me there is not the smallest danger, so I think we will just carry on in the best manner we can, until the night breeze springs up, when certainly we shall then overtake her, unless she is actually the Flying Dutchman in reality.

"I much doubt, sir, if that will be done so easily, if she gains the land before us," said the first lieutenant. "The coast is full of creeks, which are navigable no doubt, but then they are absolutely crowded with the enemy's row-boats."

"Pshaw, Fyke! nonsense about row-boats! Why, what the deuce would I care for all the row-boats of Denmark around me, while the wind holds good? I'd pledge you my honour, I'd make my vessel run them down like so many nine-pins."

"Granted," replied his first lieutenant, with a shrug and a smile. "And yet we have a vessel in company at present, not near so large, to be sure, but commanded by as spirited a young fellow as ever held a commission, which, no longer ago than last winter, was glad to run from these same row-boats. 'Pon my honour, sir, I repeat it, was actually glad to run from them. Nay, I've heard Farrell himself frankly confess, that had not the breeze fortunately freshened on the instant, they would have compelled him to strike."

"Indeed, Fyke! why they must be composed of firmer stuff than I should have supposed.—By the by, dost know how long Farrell has been on this station?"

"Not correctly, sir. I can inform you, however, thus far, that he was cruising here when I joined the brig, and that is now nearly three years gone."

"Oh, in Captain Blunt's time, no doubt. I was at that time in the West Indies, snug enough, with the Sucking Turkey.—But I say, Fyke, now I think on't, what though we should telegraph Farrell to board us? He must be well acquainted with the coast by this time, I should think, and might possibly suggest a useful hint or two. Don't you think so?"

"Your idea, sir, is not amiss at all," replied the first lieutenant. "Farrell has undoubtedly made many captures lately, which I've always heard attributed to a practice he has of standing his own pilot on this coast; a circumstance itself, sir, which, you cannot fail to remark, speaks volumes in favour of his intimacy with every corner of it: I cannot have a doubt, therefore, but he could give us all the information we require, if he only thinks proper."

"Why, that's just what I think myself, Fyke. We'll try him, at all events, you know; and if he fights shy, why there is an end to the matter.—Be so good as direct Jerry with his flags, while I go below for a moment. I'll be with you again in a twinkling."

He had just, however, set his foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when his ears were saluted with "Land a-head!" sung out lustily from the mast-head.

"Hand me that glass, young Pinafore," cried the captain, running forward, and leaping on the forecastle:—"Point to it, my lad."

"It lies right a-head, sir," said the pilot, without taking the glass from his eye: "I see it quite distinctly. We shall make it in less time than I thought."

"That is exceedingly fortunate, however, Kenilkcoast," said the captain, "for you see the fog gains ground upon us rapidly."

"Why, I care not a straw for the fog now," cried the pilot; "a very few minutes will put me in possession of the land-marks, and then I'll be able to give you a more explicit notion of the stranger we're in chase of than I can possibly be expected to do at present. In the meantime, sir, I would advise you to have a little talk with Captain Farrell; for certain I am you'll never have a better opportunity."

"There are worse hints than that often given, my good friend," said the captain; "and you see," looking aloft to the signals at the mast-head, "we're not going to throw them carelessly away. Do you keep a bright eye, therefore, on the safety of my vessel, and let me know the instant you think yourself close enough in shore. Pinafore

here shall attend you, and bring me any message that you may wish me to have."

Then, leaving the forecastle, he hurried aft to the quarter-deck, and halting, said, "Well, Fyke, is Captain Farrell coming?"

"He is, sir; they are busied now lowering his boat."

"Good; that is just as it should be," said the captain, rubbing his hands together with infinite complacency.—"Minikin, come hither, young gentleman: go and tell Mr. Marlin to attend the side."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the smart young gentleman, running forward in search of the boatswain, who was as speedily at his post.

Captain Farrell came now on board, and was received with the utmost ceremony and respect by Captain Switchem and his officers; with all of whom, indeed, he was already familiarly acquainted, with the exception of the captain himself. The ceremonial of introduction, therefore, being thus happily got over, the chase became the immediate subject of discourse.

"Oh, my good sir, I first observed her," replied Captain Farrell, to an interrogation put to him, "just about five minutes before I bore down upon you; for, as there was a whisper of the Lalland's being at sea, I determined to see who and what you were, before I closed in with the coast; and, now that we are met, I will think it very miraculous indeed if the chase, be she who she may, succeeds in slipping through our fingers."

"Are you, then, so confident of making her your own, Farrell?" said Captain Switchem.

"Oh no; not quite so sure certainly as if I had her astern of me made fast to the end of a good stout hawser," replied the smiling Farrell, "though, by my honour, I care not how soon she puts me to that trouble; still I repeat, if she continues to push for the place that I think she's striving to gain, she can only escape us by a miracle. It is not a month since I overhauled every corner of it, and that you know, gentlemen, makes me talk with a little more confidence."

"May I ask, Captain Farrell, what sort of a place it is

you allude to ? Is it a fishing town, village, or any thing of that sort ?”

“Neither the one nor t’other, captain,” replied the good-humoured Farrell, still smiling. “Had I your abilities as a painter, Switchem, perhaps I might attempt to describe it to you, for indeed it is a lovely secluded spot ; but having no faith in my powers that way, and as, if I’m not sadly mistaken, the chase will lead us right to the spot, I will save myself from the hazard of being laughed at, as you will then see it with your own eyes. There is a small fort on the heights, no doubt, and more row-boats sometimes than a fellow would wish to have any thing to do with ; but for the first a broadside or two will suffice, and, for the last, I have only to hope, that as they are itinerant, rowing constantly backwards and forwards along all the coast, there will be few or none of them there.”

“I’ve heard it hinted, Farrell, that you have some cause to remember these same row-boats ?”

“It is too true, Switchem,” replied Farrell, with a sigh. You are too recent in these seas, my dear sir, to have the smallest idea of what a long arrear of good hard blows I’ve got to clear away with these Northmen. Sorry am I to confess that I am very deeply their debtor ; a circumstance which makes me not a trifle the less anxious to seize the first opportunity that comes in my way of paying them off, with handsome interest, though it were only a part.”

“And, by my honour, you shan’t need to ask for my best services to aid you,” said Captain Switchem. “Pray, on what part of the coast did this unlucky affair happen ? anywhere nigh this, eh ?—for in that case I’ve no objections to stretch a point to do them a mischief, were it for no other purpose than to make them remember you. It would be a glorious drill to my fellows.”

“Why, sir,” replied Captain Farrell, “I’ll be able, in a very short time, to conduct you to the very spot where these sandy-haired rascals had well nigh peppered me, for we are getting onward towards it as fast as we can. I see our chase has every intention of leading us a dance through the Danske’s Hellgates, as my fellows call it, and that was the very strait through which I effected my escape last

winter. Oh, zounds! it was a humiliating affair, gentlemen, to be compelled to run from a horde of open row-boats, which spun round me like a nest of hornets, sending me shot from all quarters!—All was well, however, as soon as I got fairly inside the channel; and, grieved and chagrined as I certainly was, to find myself in such a confounded mortifying position, upon my honour, gentlemen, it was impossible to keep from laughing when I saw the boats of the scoundrels so completely chucked about and over-running one another by the force of the conflicting currents, as to become so unmanageable as not only to compel them to desist from firing, but from following me any farther. As soon as we get through the strait, you will be on my battle-field, but under very different circumstances, for I had no wind to speak of, and placed the only hope I had left me on the currents, which in no long time will convince you are peculiarly strong at both ends of the strait.

“Is this strait—Danske’s Hellgates, as you phrase it—of any length, Farrell?”

“Oh no; probably about half the length, or nearly so, of our own Pentland, but of excellent depth, and far more boisterous: in the best of weather, a boat can barely live in it. The moment we enter it we’ll have to shorten sail, for the high lands on either side of us make sudden gusts of wind uncommonly frequent.”

“Ah, well, Farrell, that’s a matter of small moment,” returned Captain Switchem, “since I always consider a known danger as no danger at all, seeing we can have our remedy at hand.—But, heaven help me! what am I thinking of, to be so very destitute of all good manners and hospitality? I sincerely beg your pardon, my good sir, which I hope you’ll impute to a great curiosity I’ve ever felt when anyway dubious of the ground I was on. We are a good hour’s distance from the land yet; let us go below, and have a little further discourse. I’ve got some excellent Rhenish, very much at your service.—Fyke, my dear sir, be so good as keep a sharp eye on her; I’ll be at your call the moment you want me.”

The two commanders accordingly adjourned to the

cabin, and over their wine arranged their various plans of co-operation and signal so much to their mutual satisfaction, that it was not without some regret that they heard the moment of separation announced: they were close upon the entrance of the channel, and Farrell's presence on board his own vessel indispensable.

"Oho!" he cried, looking out a-head the moment he came on deck, "she takes the currents bravely; I'll be sworn this is not her first essay. I say, Switchem,—for I must be off like a rocket now,—I'll take the lead, if you please; you can keep in my wake until we get through: I will then burn a blue light, when you can safely make what sail you think proper. Meantime, get all your gear ready, for I've no doubt we'll need them; and I'll send Toddrell to you at the time appointed."

"But what if the fog should thicken?" said Captain Switchem.

"Pshaw! never mind the fog, my good sir," cried the lively Farrell, with his foot on the gangway ladder; "to my thinking it is rather in our favour at present. The night breeze generally springs up pretty early in the first watch, and it is commonly quite clear by midnight. All we have to do is to keep close together.—Good by, my good sir—my dear Fyke, good by—gentlemenall, success and adieu!"

So saying, Captain Farrell stepped into his gig and shoved off; the boatswain's pipe sung its shrill farewell; and this gives us an opportunity, which we gladly embrace, to conclude the present chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CUTTING-OUT.

The signal was given, and, though shatter'd and riven,
So boldly in shore did we stand, my boys;
And many a boat, in the shower of their shot,
Drove her keel in the proud foeman's sand, my boys.
Oh, then was the say nought but "Fire!—blaze away!—
See, they give ground already—halloo! brave boys!"—
We carried the prize; but tears stand in my eyes,
When I think how they cut up our crew, dear boys.

WITH all their flying gear, then, completely thrown aside, and their courses clewed up, the two vessels of war lost no time in entering this troubled and narrow channel, which winds and rushes boisterously, from either sea, through the centre of that interesting group of islands known by the name of the Vigtins; the Tottumfog, greatly to the mortification of her first lieutenant and pilot, humbly attending in the wake of that "d—d saucy little cockeril," as Kenilkcoast called her, the Whippersnapper. Though the evening still continued partially hazy, and the precipitous, black, naked rocks on either side rose often so prodigiously high as completely to exclude the curious eye from a farther range than what was afforded by their rugged sides, veined and variegated with the most beautiful colours, along the face and towering above the summits of which a countless immensity of sea-fowl of all descriptions winged their ceaseless way, yet, at short and varied intervals, through the oft-occurring yawning chasms into which the solid granite had been riven by the irresistible power of the contending waters, could they get a momentary glimpse of their chase, which, having cleared the perilous spot where the waters of either sea fought with endless hostility, was now far a-head, making the best of her way from them, smoothly and swiftly, under every inch of canvas she could carry.

"By my honour, Fyke," cried Captain Switchem, looking wistfully after her through his glass, "she walks

through it handsomely. Well, come of her what will, I will say she's under excellent guidance; the fellow who commands her having not only shown us his complete knowledge of the currents and channels, but displayed an excellence of seamanship that does him honour.—Keep a bright eye on Farrell's motions, my dear sir; I must go and see how the gunner gets on."

Under his own superintendence, therefore, the utmost bustle immediately pervaded every corner of the vessel's interior. Every thing not absolutely necessary was tossed down the hold with the utmost expedition; the gunner's fire-screens were hung round the hatchways, completely excluding the remaining light and air from the lower deck, which was now rendered barely visible by the miserable twinkling of the purser's rush-lights, made still more so by being snugly enclosed in horn-lanterns; and the magazine and arm-chests were rifled of their stores. Every face was animated and interesting; all ears were open; and, with the exception of those of command, every tongue was mute.

Having at length got every thing ready according to his mind, Captain Switchem and his first lieutenant next mustered the small armed men and marines fully armed, and carefully examined their various equipments—snapping their flints, and drawing his nail along the edge of some of their highly-polished cutlasses with evident satisfaction. Then ordering all hands aft, he immediately said, "Now, my lads, you've got nothing farther to do at present but stand steadily by, ready to execute with spirit and alacrity the orders given you: I therefore think it will be as well for me to seize the opportunity, and pipe to supper. Take my advice, my lads, and eat hearty; for in a very short after this, when the hatches are laid on, you know, it will be impossible for me to allow a single soul to quit the deck. Our chase continues to keep us at bay, to be sure, and I must say has cost us some trouble; but what of that, my fine fellows? let us but once get fairly through this turbulent channel, and once more into deep water and good sea-room, and she must be our's to a certainty. The main land is close to us I know, and I am

also certain that she will be compelled to run in somewhere ; but, run in where she pleases, by my honour I'm determined either to have her or destroy her.—Serjeant, look after the ammunition, and see that none goes below ; boarders, stow your muskets and cutlasses aft in the racks there, and be ready to jump for them the moment the word is given.—Boatswain's mate, pipe to supper."

The order was speedily obeyed ; Captain Switchem and his officers showing the cheering example, by making an immediate retreat below to a very late-houred dinner.

During this hurried repast the subjects that came under discussion were as numerous as they were various ; and it seemed, by the unusual loudness and vivacity of the vociferation, as if each individual was determined, in this hour of license, to make ample amends for his former involuntary taciturnity. While some were, therefore, recounting the various feats and marvellous escapes they had made on board of some one ship or other—others guessing and teasing their wits about what was most likely to be their employment for the night—and a third party, more serious and composed, were arranging their little matters finally with one another, preparing for the worst—the vessel suddenly began to roll, and her timbers to crack in such an unusual manner, as instantly to attract the general attention, and to hurry not a few of the more curious on deck, to see what was the matter.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly," cried the lively Mahony, who, followed by Edward, had been among the first who gained the forecastle, "if the devil the like of that I ever saw in my born days : did you, Ned ? Och, och, the hooker's bewitched, as sure as a gun, dear !—else how the blazes is't possible she could be after knocking her ould carcase about in this uncommon manner ? soul of me ! as lively and frisky as my grandmother's kitten running after its own darling tail,—leaping, shivering, cracking, and tossing her starn and bows by turns out of the water like another mad bull, sure ! Och, and in faith, she's bewitched every inch of her, that's sartain. Don't you think so, Ned ?"

Edward replied not, but gazed eagerly on a scene to

him at once novel, perilous, and sublime. They had now reached the spot where the opposing currents met; and there they stood before him, erect and high raised, grappling one another like two powerful and determined wrestlers, while the vessel for some time, like an intruder disagreeable to both, was bandied from one to the other with irresistible force. Her great weight, however, aided and impelled by what little wind there was, by imperceptible degrees overcame all opposition; and, after a severe conflict, which the loud and repeated concussions of her timbers amply declared, she forced her way through this tumult of mighty waters, and joyfully declared her emancipation, by instantly shooting away with a velocity and a smoothness altogether astonishing.

"Well behaved, my good ould woman," cried Dennis, who had watched the vessel's progress with considerable interest; "may you ever be able to give the devil, and his rocks, and his sands, and his d—d lee-shores, the same clever double you have given just now to his own boiling-pot—for what else can I call it, sure? Did you ever see the like of that ashore now, Ned? Och, botheration and turf! but it puts my own pipe out complately, that's been on the waters all my life. By the drummer of Derry, if I knows what to think on't at all at all; for I'd always be after supposing that these same waters would naturally be fond of running all the same way, instead of meeting one another in the teeth in that unneighbourly fashion, and joltering, and bellowing, and murdering each other, as thof they were paid for it. But come, Ned, let us be after taking our bodies below, for you see it's all over now, and, soul of me! we may stand here, and palaver long and long enough, without being a morsel the wiser. Besides, honey, I mane to keep the skipper's hint in my eye about closing the hatches, and tuck into me as much as will keep me from starving for the first twelve hours to come. Take my advice, darling, and do you the same; for if we can't get at the bread-bag and platter by the end of that time, by my soul, mate, but it's a bit of a thought of mine, we may bid it farewell for ever and a day."

Continuing thus under easy sail, the night was far

advanced before they cleared this perilous channel—a circumstance which was formally announced to them by a blue light gleaming dimly through the haze from the stern of the Whippersnapper; and, shortly afterwards, a light breeze springing up, which dispersed the fog, topgallant-sails were set, the courses hauled aboard, and away they drove for the main land at random, (having completely lost sight of their chase,) the Tottumfog speedily taking the lead from her companion, in despite of every exertion to the contrary.

“You’ll be satisfied now, old boy!” said the first lieutenant to the pilot, advancing towards him with a smile.

“To be sure I am, sir,” answered the old man, gruffly; “although, after all, she’s no more now than in the place that properly belongs to her. Her commander is senior, and ought to show the glorious example to his junior of at least leading the way.”

“I hope you don’t think a little caution——”

“Caution be d—d, Lieutenant Fyke,” exclaimed the rough blunt pilot, interrupting the officer without ceremony; “though, to you, I will say I beg pardon for my present interruption, well knowing the school you were bred in. But I hate that word *caution*; seeing, in my eye, it’s no more than a genteel modern apology for hoisting the white feather. I have been accustomed all my life, sir, to be with skippers who were always the first to begin, and the last to have done; and, call it custom, or habit, or whatever else it likes you best, I care not, for again I repeat, that I hate snivelling, and caution, and all that sort of stuff, as heartily, from my soul, as my old commander Harvey did psalm-singing. Crack on her, I say, and settle the matter at once.”

“Spoke like yourself, my gallant blue-jacket!” cried the first lieutenant, giving the pilot a friendly slap on the shoulders; “it would be well for the service if spinks of your determination were more common than they are.”

“Pshaw, Lieutenant Fyke! belay, if you please,” said the veteran, absolutely blushing; “d—n all your fly-flaps and flattery; he’s a very silly goose that doesn’t know there’s as good fish in the sea as ever came out on’t.”

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The two vessels, therefore, alike emulous in the cause, thus dashingly carried on, until the returning dawn summoned the look-out of the Tottumfog to his station at the mast-head, which he had hardly gained when he announced the land, and the chase running into it, in the same breath. Crowding more sail on their vessels at this intelligence, and the breeze freshening up, a very short time brought them so close in shore, that they could plainly perceive the object of their solicitude, as she swiftly made her way towards the mouth of one of those numerous fiords, or inlets, so common on the coast of Norway, which she immediately entered, displaying for the first time the Danish standard, as she disappeared from their view.

"I say, lieutenant," cried the pilot, pointing abaft to the captain, who, after surveying the mouth of the inlet with great attention for some time, to which the vessel was rapidly approaching, was now in the act of giving orders to the signal-man—"I say, lieutenant, will it be really possible he hasn't the pluck to dash in?"

"Silence, Kenilkcoast, silence!" replied the first lieutenant; "you know very well that is a very improper question to me."

"O, it may be so in the new, though it was not so in the old school," replied the pilot, "that I'll be sworn to. No, no, lieutenant, we spurned the idea of making a cat's-paw of our juniors to fight our battles, and then diddling them out of their laurels.—In my day it was the usual language of the telegraph, Stand by, young shipmate, and I'll shew you how an old battered hulk can beat these fellows; but now the case is reversed—the young sapling fights the battle, while the lousy, cowardly——"

"In God's name, Kenilkcoast, hold your tongue," cried the first lieutenant, "you are absolutely out of all compass; I will not, cannot, hear you a word further."

"Well, well, lieutenant, well, well," cried the mortified cynic, following the first lieutenant with his eyes, as he slowly walked away, "all that may be very true. You won't hear truth, because it brushes some people, and belike yourself. I don't care a d—n; 'tis all one to Ben

Kenilkcoast, his word will be taken as soon as any on ye; so you may make it a court-martial if you please." Then giving his usual mouthful of tobacco an extra turn, and squirting the superfluous juice on the deck, he once more took his solitary stand on the forecastle.

Though exceedingly cautious and circumspect, however, Captain Switchem was by no means deficient in courage. He had marked, in the bravado of exhibiting her national standard, a confidence in the chase, which not only told him what he had to expect, but that there was not a moment to be lost. Telegraphing, therefore, his companion to stand on and penetrate the fiord, he immediately shortened sail, got out his boats, and thus prepared for action, followed slowly after, ready to act according to circumstances.

This order was promptly obeyed by Captain Farrell, and the Whippersnapper, after dropping her boats, moved swiftly on and entered the fiord. The Tottumfog followed more slowly, and had barely got round an enormous rocky pile, which seemed placed at its mouth by the hand of nature, as a barrier against the devastations of the ocean, when her impatient and mortified ship's company beheld the Whippersnapper far a-head, making swiftly towards a little thickly-wooded point, which, descending abruptly from the surrounding high land, ran into this little inland sea like a natural pier. Behind this, and close under the high land which completely over-topped it, the chase had taken shelter, and now lay at anchor with her sails furled, the tops of her masts being distinctly seen peering above the surrounding dwarfish fir and pine brushwood. Towards this spot, therefore, and its overhanging promontory, all eyes were naturally turned. They beheld the Whippersnapper glide smoothly on until she rounded the point and stood in towards the chase, when suddenly the watchful enemy opened a close heavy fire upon her of cannon and musketry, which was cheerfully and gallantly returned,—nothing being shortly to be seen of either vessel or point, so completely were they enveloped in smoke, but the rapid flashes and thickening reports of the guns and small arms.

"Now is the moment, my lads," cried Captain Switchem, sword in hand, "to serve your King and country, to gain prize-money and glory—away there, boarders!—Fyke, I trust implicitly to your own discretion, and shall second your efforts to the best of my power. Make for the nearest point, and carry that battery on the height as fast as you can: I wish you every success—shove off."

The boats accordingly made for the shore with their utmost celerity, covered by the Tottumfog, which, running close alongside of it, kept up such a steady raking fire as cleared the beach of its musketry; then suddenly dropping her anchor in three-fathom water, with her broadside to the land, she immediately commenced such a heavy and well-directed fire upon the battery of the heights, as evidently to put to silence a goodly portion of that of the enemy. In this situation, however, we must leave both vessels for a moment, and follow the fortunes of our hero.

Edward and his friend Dennis, with many others, and the marines of both ships, were now in the boats, under the command of Lieutenants Fyke and Toddrell; and pushed for the land with the most strenuous exertion, the shot from either party meanwhile whistling and buzzing over them in a discomposing and alarming manner. Luckily, however, for them, they were too busy for serious thought;—nor was it until he stood up to leave the boat that our hero discovered that the lad who sat close to him on the same thwart, and had rowed the opposite oar, was dead. The poor fellow, indeed, still clutched the oar in his hands, but the boat had been so crowded, and the shot he received so effectually fatal, that he had absolutely died unnoticed.

"Who is it, who is it, Davies?" exclaimed half a dozen voices to our hero as he leaped ashore.

"Why, it's Dick Lingridge, poor fellow; he's received a slapper right smack in the bosom."

"Pshaw! never mind him, my brave fellows—jump ashore, jump ashore," cried Lieutenant Fyke, "and follow me.—You boat-keepers, on your lives stir not from this place; we shall be back with you in a minute or two, so have all ready for us. Toddrell, lead you on the marines;

and recollect, serjeants, we're to have no firing until I give you positive orders.—Come, my bold blue-jackets, we'll take the front; sling your muskets o'er your shoulders, and trust to the cutlass—it is far the most effectual weapon of the two, besides being an excellent walking stick. Bear a hand, boys—come, move quickly—keep silence—stick firmly together.”

Such were the detached exhortations of Lieutenant Fyke, as the whole party clambered silently and rapidly after him up the steep ascent, directing their march by the sound of the guns, which bellowed overhead with the utmost fury, retarded and impeded by the looseness and rottenness of the rock, and the tangled dwarf-birch and juniper bushes through which they had to force a passage. On gaining the summit, they saw, to their evident mortification, that they had still to pass an open area of about two hundred yards, completely exposed to the fire of the fort the moment they were discovered, which they could hardly fail to be the instant they broke cover. In this dilemma there was a momentary pause, and some consultation took place, during which Lieutenant Toddrell and the two serjeants agreed in recommending the taking a more circuitous route, and so come on the enemy from behind.

“Oh, by the powers of Highokey!” cried Dennis, who heard this proposal, “if we're to halt and consider on the best way to plaster a head before it is broke, boys, by my soul and it's all over wid us.—Take another roundabout way, said you, Mr. Redjacket? Not I, by St. Patrick; the devil a trotter will Dennis Mahony move in such a direction, dear. Botheration and turf! what is the matter wid you all now, that you halt there all at once, as thof you had seen the ghost of your great grandfathers? I'm sure, honies, here we are within a short brush of the thing already, all clane and sound, and ready for anything; and what the devil's to hinder us from going forward, instead of round about, is more than I can think of at present, or will ever think of to the end of the chapter. Och, bad luck to your blarney, and to them that pays the smallest attention to it, say I. Come, come, Mr. Officers, never

listen to these lobster-backed spalpeens, who are good for nothing but brushing your shoes, and putting fine fellows like myself in irons, when they get malty. Soul of me ! let them go their roundabout by themselves, and be d—d to every mother's son of them. Rather take a common jack's advice, darlings ; and come this way at once ; it's far the shortest, and soonest over ; and, sure, that's what every lad of mettle likes. Come, Mr. Fyke, you're my own officer, you know ; and by the same token, Paddy may use a little more freedom wid you—come yourself, if none of them will. I swear by the beard of my ould father, the devil a hair of you shall be injured if Mahony can help it. Faith, I can tell you, master of mine, that if we stand here palavering shilly-shally to no purpose much longer, and the grey-coated flaxen-headed Spraakens once smell us out, we shall all be kilt and murdered with their d—d long-barrelled muskets, and do devil a thing deserving it at all at all."

This precious piece of oratory, delivered with greater rapidity than it could well be read, had a powerful effect, and knocked the roundabout proposal completely down. Lieutenant Fyke immediately put himself at the head of a select division of his small-armed men, assigned another to his second in command, ordered the marines to fix bayonets, and pointing out three places to which they were to direct their several attacks, gave the word, and the whole emerging from their verdant concealment, set forward towards the fort at a round rifle-trot.

So entirely was the enemy's attention attracted to the shipping, that Lieutenant Fyke and his party were almost close upon the outward barriers of the fort before they were observed ; but from that moment commenced a combat of the most sanguinary description. Swords, pistols, pikes, muskets, even missiles, such as shot, fragments of rock, &c. &c. were hurled without computation or mercy at the assailants' heads : nevertheless, though the garrison were far more numerous than the storming party, and the barrier-fences, three in number, composed of good solid turf and earth compactly put together, would have proved no mean defence in the hands of men of spirit, yet nothing

could withstand the impetuosity of our seamen, armed with their favourite weapon, the cutlass. The assault was commenced and led on by Lieutenant Fyke in person, who was among the first who succeeded in getting firm footing inside the fort; yet, though he was ably seconded by Mahony, Lyson, Sedley, and several other able swordsmen, so powerful and numerous were his opponents that his life or liberty was for some minutes in jeopardy. He was zealously supported, however, by the whole party, who rallied firmly round him, and fought like devils; and the other party and marines pouring rapidly in to their assistance, all opposition was shortly overcome; the cutlass made a clean sweep of the enemy from their guns, made them fly the fort, and levelled Denmark's standard in the dust.

"Well, serjeant," cried Lieutenant Fyke, wiping his fiery forehead, "what have you made of Toddrell? I don't see him—he's not wounded, I hope?"

"He's down, sir," replied the breathless serjeant—"lost his number completely—lies in the outer trench yonder—had hardly commenced work, when it was given him slap through the head, sir."

"Poor fellow! that was unlucky.—Send four of your stoutest hands, serjeant, and let them hurry off with his body to the boats directly—we must not leave it here on any account; see after that in an instant, and return to me, for we'll have to fly in our turn directly, and I'll want you."

"Heaven bless your honour;" cried Mahony, running up to Lieutenant Fyke at this moment, and laying hold of him by the arm, "come this way, just please you, for one moment, and you'll see a sight that will tickle your own blessed daylight's just to a nicety—Och, by my soul, and it's quite beautiful!" He then hurried him unresistingly to the front of the fort which overlooked the shipping, exclaiming, as he pointed to the smooth and beautifully-wooded water below, "Now there now, Mr. Officer of mine, just look at that, now— isn't that a pretty sight? Och, by the powers, and good luck to the happy thought of Dennis Mahony, that put it first into his own beautiful

head to have devil the do with your roundabout roads at all at all !—What say you, bless your honour ?”

Lieutenant Fyke smiled, but replied not. He saw that his commander, rightly judging of his success by the silence of the fort, had lost not a moment in despatching his gig full of men to bring off the boats ; that he had manned them a second time, and sent them in to board the prize—a deed they had accomplished, after a brief and sharp conflict with the row-boats. He now, therefore, beheld the prize standing out, under easy sail, to join the two vessels of war, whose boats were once more making for the shore with all possible celerity. He gazed for a few moments on the shouting and bustle on the water below, whose scenery was beautiful, with the highest admiration, when his attention was suddenly recalled to his situation by the shrill music of a musket-ball, which, whistling rapidly and closely past his left ear, felled a young and laughing seaman to the earth, who accidentally stood beside him. Instantly wheeling round, therefore, he immediately issued his orders, and all hands were now turned eagerly to the work of destruction. The guns were either spiked, or hurled, along with the shot, over the parapet-wall fronting the shipping ; the neat, tasty, little wooden barracks were consigned to the flames, and the magazine and stores blown in the air. Every thing was done as quickly as possible, and yet so much time was consumed, and so quickly did the natives rally, that a rapid retreat was deemed indispensable.

Ordering the serjeant, therefore, to the rear with his marines, and the blue-jackets once more to pick up their muskets from the ground, he commenced his retreat by the same route by which he had ascended, while the enemy's balls, which at first were few and far between, now began to whistle in rapid succession around the party from all quarters around him, excepting their front. Urging each other onwards, therefore, they descended towards the beach with the utmost rapidity, followed as alertly by the shouts and shots of the natives, who, gathering strength every moment, began to appear boldly now in a sort of determined array. In vain did Lieutenant Fyke, at the

head of his remaining marines and seamen, charge them at every open space they passed—they fled at his approach, and took shelter in the nearest brushwood; but it was only momentary, to reload their muskets, and return with double violence upon their pursuers: from behind detached rocks, from thickets, and every portion or position of ground which could conceal themselves, while it exposed their enemies to a steady sure aim, would their cool, unseen, and destructive fire be then renewed. It was with infinite regret, however, that he at length found himself under the mortifying necessity of giving orders to his party to leave their wounded and dying comrades, and redouble their speed. That was also of little avail; the Nor'men followed with equal speed, and, hanging with determined obstinacy on the party's rear, galled his now reduced and gallant little band with a most destructive and unceasing fire. It was not, therefore, before a display of the most cool, determined, and intrepid courage, and leaving behind them nearly one half of their numbers, that the few survivors, breathless and exhausted, at last reached their boats, leaped in, and shoved off, followed by the shot and the curses of the brave but exasperated natives.

We think it unnecessary, at this part of our story, to detain our readers a single moment from better amusement, by a dull prosing about killed and wounded. It is sufficient to add, that both ships and men suffered severely, and that a very short period, aided by a fair wind, brought them and their prize, which was of insignificant value, safely to the anchorage of Leith Roads.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN HARBOUR.

Away with your skillogalee!—I'll have far more generous cheer!—
No such rubbish will go down with me, when I in a roadstead appear.
See the bumboat is pulling away; so, good stomach, pray heave away sorrow,
With good stuff you'll be packed well to-day, and the devil fly away with
to-morrow!

It was on a bleak and cloudy December's morning that the dull drawling light of day first peeped on his Majesty's ships the Tottumfog and Whippersnapper, as they lay at their moorings in the roadstead at Leith, and no long period elapsed ere the hollow boom of the admiral's gun, startling their half-awakened crews, again reminded them they were once more in harbour. All hands were immediately turned up, and the usual comfortable service of sanding, and stoning, and scrubbing, and flooding the decks with water, was gone through, considering the severity of the weather, both with alacrity and cheerfulness.

There were a thousand things which conduced to this general hilarity; but we shall content ourselves with only a brief mention of a few of the more prominent. Jack, it is well known, is quite a red-hot zealot in all his pursuits, whether as a lover, an epicure, or a grog-bibber; and to those happy fellows, therefore, who were of some standing in the service, and had husbanded a trifle of the wherewithal—in short, the monied interest of the ship, as the Ricardo spouters would phrase it—the very circumstance of being in harbour, it mattered not where, was fraught with associations of the most renovating kind. They already anticipated, with joyous hearts, the pleasures of their stinted liberty-ticket to the shore—the fiddle and the dance already tingled in their ears—and the charms and smiles of beauty, the overwhelming fascinations of female society and female conversation, would ever and anon so completely tickle their fancies, as to lighten up, while they rubbed their bulky paws with great velocity, a most grotesque, though good-humoured smile on their rough, muscular, and weather-beaten features. Then, at

Leith, that most useful of all huge fellows, muckle Rob, had his abode—at once the pilot, postman, sculler, and bumboatman of the fleet. His services were ever indispensable; and we firmly believe the present generation will have slept with their fathers, ere his strict punctuality and sterling probity will fade from the remembrance of our North-Sea cruisers. Him they already saw, in their mind's eye, hauled alongside of them—his boat absolutely groaning under a weighty load of soft tack, potatoes, fresh butter, eggs, legs of mutton, and an endless catalogue of agreeable morsels for stout, healthy, and ravenous stomachs, long since palled and sickened, even to disgust, with salt junk, as hard as mahogany—Irish pork, twenty years old, as strong and rancid as train oil—musty meal, and still mustier flour—cheese absolutely alive—and the still more detested villanous sweepings of a hard-up bread-room, where a piece of biscuit the size of a square inch, accidentally showing face in the mess's daily allowance of twelve or fourteen pounds, was a prize that was frequently fought for. But these gladdening consolations were not exclusively confined to these fortunate fellows, for even the poverty-struck and the cashless enjoyed their share. They, in their turn, luxuriated in the glorious idea of, at all events, gorging on fresh beef and vegetables—of throwing all their night duty on the shoulders of the lobster-backs—of turning in for the night—ay, for the whole night—ye gods! for an entire twelve or fourteen hours' stretch without a single fear! occasionally, during that time, hearing the sentry, as he slowly paced his dreary round, sing out from the gangway, *Boat ahoy!* to the midnight rowers, or echo *All's well!* to the striking hours, while the half-wakened listener wheeled him, nothing loath, slowly round on his starboard side, preparing himself, heart and soul, with the most secret satisfaction, for a second doze of inestimable sleep!—Gracious Heaven! what a delicious, what a rapturous thrill, did pervade his soul at the very idea of such an Elysium—the seaman's heaven on earth!—Think of this, ye nightly sleepless on your beds of down—think of it, we say, and weep!

With the thoughts of such dainties fluttering in their

brains, it is not to be supposed that their usual morning repast of plain and somewhat unpalatable skillogalee detained them long at breakfast. That morning, indeed, the ship's cook might have saved himself the trouble of rousing out his unwilling and yawning dirty mate, long ere the cock crew, in order to have this very primitive dish ready in all due time ; it was fairly and truly labour in vain—completely disregarded by the great bulk of the crew—and discharged in whole pailfuls over the head, amid the curses of the mess-cooks, who doubtless, like their chums, had an eye to better things, as well as to the extra trouble they must now be at in rinsing out their tin pannikins, and restoring them and the iron hoops of their now wet kids to their wonted burnish. Nothing, in fact, seemed to be thought of, and little else was spoke of, but the hourly expected beef and vegetable boat, and the aforesaid important personage, muckle Rob. The former, it must be owned, did arrive in proper time, for the purser dispatched it in person from the shore under the escort of his steward ; and we can honestly affirm, that never went lady over a gunnel's side with more safety, or more alacrity, than did the huge side of beef, surmounted as it was with divers bags of greens, leeks, and other potherbs. But, for the latter, hour after hour stole away—dinner was gone through, and the never a word of him. The question then became, what was to be thought of him ?—was he drunk—was he dead ? for although the said muckle Rob was well known to be a regular harbour pilot, to be otherwise disposed of was out of the question. He had never missed muster before, no, never—something of course must be the matter, and what the deuce could that be ? The simple remark of a simpler booby here chimed in—“ Uh, d'ye no ken that Rob's awn several of the hands lots o' siller ?”—finally put a stop to further inquiry. “ Oh, d—n him, he'll be wanting to keep it, and has cut his stick until we sail.”—So much for the fickleness of popular opinion. The self-same sun which arose amid the plaudits and praises of muckle Rob, sank behind the western mountains, while the same voices were consigning him, boat and body, to the devil.

"And now," roared Dennis Mahony, entering the mess at the fag-end of this noisy debate, "instead of your great muckle Rob that you've been prating and bothering your stomachs and wise pates about the whole of this cursed cowl'd day, if there isn't coming alongside of us, at this blessed moment, another large big ugly customer—but she happens to be a lighter, as large, by the hookey, almost as ourselves—and what we are going to make of such a monster at this time of night, the devil fetch me if I can tell you; although there is little doubt, I may safely say, my grumbling beauties, that I'll warrant she'll be the manes of giving you small bits of moments to-morrow to think anything at all at all about either muckle Rob, or his mutton-boat. But, soul of me, if I don't see more about her, and that directly, dears!"

The lighter proved to be one sent for the purpose of completely clearing the vessel's holds, preparatory to a formal survey of her by the proper officers of the dock-yard; and accordingly, the following morning commenced such a hurried scene of stowing and unstowing, scrubbing and cleaning, unreeving and reeving of rigging, shifting of sails, &c. &c. attended with all the usual hammering and bawling of carpenters, and caulkers, and coopers, that many days had not gone by ere muckle Rob and his bumboat were apparently quite forgotten. But muckle Rob was a shrewd fellow, and evidently knew what was going on. He therefore very patiently kept out of the way until the painters had finished, and matters began to assume a more orderly appearance, when he dashed across the Tottumfog's bows one morning, as if dropped from the clouds, roaring with the voice of a bull, his usual fisherman's carol, most excellently adapted, however, for the arousing an immediate attention:

Oh, Alloa lads for me!
 Grangemouth callants for me!
 Their jackets and trowsers are blue,
 And they're a' a-courting o' me;
 A' a-courting o' me,
 And aye rousing the blink o' my e'e—
 God bless ye, my bonny Scotch callants,
 Ye're welcome back frae the sea!

"Glory! my old cock of the north!—get on—get on!"

bawled a score of voices, leaping on the forecastle, and bending over the bows.

"Od, ye'se no hae that to say twice, at ony event," cried Rob, gaily, continuing his melodious roar:

I hae three lads o' my ain,
 Though they're no that quite comely to see,
 Yet they're better than them that has nane,
 And wad loup like a cock at a grossart at me.
 The tane he is lame o' a leg,
 The tither is blind o' an e'e,
 And the third has a tea-kettle back—
 But they're a' a-courting o' me.
 Then Alloa lads for me!

"Now, callants," cried the thundering songster, "just fling me the end of a tow, and I'll mak auld Tibby fast before I come aboard to see what's wanted."

"Keep off your boat there!" cried the marine sentry.

"Uh, Lord! wha the deevil are you, that speaks sae mighty? D'ye no ken me? I'm muckle Rob, man, frae Leith—wi' a boatfu' of sunkets for ye, that will mak a' your kites rejoice. Losh, I thocht a'boddy had kent muckle Rob—me that rins messages, forbye, to the very admiral himsel."

"Keep off your boat, I tell you!" again menaced the sentry.

"Pshaw! never mind the sodger, Rob," cried the boatswain, at this moment mounting the gangway ladder; "make her fast there, and they'll throw you a sternhold to haul close alongside."

"Ay, just so nae, Mr. Marlin," cried Rob, recovering his cheerfulness, "that's just said like yoursel, and as folk were kent folk, and no blackguards. Poor chield, the sodger, as ye ca' him, who I never saw atween the een before, is ablins no just up a' thegither wha he speaks to, likely."

So saying, muckle Rob was now actively preparing to obey what he thought the most ample permission, when his ears were a third time astounded by the voice of the unbending sentry, ordering him still more sternly to keep his boat off, otherwise it might fare worse with him.

"By the by, you sir! who gave *you* these orders?" said the boatswain, somewhat testily.

"The serjeant, sir," was the reply.

"D—n the serjeant and you in a lump, for a couple of meddling fools!" cried the angry boatswain. "I say, Rob, haul up, and never mind the booby; he knows no better. D'ye hear there, you Audley? jump up into the mainchains there, that's a good fellow, and heave a rope's end to Rob, to make fast with."

"Sir," said the sentry, approaching the boatswain, and carrying his arms; "the serjeant told me, sir, when he put me on this here gangway, sir, that it was the first lieutenant's positive orders, sir, that no boat whatever, sir, except she were a King's one, should be allowed to come alongside this here vessel, sir, without his permission asked and obtained. As soon as I have his orders, sir, I've got nothing to say; meantime I must do my duty. I say, you fellow there, keep off your boat, or, by —, I'll make you repent it."

This elegant address, though it was hailed with a sneer at the *this heres* and *sawrs* with which it was so liberally adorned, had an evident effect upon the dignity of the boatswain. "Oho! is it so, indeed?" he cried in a somewhat subdued tone; "why, then, that's a different guess-story altogether, ship-mate. But why didn't you say so before, and be hanged to you? D—n me, but I took it for some stuff of that swab of a serjeant of yours, and not the orders of the first lieutenant. However, we'll see about that directly, my lad. D—d hard, indeed, if people an't to be allowed a little fresh grub now they're in harbour—pretty go, surely!—Harkee, my tall boy, have you got any letters with you for us?"

"I'se warrant hae I, Mr. Marlin," bawled muckle Rob, still hanging on his oars, and patiently awaiting the conclusion of this, to him, singular conference; "for ye ken I just gaed to the post-office, as usual, and got a' they had for the veshels in the Roads here,—ay, just i' the morning before I pushed aff. I'se warrant there will be some for you as well as the lave, or else it will be a marvel. Uh! there's sure to be some; for ye see I've been nae farther than the admiral yet, and see, just look at that leather bag there, what a lot I've by me yet. Nonsense! there's sure to be some; for whan was ye here that I hadna

letters for ye—although I maun confess, Mr. Marlin, I was in sic a hurry to be aff, that I ne'er examined to see how mony."

"Ah, well-a-well, that will do, my brave fellow," cried the boatswain, suddenly assuming his usual dignity of voice and manner. "Harkee, you sir!" addressing a by-stander, "jump down to the midshipman's berth, and tell either young Master Pinafore or Minikin I want to speak with him directly—come, brush instantly."

The messenger immediately disappeared, and young Master Minikin speedily made his appearance.

"Ah, Miny, my dear fellow," cried the boatswain, smiling, and taking the boy smartly by the hand; "what, up, and dressed already!—well, you're a clever lad, and will make a glorious sailor, as sure as my name's Dick Marlin. I say, Miny, come hither, my number one," continued he in a confidential tone, "I want to speak with you. D—n it, man, there's a smart fellow, jump down to the gun-room, and tell Mr. Fyke that there's his old friend muckle Rob, with a boatful of good stuff and letters—mind that—and letters from the post-house for the ship. Then tell him, you know, that he can't get alongside for the sentry, in consequence of his orders—then ask him slyly if he may come. Now be sure, there's a good boy, you knock it smartly into him that Rob has letters for the ship from the post-house. Oh, well-minded, egad—I say, my tall blade, hast got any newspapers with you?"

"Plenty, Mr. Marlin, plenty, sir," was the answer.

"Better and better still," cried the boatswain, rubbing his hands, "for Fyke's a devil of a politicler, and wouldn't give Steele's List, or a newspaper, for a dozen of Hamilton Moores newly out of the shop. Then I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, Miny, be sure and whistle in to him, that Rob has not only letters from the post-house, but all the London, Edinburgh, English, Irish, devil knows what all, newspapers along with him, most heartily at his service—d—n me, I think that should hit. Come, now, let me see you tip him the yarn properly and politely, like a brave young Jack, as you are. Fly, and success to you! I am the more anxious about all this, d'ye see, my dear

little soul, because, you know, we'll need some fresh grub; and all that there—are you up, Miny? (laughing, and chucking him under the chin,) ay, ay, devil doubt you, my young snake in the grass."

"Oh, I understand you perfectly, sir," cried the young gentleman, smiling; "just stay where you are, and I'll be with you again in a moment."

He soon did appear with the wished-for permission, allowing muckle Rob to haul up alongside, and ordering him to come aboard directly with his letters and newspapers.

Rob complied with the first part of the requisition cheerfully, but when urged by young Minikin to leave his boat, and come on board directly with his letters, he flatly refused.

"What the wuddy!" he exclaimed, "d'ye think I'm daft outright? Na, na, callant, I ken a trick worth twa o' that. Gang awa', think ye, and leave Tibby as fu' as she can pang to the merciment o' a'budy?—na, faith, I'll do nae sic a thing. I'se tell ye what I'll do, though, and that's a' yin, ye ken—here, my man; here, see, there's my post-office wallet to ye, tak it down to Mr. Fyke, with my compliments—tell him I'm no used to attend on gentle-folks, and stand baill half hours wi' my hat in my hand, but that I sent you wi' that, and he may take his wull o't, and gie me it back whan he's dune, along with the siller for the postage, ye ken. And I say, laddie—heh, you!—I say, tell him not to be in a hurry, for ye ken (winking), I've a gay deal to do here."

This sagacious proposal of Rob's being warmly seconded by the boatswain, the young gentleman received the packet with a smile, and retired with it to the gun-room.

Not a moment was now lost—all the curious in eating, who had cash, were on the alert—and old Tibby was emptied of her cargo long ere there was a single inquiry made after him from the gun-room. This gave our friend Robert not only time to settle his accounts, and receive further orders, but also to open his budget of local intelligence, and answer with his usual loquacity the numerous inquiries, how this one's wife was, how another one's

mother and sisters, and whether a third one's sweetheart was married, or still living in fond and faithful expectation. But all this, and a great deal more, our readers can very easily suppose—so let it pass. Indeed, muckle Rob seemed to care very little about the subject himself; for he was continually breaking away from it to make some one inquiry or other about the “dreadfu’ cutting-out affair,” as he was pleased to phrase it, “wussing muckle to ken whether or no there were ony o’ the Frith Lads amang the killed or missing, as he was positively deaved to death, and tormented night and day, wi’ about a score or twa o’ claverin’ women anent them.”

He was soon satisfied on this point, there being only one belonging to Kirkcaldy, of the name of Walter Malcolm, among the whole number, whom fortunately he did not know.

The discourse then took another turn, and the jollities and delights of the shore had begun to be prelected upon with considerable vivacity by two or three expectants of the highly-prized liberty-ticket, when muckle Rob, who stood leaning on the gunnel, suddenly put an end to their mirth, by very seriously informing them, that that very morning, while waiting for his postage on board of the guardship, he had heard it positively announced that the Tottumfog was to proceed to sea directly, while the Whippersnapper, being thought more materially damaged, was to sail in a few days for Sheerness, there to undergo a thorough repair.

“Come, come, my lively sculler,” cried Bill Lyson, bursting into the circle formed round the speaker, “belay, belay, if you please, or you and I shall fall out. Don’t you think I knows, now, you are running us some of your d—d shore-rigs, and reeling us off an infernal lie?”

“Eh, Wull Lyson,” cried muckle Rob, in a tone of reproach, “to think that I wud tell you a lie, sic an auld acquaintance! I tell ye, man, it’s as true what I’m saying, as——”

“Bah!” cried Lyson, interrupting him, “I won’t believe a word on’t. No, no, my old blade, you mustn’t go for to think to come over us in that there lousy manner either;

for mayhap we are not such flat-fish as you supposes. To sea directly!—my eye! a pretty story in faith!—Why, man, doesn't know as how I've heard our carpenter say, that, after all their botching and patching, the hooker wasn't by any means sea-worthy? And haven't we all heard old Marlin say twenty times, since we came heré, that her canvas wasn't worth a d—n, and indeed good for nothing but to be cut up for trowsers, or the patching of old jackets? Haven't we heard him say, that he could get no supplies whatever in this hard-up place, though he hadn't a spare coil of running rope in all his store-room; and above all, my brave fellow,—and mind me it's a clencher,—doesn't recollect how short-handed we are, and the guardo has none to spare? Bah, bah! by the Lord Harry, I'd as soon believe that we were going in chase, immediately after dinner, of that there monument of Nelson's on the hill yonder."

"Aweel, aweel, Lyson, just haud your tongue a bit, and hear what I've to say," cried the dauntless Robert. "Forgive me, sirs, I'm no wanting ye to believe my word, I'm only telling ye what I heard, and my lugs are as gude as mony gaun; neither am I wanting you awa in sic a hurry, for, well I wot, it will be a black sight to my pouch. But the haille story lies here, ye see. As I said before, I was standing at the admiral's gangway this morning, waiting on the siller for my letters, and hawering a' the time wi' auld Wattie, the quarter-master: ye'll a' ken auld Wattie, a very douce, decent man: weel, he looks ower into auld Tibby, as I ca' my boat there, and says he to me, 'Hollo, Rob,' says he, 'you've a gude lading; pray, where are you bound for with all that nice gear?' I laughed, ye ken; and, says I, 'Whar d'ye think I should be gaun, Wattie, but to my auld friends in the Tottumfog?' That was the thing that first set us a-speaking about you, for otherwise, ye ken, I had nae occasion to mention ye to him or onybody. Aweel, sirs, the short and the lang o' the story is this; that, it is as true as death, Wattie told me out of his ain mouth what I tell'd ye a' just the now, that he heard ye were gaun aff again directly, and that ye are to be visited by the admiral himsel—but he didna

mention what day—wha's to gie ye a' thing ye need out o' his ain ship."

"Now, ar't sure, Bob, you an't fibbing?" inquired Lyson, gravely.

"Am I sure, William!" cried muckle Rob, holding up his bulky fists in solemn protestation—"I'm as sure I heard what I'm telling you, and a' the lave—ay, as sure as I've death to meet wi', and as I'm treading the deck under me;" and the huge fellow stamped on the deck with his brawny foot.

"Then I must tell you, I'm d—d sorry to hear it, Bob, that's all," said Lyson, sighing deeply, and walking away.

"Aweel," said muckle Rob, looking after him compassionately, and addressing the others gathered around him—"Aweel, nae doubt, callants, disappointment's a sair, sair thing to thole. I've kent something of that mysell in my day. Od bless me, I mind that time they harled me awa wi' the lave, in spite o' my neck, aboard o' the Texel, I thocht I wad hae broken my heart."

"What, Bob, were you ever aboard, my hearty?" exclaimed Jack Sykes, "why, that is news, indeed; pray what was the occasion?"

"Uh! weel I wot, nae great occasion that ever I saw," replied Rob; "but ye see it was troublesome times, and men werena to be had for love nor money; and there cam a report that the French were away to murder a' our whalers, and there being nae veshels here, the admiral's guard-ship, that's the Texel, bid to gang hersel. Then she wanted men, and that bred sic a curfuffle, ye never saw the like; for they ruggit a' body awa' they could get a haud o', and me amang the lave."

"Well, and I hope you pinned the Frenchmen, Bob," replied Sykes; "or was it all a bam?"

"Bam here, bam there, devil a Frenchman ever we saw," said Rob. "Na, ne'er a hate we did ava but rin after the floating ice-muntains o' Greenland; for we nae sooner came up wi' yin, than anither peer'd on the verge of the horizon, and awa we crowded after it. Troth, ye never saw sic a daft-like business in a' your days. I'se war-

rant I lost a gude twenty pounds by that job. To be sure, I dinna care a prin about it now, for it's blawn by, and I've gotten ower it. Tuts, sirs, after a', what's the use of preaching to sailors? the back, someway or ither, is aye made for the burden; and a stout heart to a stay brae is the best sermon ye can give them.—But poor Wull, though!—od I'm sorry to see him sae down in the mouth, for he's an auld friend o' mine, and I ken fu' weel he expectit his wife frae Shields every day, wham he hasnae seen to my knowledge these ten years. They aye met at our house, ye see, for the wife and her are terrible cronies, and he wad never allow her to come on board. Wae's me, poor fallow! I'm sorry I spoke o't ava; but I take ye a' to witness, lads, that if it turn out a lie what I have been telling ye, ye maun put a' the wyte o't on Wattie Callander—a man, however, I must say, I never kent to tell a lie in my life."

"Bob!" cried a servant, "you're wanted in the gun-room directly."

"Coming, my dear—coming in a moment," answered muckle Rob, making his way through the circle around him. "Now, callants," continued he, "for ye see I maun be gaun, if ye hae ony mair commands for me, or ony dirty things to wash and mend, just bundle them up, and I'll tak them ashore wi' me. At ony event, I think I'll maybe see you again before the darkening."

"I'll tell you what, my hearty," cried Sykes, "I'd, for one, wish you'd contrive to see whether there is any truth in that there news you've just been telling us when you get ashore; because, if there is, you know, it's more than time we were looking out for squalls."

"That I will, you may depend on't," cried Rob, hurrying away.

The officers detained him very shortly in the gun-room, their letters, &c. being all in readiness. He was, therefore, speedily in his boat; and after receiving various bundles of soiled linens, letters, and other trifling commissions from the crew, he cast loose auld Tibby, and made for the harbour.

Ever faithful to his word, however, muckle Rob *did*

pass the vessel before the night set in, but, having passengers on board auld Tibby, he could not stop. He merely, therefore, contented himself with hailing the ship; and, on being answered, he bawled out, "Tell Sykes I was quite richt," and rowed on. The events of the following day put the matter to rest.

CHAPTER XV.—IN HARBOUR.

For I trusted, once in, that my troubles were o'er;
At the least for a some little while;
And already I saw her I loved on the shore,
And already returned her fond smile.
And already had fled all my cares and my toil
Which I'd oft felt when far far at sea;
But, alas! 'twas a vision—all falsehood and guile—
No such joys were reserved for me.

Well-a-day!

THE following day, before dinner, Captain Switchem came on board, and was received by all his officers on the quarter-deck as usual. He was hardly over the gunnel, when he grasped the hand of his first lieutenant, who awaited him, exclaiming, "No rest for the wicked, it would appear, my dear Fyke—I've got a vast deal of news for you, though, I must confess, they an't of a very pleasant nature: more of that, however, anon. How dost, my dear Cawdle?—I hope you've got your sick bay fairly cleared out. Where's Nailparing?—Oh, he'll be looking out a lading for his store-rooms.—My service to you all, gentlemen!—Ah! my dear little heroes, are you there? How are you both?—good students, I hope, and making great progress. It grieves me to say, my dear boys, that I won't be able to allow either of you to eat Christmas-cake with your papas and mammas this trip, but you may depend upon my honour as soon as we come into harbour again. With this apology I hope you will be satisfied, and make yourselves contented, as I'm obliged to be.—Come, come, you young rogues, no wry faces.—Recollect you must obey orders, and behave yourselves properly, as young gentlemen officers ought to do. Go to your lessons; for, mind me, I'll expect great things from you for all this idleness.—Come, Fyke, go with me below, I want to hear your details of progress." So saying, they both went below, leaving the other officers, and indeed all

hands, in a state of complete wonderment as to what was the reason of all this marvellous hurry.

After some hours' consultation, Captain Switchem and his second in command returned to the deck, and the captain's gig being ready in waiting, he made direct for the gangway. Much curiosity had been excited as to the occasion of this consultation, and much more was to gratify as to its issue. All that could be heard, however, were his parting words, which, it was said, sounded something like,—“Now, for God's sake, my dear Fyke, exert yourself, and see that you get all things in as forward a state as you can. If I meet Nailparing on shore, I'll beat up his quarters, and see that he hurries his stores on board of you a little faster than he seems inclined at present. Meantime, adieu; I'll see you, I hope, about the same time to-morrow.” Then making a general obeisance to his other officers, he descended into his gig, and shoved off.

“Well, gentlemen, what think ye of the excellent intelligence our commander has brought us?” exclaimed Lieutenant Fyke, rejoining the rest of the officers on the quarter-deck. “I earnestly hope none of you sigh for the pleasures of the drawing-room, or the delights of the parlour fireside; for if you do, I sincerely pity you—since it so pleases the higher powers, instead of granting us these pure enjoyments, to order us to a latitude to hold our Christmas where our wine will require no cooling, and where, instead of the witching smiles of beauty, we will have to content ourselves with the grin of that vinegar-faced old rascal, Jack Frost. 'Pon my soul, however, I must say 'tis rather tight-lacing this, after all; and rather inclines to make fair duty a hardship. But why do you confine yourselves, gentlemen? In the situation I am placed, I have nothing to expect but a few hours' glimpse ashore after night-fall; but that's no rule to you. Would you take my advice—as there will be little peace here—I would have all of you, who wish to enjoy an afternoon's relaxation, to embrace the present opportunity. I assure you, gentlemen, I can promise you nothing for to-morrow, everything depending on the arrival of Nailparing's stores.”

and these, you may assure yourselves, will not be long wanting, if Switchem falls in with him, and he's avowedly gone on the hunt.—By the by, are you certain all our stores are complete, Doeboy?"

"Yes, yes—I think pretty nearly," replied the second lieutenant; "I just wish to see the contents of a hamper or two from Henderson, which I expected ere this time, to be able to speak more distinctly."

"Why, what Henderson is that?" inquired the doctor.

"Henderson, of the South Bridge, Edinburgh, to be sure," rejoined the second lieutenant, "the best victualler in the three kingdoms, either for sauces, soups, or wines; ay, in short, either for liquids or solids."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Doeboy, and my charge for trouble will not exceed a couple bottles middling wine, as I'm going up to Edinburgh myself to-day, to get a few supplies to my medicine chest, I'll even give this Henderson of yours a call, and water his memory."

"Now, by my honour, doctor, you may save yourself the trouble, and me the expense of the wine," cried Lieutenant Doeboy; "for I can tell you Henderson's memory doesn't want watering—he's as punctual to time as the twopenny post. However, as Fyke says we should take time by the forelock, I've not the slightest objections to accompany you if you are unengaged, were it no more than to give one's legs a stretch. What say you to that plan, Fyke—are you agreeable?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly so," said Lieutenant Fyke, "could I get rid of the cursed feeling of envy I can't help bearing the pair of you."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow," cried Doeboy, "you'll be rid of that in a year or two, once you get a ship of your own. Come along, doctor, and let us put ourselves in a little better shape for the shore—for once I take a notion into my head, I love to go through with it."

"Oh, of course," said Doctor Cawdle, "skyrocket Jack, as usual."

They had no sooner left the deck for the shore, than Lieutenant Fyke set himself seriously to higher duties;—the sail-locker was emptied, the sails unloosed and ex-

amined, and, wherever faulty, were set about being repaired: other hands were employed in setting up the lower rigging, under the direction of the gunner, and seizing it afresh, while parties of the topmen were aloft, examining and repairing the slings of the yards, restropping blocks, &c. &c. In short, all hands were busily employed in making every thing ready for sea.

The sails were barely stowed away, and matters assuming some degree of order, when a lighter came alongside, out of which sprung Mr. Nailparing, evidently in a high fume of ill humonr.

"So he has hunted you off, Nailparing?" cried Lieutenant Fyke, laughing. "Well, positively I must give him the credit of saying that he has an excellent nose—a better, indeed, never left Bow Street; for he has done more in a few hours than I could have done in a month. But how did he contrive to ferret you out so readily; where did he pull you up, Nailparing?"

"Pull me up!" exclaimed the purser, breathless with rage; "Pull me up, say you! he has pulled me up, and pulled me off, too, sir, with a vengeance, I can tell you. But pshaw!" cried he, breaking away, "don't bother me now, Fyke, for I'm not in the humour of talking. Go send your people to clear that confounded lighter, and leave me to recover myself."

This was soon done; and the first lieutenant, whose curiosity was roused to no common pitch at seeing the sedate, cool, and politic Nailparing so completely overcome with passion, immediately returned to the charge with a "Come, Nailparing, my dear fellow, I am positively dying of curiosity—tell me, where the deuce did Switchem ferret you out so readily?"

"Ferret me out?—well may you say so, Fyke," cried the enraged purser, "for, 'pon my soul, I never was so publicly affronted in my life before. Heavens! was it not a shame, or was it like a gentleman, to burst in upon us like a country hobnail, and break up, *sans ceremonie*, a nice comfortable dinner party—the only discount, too, I ever receive from that fat blowsy brute of a biscuit baker, Peasebran, for all the money I pay him; and not only

so, but actually to order—ay, Mr. Fyke, to *order* me off, like a dog, to the pier, to ship your lousy stores there, forsooth! Confound me, such rascally treatment is enough to make a fellow mad. But what need I expect from him? a fellow who has no education, and never took a degree in his life—one of no family worth the naming—and, at the very best, but the skipper of a paltry sloop of war.”

“Come, come, Nailparing, you forget yourself, my good sir,” cried Lieutenant Fyke; “always recollect that, be he what he may, he has the honour of being at present your commanding officer.”

“The more is the shame, Fyke,” cried the exasperated purser, “that a man of my family should be under such a thrall. He’s no gentleman, however, nor is there a gentle drop of blood in his plebeian carcase. Such a fellow”——

“Pshaw, pshaw, Nailparing, you get foolish,” cried the first lieutenant, interrupting him; “you know as well as I do, that I shall not, must not, *will* not, listen to such calumnies against my first in command. Be so good, therefore, as have done with these peevish nonsensicals of yours, for to me, I assure you, they are highly disagreeable.”

“Highly disagreeable, Mr. Fyke?” cried the purser, “did you say highly disagreeable, sir?”

Lieutenant Fyke coolly nodded assent.

“Ah, well, sir, I did not—really I did not expect this—I mean—I should say, I always thought you were my friend, Mr. Fyke—that’s all,” stuttered the purser.

“Mr. Nailparing,” said Lieutenant Fyke, gravely, “I flatter myself you never had occasion to think of me otherwise; although, as a man of honour, who bears his majesty’s commission, I again repeat I will not, cannot, stand by, and hear my commander abused so mercilessly without a cause.”

“Well, but hear me, Fyke—just for one moment hear me,” cried the purser, descending a note or two from his overstretched alto—“Was it not shameful—ay, disgraceful—to affront me before a whole company; to tear

me, neck and limb, from an excellent dinner—the only discount, as I said before, that scoundrel Peasebran ever allows me—just, forsooth, as if I had been his footman or his shoe-black—and, more than all this, not only to make me superintend, along with himself, the loading of that confounded lighter there, but never to leave me, nor it, until we were a good musket-shot clear of the pier-head? Really, you may say what you like, *Fyke*, but it was very, very unhandsome treatment, I assure you, sir. If I had been a convicted felon, he could have done no more.”

“Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho, ho!” roared Lieutenant *Fyke*, stamping the deck, and holding his sides until the water came into his eyes.

“’Tis mighty well, Lieutenant *Fyke*—mighty well, indeed, sir,” growled out the purser, sulkily; then added, with a very low bow, “I’m exceedingly glad to see you so very—very merry, Lieutenant *Fyke*.”

“Excuse me, excuse me, my dear fellow,” cried the first lieutenant, smoothing down his muscles into a good-humoured smile, “but really your whole story is so completely ridiculous that it is next to impossible to forbear laughing. But harkee, *Nailparing*, you say he accompanied you in the lighter clear of the pier-head; pray how did he contrive to leave you there?”

“Nothing easier;—his gig was in attendance,” answered the purser, doggedly.

“Yo hoy! ha, ha, ha!” again roared Lieutenant *Fyke*.

“I’m mighty glad, Mr. *Fyke*,” said the purser, testily, “mighty glad, indeed, sir, to be the cause of such amazing amusement to you. But I see plainly you’re all alike. I’ll not endure such treatment, however, that I won’t—I’ll throw up my commission, that I will, and retire for ever from such a villanous slavery.—I’m of a good family, thank God, and can live independent of you all, so I can. It never shall be said—no, never—that the eldest son of *Nichol Nailparing* of that ilk was obliged or beholden to one of you.”

“Why, now, what a fume you have wrought yourself

into, my dear fellow, for a mere nothing!" said Lieutenant Fyke, forgetting his mirth in the commiseration he felt for the agonized and outrageous purser.—"Do go below, Nailparing, for a minute or two, and compose yourself. By my honour, I had not the smallest idea you were so completely heartstruck. Pshaw, now, don't be a fool—why, you're getting quite womanish—go down below, there's a good fellow, take a glass of grog or two, and that will soon bring you round again.—Don't you see you're actually attracting the notice of the people?—Come, now, do go down, like a hero, at once.—Ay, now, that's something like yourself.—I'll see all the stores properly stowed, and bring you the bill of lading."

"Well, well, Fyke, let me alone, and I *will* go below, since you insist upon it," said the purser mournfully, and almost reduced to tears; "but you must—you cannot but acknowledge—that I've been most confoundedly affronted."

"We will talk of that some other time, when you are more yourself," said Lieutenant Fyke, leaving him at the top of the companion ladder;—"but I must see what these fellows are about." Then going forward, and mounting a carronade, which enabled him to overlook the hold of the lighter, he bawled out to Bird, the boatswain's mate, "Well, Bird, how get you on, my brave fellow? art nigh clear yet?"

"Very nearly, sir—warm work, sir—I'll tell you directly, sir," answered the bustling Bird, in detached morsels:—"On deck there, whip!—whip, I say, whip!—d—n the fellows, what are they thinking on?—whip, you lubbers, whip!—high enough—now lower away—gently, gently, though.—Below there, d'ye hear me, you Sykes?—how much is to come yet?"

"Why, Bill, not a vast deal now, as one may say," answered Sykes, squirting out a mouthful of tobacco-juice. "Let me see, you've got all the bread, flour, peas, cocoa, and them there other dry gear; and, as far as I can see, you've got all the beef and pork.—Why, dang it, Bird, I do supposes we've got nothing here now but the good stuff; and I don't care although they should

send it ashore again, and you and I along with it. My eye! what a blow-out we should have!"

"Bah, bah, my hearty!—do answer a question when it is put to ye, if ye please," cried the half-smiling Bird.—"Are you nearly clear yet? How much longer will ye be, think you?—Whip, there, whip!"

"Why, fully half an hour, I think, Bird—that is, if you're smart.—Hoist away!"

"You hear, sir," said Bird, addressing the first lieutenant, and touching his hat—"Whip, there, whip!—high enough—lower away!"

"Be active, then, Bird—be active, my heart," said Lieutenant Fyke, "for, mind me, there will be no grog allowed until all is stowed, and the hatches on."

Bird made a slight inclination of his body, and again touched his hat, in token of complete understanding; then raising his stentorian voice, he bawled out, "D'ye all hear that, men?—no grog till all's stowed, and the hatches on—so you may be as long as you please about this here clearance. Come, cheerly, my hearts, and run them up. Blow away, you whistling lubber—blast me, but you've the easiest birth in the hooker, stuck up there on the top of the nettings like another officer, with that morsel of yellow wattle in your fist—come, blow like blazes, and give us something cheery—High enough—lower away!"

In this rude but animating manner did matters gaily proceed, until the lighter was completely emptied of her cargo; and as the stowers on board had been equally active under the direction of the master all this while, the hatches were in no long time put on, and the keys delivered by the captain of the hold to the first lieutenant in form. Grog was then piped, and all hands went to supper. Twilight was now well advanced, the hammocks were piped down, and nothing occurring worthy of notice, the approaching night gradually consigned the wearied ship's company into the arms of sleep.

Our hero never loved to be in Leith Roads—he was too near what Leyden emphatically calls the well-known scenes of his infancy—which, of course, were fraught with so many associations, so many fond remembrances of his

better and more joyous days, in all their various aspects—as were ever sure to make him melancholy, and to create a certain disgust for his present profession, he could not account for. He had now been long in his hammock—had had an overhaul with busy meddling memory, and, after a severe conflict, had beat the skillet off. He was now, therefore, gladly composing himself for a second nap, when a sudden noise of bustling feet on the deck attracted his attention, which in no long time was followed by the unusual call of—*All hands hoy!*—He knew Bird's voice, and, springing from his hammock, slipped on trowsers and shoes, and flew on deck, jacket in hand. Here he beheld a scene of the most uncommon description—the quarter-deck bespread with burning lanterns, and the captain, wrapped in his enormous boat-cloak, walking backwards and forwards rapidly, in a seeming hurricane of passion.

It sometimes happens that when gentlemen allow their anger completely to master them, they often put their usual genteel phraseology into their pockets for a time, and speak plumply and plainly down to the capacities of those who have offended them. We have already hinted somewhere in this excellent history, that Captain Switchem was a severe disciplinarian, and an austere stickler for the due performance of the most trifling minutiae of naval costume. It excited small surprise in our hero, therefore, when he heard his otherwise stately commander, as with rapid strides he paced the quarter-deck, volley forth a soliloquy—or something extremely like one, since all were listeners—in which the sublime epithets of “lazy scoundrel!” “good-for-nothing vagabond!” and “sleepy, leaden-headed lubber!” were studded as thickly as the stars in a frosty night's sky.

“What dost think, Mr. Fyke, of that lazy scoundrel of a marine?” continued he, suddenly halting in front of his second in command; “and what punishment does he not richly deserve who is found asleep at his post? Do not the articles of war say—*Death?*”

His first lieutenant bowed in silence.

“Ah well, sir; then the matter just stands thus:—I

am compelled to hurry from my friends, and am obliged to come off to you in this dark night on the most urgent orders, with all which I comply cheerfully, as, indeed, is *my* duty; and, coming alongside my own vessel, instead of receiving the decent homage from those on watch which I naturally expect as your commander, I absolutely get leave, with all my boat's crew, to come on board without a single challenge, and find this fellow soundly asleep!—I refer it to you all, gentlemen, is this duty; or is it any thing like the practice of his Majesty's ships and vessels of war? By no means; and, by mine honour, he shall suffer for his neglect, or his contempt rather.—Carpenters, rig your gratings in an instant! A pretty sentry, truly, and one much to be trusted withal, to be caught sleeping and snousing on his post like a bed-rid old woman!—Quarter-masters, seize him up!—I'll see, sirrah, whether I can't give you a lesson that shall make you remember to keep your eyes open as long as your memory lasts you. Go on, Bird, and give it him smartly."

The unfortunate delinquent, stripped to the buff in a remarkably cold and frosty night, now muttered out something about sorrow and fatigue. The captain's ear caught only the former word.

"Sorrow, you scoundrel!" exclaimed he, with an unusual display of his teeth, "I care not a fig for your sorrow. Every knave is sorry when he is hauled up to meet his deserts; and you yourself, you rascal, will be infinitely sorrowful when you are lashed up to a stake to be shot, or stand ready to be run up to a yard's-arm. Boatswain's mate, proceed!"

"God for ever bless your honour!" cried the poor fellow, writhing under the lash, his teeth chattering, and trembling all over from the intensity of the frost, "pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you! I've always done my duty hitherto—I never was punished before—never, never, since I entered the service—the serjeant can tell you that, your honour. Mr. Fyke knows I am neither a coward nor a skulker: do, God bless you, sir! speak a kind word for me!—Oh, gracious goodness! that it should come to this, after thirteen years' hard service!—Oh, dear—oh,

dear!—speak for me—for heaven's sake, speak for me, dear Mr. Fyke!—I'll never sleep again, sir—no, never, never—but I was really so fatigued——”

“Fatigued, you lazy hound!” cried the captain, interrupting him, “that's all in my eye!—Who ever heard of a marine claiming fatigue? What did you enlist for?—what did you receive your bounty for?—what does his Majesty clothe your abominable carcase for, but to do your duty, and obey orders strictly and attentively?—and yet you dare to prate about fatigue, forsooth!—A very pretty story, indeed, to those who will believe you. Do you ever do any thing in the world to fatigue you, but loiter about your berth and the galley all day?—No, no, that won't do for me, I can tell you.”

“One dozen, your honour,” said the serjeant, pausing.

“Well, well, go on,” answered the captain, “come, quick, another boatswain's mate. A lazy scoundrel, that can't keep his eyes open; and yet dares to prate to me of his fatigue, and his sorrow, and all the rest on't.—Come, come, proceed, and give it him soundly.”

“Oh, gracious heaven! what shall I do?” groaned the shivering culprit. “Dear Mr. Fyke, so please you, sir, do speak a word for me.”

The unfortunate marine had now received eighteen lashes, when, whether from the private whispers of his first lieutenant, or that the high frenzy of his “fine rolling passion” had passed away, is not properly known; certain it is, however, that he suddenly ordered the sufferer to be cast loose; gave the serjeant a pretty sarcastic lecture on his gross negligence in not visiting the sentries oftener, and keeping them on the alert; and then, informing all hands he should surprise them with his news on the following morning, he ordered the boatswain to pipe down, and retired from the deck, followed by his officers.

“Faithfully, my dearest brother, shalt thou do thy work all the day,” whispered Dennis to our hero, as they left the deck, “and at night, dearly beloved, so that it plases me, will I rouse thee from thy pleasant sleep, to behold me give a poor overcome lobster a hearty thrashing!—By the powers of Moll Kelly, but that's a way of rigging out

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the commands, Father O'Neale never gave me the smallest notion of.—But I say, Ned, what the blazes is he going to surprise us with to-morrow? Can you tell me that, my darling?"

"To be sure I can, mate, and that without any extra trouble," returned our hero. "Doesn't recollect what big Rob told us? You'll see, if I'm not greatly mistaken, that he'll surprise us to-morrow, by rousing all hands an hour at least before day-light—boring us to death with rigging and niggling at something or other; and then, to crown the whole, the old 'Ral will board us when his time comes, lend us a few of his hands, and kick us out to sea again. Won't that be astonisher enough for you, mate?"

"Faith and troth will it, dear. Ubbaboo! what a spalpeen of a head I've got that couldn't see all this before—but then you're so cute, Ned."

"Not a whit of it, Denny; although I do certainly think, if we may believe the tall fellow at all, that it is all likely enough."

"Right again, Ned; and to show you I firmly believe every word on't, by the hookey, I'll instantly belay farther botheration about the matter, and haste me asleep as fast as I can. Do you the same, honey; for, by the piper of Leinster, if you are right, we'll have the devil's own day of it to-morrow. So good night, Ned; a sound slape to you, dear, and no more interruptions."

The morning came, and with it a more than usual quantum of duty; for muckle Rob's intelligence was correct. The admiral was that day to pay them a visit, and the severity of the scrubbing and cleaning was wisely proportioned to so great an honour. We choose, however, to push aside all preliminary ceremonials—the nice exactitude to which Mr. Marlin, from a boat a-head, squared the yards—how sleek and smooth the sails lay on their tops, and how trim the fresh-blacked gaskets looked on their bunts and quarters—how adroitly the life-lines were rove, for the purpose of manning the yards—and, above all, the many ingenious expedients resorted to, both by gentlemen and commoners, some of them doubtless ludicrous enough, in order to make themselves look as smart as possible in

the august presence; we pass all these, and hasten to bring our reader down to the moment when the guardship's signal gun had announced that the admiral was about to enter his barge.

In the Tottumfog every thing was in order and readiness. The marines were already stationed, in full twig, under arms, beaft the mainmast; all hands were on deck, dressed as gay and as uniform as their means or their ingenuity could devise; and the cue having already been given them, every man waited in death-like silence for the word to spring to the station appointed him. These moments of suspense were very brief; for a second gun having given warning that the admiral had shoved off, Lieutenant Fyke immediately sung out, *All hands, man the yards—away aloft!* when away they sprung, and in a few moments the Tottumfog assumed a very imposing appearance.

The day, though cold, was remarkably fine; and the stately barge, as befitted the unusual quality of her cargo, came on with infinite gravity to the slowly-measured sweeps of her verdant-coloured oars. At length she made alongside: the boatswain and his mates trilled their silver-calls; the drummer gave three long continued rolls; the marines presented arms; the admiral and his attendants came on board, and were received, in the very pink of naval costume, by Captain Switchem, at the head of his officers on the quarter-dock, uncovered.

The smiling admiral was carefully handed by the gallant captain to a splendid arm-chair, brought that very morning, for the occasion, from the Britannia Inn, which was appropriately ornamented with a leopard's skin, so skilfully contrived as not only to form a very showy seat, but to make that part of it which formerly enveloped the animal's head a mat for the feet of the hero. Seated thus, in as great state as circumstances would admit of, he now received and gave all the compliments and congratulations usual on such formal gala days; bepraised the vessel, her officers, and ship's company, to the very mast-head; and the important etiquette and ceremonials of introduction being at last adjusted, and every thing in readiness in the cabin, the admiral and his suite, at the request of Captain

Switchem, adjourned for the purpose of partaking of a slight refreshment, and examining the interior of the vessel. No sooner had the cortège disappeared from the deck, than Lieutenant Fyke, coming forward to the gangway, immediately sung out, *All hands, lie in!* when the yards were deserted in a trice, all hands hurrying down, and resuming their usual place in the two watches. Here they remained until the return of the admiral and his friends to the deck; who, after slowly walking along the front of the two lines, and giving utterance to many complimentary scraps in honour of their appearance, their spirit, health, &c. once more resumed his seat in the chair of honour, surrounded by the officers of his suite, and those belonging to the ship. The ship's books were now laid before him on a small card-table, surmounted with a newly unrolled union-jack, when Mr. Fudgeforit, rigged out in full holiday canonicals, called from another list the names of the whole ship's company individually, who, in answering to the call, immediately approached the admiral hat in hand, made their obeisance, and retired to the other side round the capstan.

The admiral, a little, plump, fresh-coloured, hale old man, highly powdered, and in full uniform, had previously signified to Captain Switchem that he wished to commemorate his visit to the Tottumfog by rewarding such of his crew with promotion as he and Lieutenant Fyke thought most deserving of it. Previous to commencing the muster, therefore, they had planted themselves on each side of his chair, to point out the several individuals on whom they wished him to bestow this favour. As these individuals, therefore, approached him, the admiral, after paying them a short but flattering compliment,—rendered doubly valuable by the good-humoured frankness with which it was bestowed,—shortly informed them, if landsmen, they were now to be rated ordinary; and if already ordinary, they were now to consider themselves able seamen. Among a great number thus unexpectedly promoted, were our hero and his friend Dennis Mahony, who, upon the representations of Lieutenant Fyke, were not only enrolled among the promoted, but received the admiral's word of honour that

their behaviour should be faithfully reported to the Admiralty—a species of recommendation, however, which both our hero and his friend had little cause afterwards to rejoice at.

Human ingenuity never invented a better plan to gild a bitter pill than this popular step of the admiral's; for, having gone over examining the whole ship's company individually, his next request to the captain was, that he would order all hands aft on the quarter-deck; when rising from his seat, and leaning on the capstan, he thus addressed them:—

“It is impossible for me, my lads, to tell you how proud I am to have such a band of fine smart fellows as the crew of this vessel now under my command. Your behaviour altogether has given me the highest satisfaction; but the result of your last cruise has so completely delighted me, for the coolness, the bravery, and the determined intrepidity with which you overcame every obstacle thrown in your way by the enemy, that it has determined me in selecting your vessel for a more important, honourable, and I trust it will prove to you all a more lucrative service. I am ready to confess to you that I really think you have hitherto fought more for honour than for any thing else; but I now mean to send you on a cruise where I hope you'll reap both honour and prize-money; besides earning that precious meed—the best and dearest to a British bosom—the applause of your King, and the gratitude of your Country. We live in times, my lads, when England really expects every man to do his duty. I am proud to say that I think hitherto you have done yours; and in order to encourage you, and give you the first and fairest chance of making prizes—for other vessels shall follow you as fast as they come in—I mean to despatch you to your destination this very afternoon; and I trust—nay, I shall rather say I am quite certain—I shall have no cause hereafter to regret that the van of my cruisers on that important station was led by the brave crew of his Majesty's sloop-of-war *Tottumfog*.—What say you, my brave fellows, do you all volunteer?”

Three hearty cheers was the reply.

"I expected nothing less from you, my lads," continued the gallant admiral, with a cheering smile; "and I thank you, not so much in my own name,—though I am very proud to have such as you under my command;—as I do in the name of your beloved King and Country, of whom you are already the boast and glory, and long may you continue so. And now Captain Switchem, and all of you, gentlemen, who have the pleasure of commanding such a spirited ship's company, I hope you will accept the humble thanks of one who knows something about, and I trust can appreciate, the great value of your eminent services. You may confidently rely, gentlemen, upon my faithful and warm report of them for the consideration of my Lords of Admiralty; and from that quarter, gentlemen, I have no doubt when I express my hope, that every one of you will receive an honourable as well as a lasting reward.

"To yourself, Captain Switchem, I have only further to add, that I shall transmit you sealed orders, with proper instructions, immediately after dinner; and shall take the same opportunity of sending you as many good and efficient hands as I can possibly spare. On receiving these I have no occasion to doubt but you will immediately get under weigh—the promptitude and zeal of your professional character is guarantee for that. Wishing you, therefore, my good sir, and you, gentlemen, along with your gallant crew, fine weather and a successful cruise, I beg leave, for a time at least, to bid you all farewell."

Having concluded his speech, the admiral was preparing to withdraw, by making towards the gangway; when seeing Lieutenant Fyke about to give the command for again manning the yards, he at once arrested the order, with the good-humoured exclamation of, "Oh no, captain, by no means; the poor fellows have plenty before them for one day already." Halting at the gangway ladder, while his suite were getting into the barge, he turned, and gracefully lifted his hat to the officers, who returned the compliment with three cheers, in which they were lustily joined by the crew. The old gentleman seemed highly gratified, for his eyes glistened as he repeated the salute; then

shaking Captain Switchem heartily by the hand, he descended into his barge. Again were the muskets presented, the drum rolled, and the whistles blown. The show was at an end ; for the barge shoved off, and the Tottumfog's crew were left to chew the cud of silent reflection.

It gives us pleasure to record, in closing this chapter, that muckle Rob, ever faithful to his trust, and as if he had been watching the opportunity, came spanking alongside in Tibby, shortly after the admiral's departure, with all the wished-for and much-wanted sea-stores, letters, and clean and repaired clothing ; which at once put the hearts of most of his almost despairing employers completely at ease. The admiral's orders and draft of men coming also on board punctually at the hour appointed, the fore-topsail immediately fell from the yard, a gun was fired, and Blue Peter once more fluttered at the mast-head. All hands were in a state of the most strenuous exertion ; and, long before another hour had elapsed, the Tottumfog was to be seen standing down the Forth, in gallant style, under every inch of canvas she could carry—while doubtless, from the shore, many a disappointed and faithful loving heart, and many a straining and tear-bedimmed eye—wife, mother, or sweetheart—as her white sails gradually receded from view, would, sighing, vent its complaints in language something similar to the good old melancholy stave—

“ Oh cruel cruel were the hands that tore my love from me !
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love to sea !
The wind it blew, the ship it flew, the tear it fill'd my e'e ;
Yet I'll love my love, because I know my love loves me.”

CHAPTER XVI.—THE STORM.

When the blue lightnings gleam athwart the sky;
The madden'd waves drive mountains high;
When absent every grace and beauty:
When the whizzing ball around him flies,
And his bosom-friend before him dies;
The storm and the fight he must both despise,
For Jack must do his duty!

FAVOUR'D as she was with a cracking breeze, the saucy Tottumfog speedily gained the latitude in which her commander was at liberty to open his sealed orders, which he had the mortification to find condemned him to a three months' cruise in the stormy circle of from Santeroe to Christiansand, thence across to the Moray Firth, and from thence by Shetland to Santeroe; a station at all times very disagreeable, but one which, in the wintry months, requires a skill, a vigilance, an equality and patience of temper, and, above all, a coolness of judgment, rarely the lot of any single individual. It is hardly possible, indeed, to give any thing like a *good* idea of the privations, the hardships, and the complete absence of every comfort, which the luckless crew of a small war-vessel must endure in this gloomy region of clouds, and sleets, and storms. These of themselves are evils enough; but when to these is added, the vigilance peculiar to a cruiser—the absolute necessity of examining, if possible, every sail that peers on the horizon around them; thus constantly driving away at full stretch, shortening and making sail at every sudden change of the most capricious weather—a faint but a very inadequate notion may be formed of their uncomfortable situation.

Such as it was, however, the Tottumfog continued, for nearly two weeks, to knock about these inclement seas, in still more inclement weather, without meeting with any incident worthy of record, if we except an almost continued

chasing or being chased by one or other of our cruisers, with which the North Sea at that time abounded. At the end of that short period, a troubled Sabbath had passed away amid the most unceasing contentions with wind, rain, and sleet; when Edward, and his companions of the watch, sad, wet, and weary, were allowed to retire from the deck, for an uncertain and precarious repose during the first watch. They gladly retired, indeed, but not to sleep; for the weather, which had during the day been uncommonly fitful and lowering, towards evening assumed such a gloomy appearance to windward, as made even the most experienced veterans of the watch quake, while they shook their heads, and announced in their gravest tones a coming gale of wind.

"Och, and the devil fly away with this cursed, cowl'd, ill-natured quarter of the world, say I!" cried Dennis Mahony, wringing the water from his long black hair; "and bad luck to the ould gentleman who sent us here, when we were all so comfortable and merry! By the powers, now! if my hair isn't as full of the drench as a sponge; and the never an inch of me but's as wet and wheezy as thof I'd been at work, like a duck, all day in a gutter!—Och, och! in faith, Mahony, you're in for it now, boy!—Whew, whew!—ay, my darlings, there it comes again, and bad luck to it—a fresh hand at the bellows, I declare!—Och, och! we may all stand clear, for, soul of me, but we'll have a night on't, I'm afraid. But, ubbaboo! what's the use of grumbling, after all? troth, we must face it, blow as it likes, that's for sartain. Cheer up, then, says I to my own beautiful self, and never say die, for the devil a morsel of good it will do you."

"And belike 'twill do you as little harm," growled a stern voice from a corner.

"I do not see you, honey, or, faith and troth, but I could answer you without snivelling," replied the indignant Dennis; "ay could I, the devil a doubt's on't. But if you're all determined to sing dumb at once, why, 'tis all one to Mahony. By the powers, now! and you may all sit there, with your hands in your beackets, as dull and melancholy as oysters, for ever and a day, so it likes you;

but for my own part I'll even go and prepare for the worst, that if so be as the ould hooker is determined to go down with us, I may go to the bottom comfortably, like a good son of the church, as Father O'Neale used to say."

Thus rambled away the lively and loquacious Dennis, without any one deigning him a word of answer; all were so completely crest-fallen and spiritless, partly through their wet and uncomfortable situation, partly from sheer fatigue, and doubtless there were not a few whose hearts were full of inquietude or terror in the fearful looking-for of coming evil. A most determined and unnatural sullen silence, therefore, almost universally prevailed, only partially interrupted by the few who were following Mahony's example, and were busily shifting their clothes in order to meet the expected storm with a small portion of more personal comfort. Of these our hero was one; and having made as much alteration in his dress as his stinted wardrobe would admit of, he had thrown aside his wet jacket, and lay stretched on the top of his hammock, where, despite the noise on deck, he was just sinking into a doze, when he was roused by his inexhaustible friend, Dennis, bawling all along the deck, "Davies, Davies! I say, Ned Davies, where the blazes are you?"

"Where should I be but in my hammock," cried our hero, a little chagrined; "why, what want you now?"

"Och, the devil a haypurth," cried Mahony, approaching him; "just lie still, my darling, and I'll be with you in a moment.—Have you douced your wet gear?"

"Certainly I have, Denny, as far as I'm able."

"Well, well, that's just being after so far right, honey," continued his lively friend. "Now you see, Ned, knowing that you are rather shortish in the rigging way, and having a somewhat to spare for the use of a pell, I have brought it with me, if you won't take it amiss."

"Oh, never fear, Denny, I take nothing amiss from you; but what have you brought with you?"

"Why then, Ned, since you take it so pleasantly, which by the soul of me I am happy to see, I'll just at once say that it's the never a thing more nor less than a tolerably goodish pair of trowsers, and dry drawers to put under

them, that's all, dear. But mind me, mate, the trowsers are riglar North Ferries, made of devilish good seal-skin, and will cover you, short legs and all, ay, up to the breast-bone, honey; so, without any more palavering, jump out, on with them, and welcome. Come, Ned, be lively, dear; for, from a bit of a squint I was taking up the fore hatch-way, I expect we'll be called every moment. They've already furled the foresail, after a terrible battle, and are now busy doing the same with the fore-topsail; so there's morsels of comfort to ye, dear. Come, come, ubbaboo! jump out, you lazy rogue you; sure this is not a time for slapeing or prating. Jump out, there's a jewel now, and slip them on at once. They will keep you as dry and comfortable as a rat in a haystack; and, faith and troth, dear, it's myself that can tell from experience, that never a thing in this world will flatten a fellow's courage sooner than the being in a soak from the small ribs downwards. That's it, Ned, on they go; stop now, and I'll lend you a hand—there now—brace tighter up, my dear fellow—that is the mark, honey! you're as compact and firm now as my ould grandame was in her wooden boddice, and ripe and ready for it, blow as it will. I'll be bound to say you'll feel lighter in these than in your own pair of wet heavy woollens, with the never a dry rag under them."

"I do indeed feel a great difference, Denny; but I hope, my dear fellow, I haven't robbed you?"

"Och, by the powers of war, let Paddy alone for that, gragh!" cried Dennis, with a titter. "Just be after feeling me, darling; why, lad, I'm seal-skin to the mast-head—trowsers, frock-jacket, hooded, and booted, and every thing, all as one as thof I were going a harpooning again. Had I possessed another frock-jacket it's yourself should have had it also; but a little you know, Ned, is better than nothing at all at all."

"I believe you, my good Denny," cried Edward, shaking his trusty friend warmly by the hand; "and I not only sincerely thank you for that little, which is every thing to me, but I hope I shall live to——"

"Bah, bah!" cried Dennis, effectually halting our hero, by clapping his hands on his mouth; "spake not in that

way, Ned, whatever you do, I beseech you; for if I do any thing to please you, dear, I may safely say I do it, because, d'ye see, somehow or other, I can't help it—nay, hang me, I'm compelled to it. There's a something about you that's bewitched your Mahony since the first day he saw you; for I really and truly do like you, Ned, all as one as thof you were a piece of my dear self, and that's my ould mother's son, dear. But avast to such nonsense; rather hear you how dreadfully it roars—by the mass! but that is something like a North Sea burster! Och, murder and turf! but we promise to have a pleasant watch of it, that's certain, dear!—Hark, now! just listen a moment or so—there it is again, there it is, mate of mine, with a vengeance! Soul of me! but the lads on the yard will have their work to do, if the squall don't prove too strong for them. Eh—what—och, just as I expected, they're singing out for Tom Bird, thof we haven't been an hour below yet. Och, och, stand by, my dear boy, for both a jolly tug and a cruel swate with that screaming noisy royster, ould Mother Shiver-the-mizen."

Dennis, though a rapid speaker, had hardly concluded, when the pipe sounded *All hands, ahoy!* and the whole hurrying on deck, a scene presented itself to the eyes of our hero so sublime, so terrifically grand and awful, that he stood fixed and gazing on it, for a few moments, with a mixture of admiration and fear.

When he had left the deck to turn in for repose, the sky to windward had assumed a very ugly threatening aspect, the clouds in that quarter gradually getting blacker and darker; while ever and anon a small black portion would be detached from the gathering mass, producing as it passed overhead a squall of shorter or longer duration, according to its strength, generally accompanied with hail, sleet, or snow. It was to aid the watch in one of these conflicts that all hands had been called; and this opportune reinforcement of strength speedily enabled the top-men to furl the sail, and once more regain the deck in a state of considerable exhaustion.

Though the same grim and threatening appearance still continued to windward, yet the sky overhead was serene,

of the darkest blue, studded with innumerable stars, shining and twinkling with the most brilliant lustre, while the clear full moon marched her glorious way in all the beauty of a frosty night. It was, indeed, a bitter breathing frost; but, as most of the hands were in some measure prepared, it was unheeded, if not unfelt, in the almost general notice the singular appearance of the moon attracted. Round her outer edge gradually grew a halo of the most brilliant colours, every way similar, if not superior, to the most vivid tints of the summer's rainbow, which, momentarily enlarging, shed a lustre around her sublimely beautiful. She seemed to be, as it were, set in a divinely magnificent frame, and shone with an effulgence so bright and so lovely, that our hero could not help ejaculating, as with admiration and awe he gazed on the beautiful marvel, "How great art thou, and how wonderful in all thy works, O God!" Very different were the sentiments of his seniors on deck. Experience had taught them to look on all this beauty only as the deceitful smile before the coming storm; and of course to brace up their hearts and hands to meet it with firmness and with courage.

"Why, I knew it!" cried old Bill Lyson; "I was certain we should catch it; for mind me, my mates, and you will see it, that the moment she douces that flashy fall-lall of a ring of hers, and becomes like herself again, that moment the gale will commence, you may take my word on't. But what is our officer about?—oh, twigging her through his glass. Bah, bah, stupid! I'd rather wish you'd commence making snug, instead of standing there gazing up at her, like mad Jane of Jersey."

"Why, don't you think we're snug, Bill?"

"No, nor half snug, as you'll shortly find to your cost, my lad," answered Lyson gruffly.

Just at this moment Captain Switchem, awakened by the turning up all hands, came on deck in his nightgown: "Well, Doeboy, what do you think of the weather now?" was his inquiry.

"It is rather unsettled, sir," answered the second lieutenant, "and has a surly and threatening aspect. Indeed, I fear me, we shall have a gale, and a stiff one too."

"Yes, it does look roughly," said the captain, gazing around him. "I think you had better take advantage of all the people being on deck, and make everything as snug as possible. I do not like that moon at all, nor indeed the whole appearance of the heavens; for I was once in a most disastrous hurricane in the West Indies, and I think they had pretty much the same aspect. Do be alive, and commence operations without delay."

"There spoke a seaman," cried Bill Lyson, in an under tone, to those about him: "faith, I shall love him better now than ever I did.—Stand by, good topsail sheets."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a fresh squall, which had blown for some time, now became so furious, that the weather main topsail-sheet gave way, and the sail was in ribbons in a moment. After a fight of equal fatigue and danger, by as many hands as could get crowded on the yard, the tattered sail was at length secured, firmly tied together by the reef-points, and lowered to the deck. The topmen had now to wait amid a most tremendous blast, accompanied by hail and sleet, until another was brought on deck and hoisted to the top, when, reeving fresh sheets, it was speedily hauled out and made fast to the yard; then, favoured by a momentary lull, it was quickly close-reefed and furled. Rolling tackles, and preventer sheets and braces, were next clapped on the yards; the storm trysail, main stay-sail and storm-jib, got up and set; the yards were lowered to the cap; topgallant-masts sent down, and topmasts struck; jib-boom hauled in, and spritsail yard lashed fore and aft; the guns and boats doubly secured, and the fore hatchway tarpaulin battened down. In short, every precaution the captain and first lieutenant (who was now on deck) could think of, was taken to make the vessel snug and easy.

The uproar of the elements now became terrific, and blew a perfect hurricane. The main hatchway was therefore also battened down; and measures were actually in preparation for hurling the guns overboard, when the captain, observing that the wind kept steady to a point, and that the Tottumfog, being an excellent sea-boat, made tolerable good weather of it, shipping very little water, he

countermanded the order, ordering all the watch to go aft on the quarter-deck. There, huddled close together abaft the wheel, a scene presented itself to our hero and his shivering companions, at once appalling, terrible, and horrific. The lovely moon and stars had retired, and given place to the most pitchy darkness; the sea, absolutely on fire, and lashed into sparkling foam as far as the eye could reach, ran roaring and flying before the screaming wind in the tremendous form of Alpine mountains—the whole rendered still more dreadful and appalling by the light blue lightning, which ever and anon would shoot athwart the gloomy expanse in a zigzag career; while the “poor devoted bark,” uncommonly hard beset, quivered at every plunge of her bows, and groaned at every stroke she received from the maddened ocean. Now would she topple to the very gates of heaven on the summit of a wave crowned with white foam, which hissed, and swirled, and sputtered, as if rejoicing over her certain destruction; and now was she hurled downward, with amazing velocity, into a deep watery valley, where the next coming wave seemed hurrying onward to bury her in its turmoiled bosom. The scene was awful; the silence complete; and nothing was more earnestly wished for than the blessed light of day.

The day at length did dawn, but the dull grey light only brought with it an accumulation of horrors; nothing being now to be seen from the summit of the highest wave, but another still more majestically dreadful advancing to the charge. The situation of the crew at this period can be more easily imagined than described. Awestruck and spiritless, worn out with fatigue, and rendered stiff and uncomfortable from a freezing blast of hail and snow, those on deck kept huddled together in the most complete silence, except an occasional whisper, gazing with various emotions on the awful scene before them; while those below, though less exposed to the fierce conflicting elements, had to encounter superstition in all its various forms of terror. One fellow swore, that during the night he had twice seen, by aid of the lightning, the flying Dutchman, dashing away, as usual, in the face of the

tempest's loudest roar; another, that he was sure the vessel had sprung a leak, as he could hear the rush of the water into the hold quite distinctly; and a third still more confidently asserted, that, while at the wheel, he heard the captain and first lieutenant say, that they thought she would never be able to weather it in her present crippled state, and was sure of foundering if the gale continued much longer; but they both agreed that it was best to keep this secret to themselves. Now, besides all these omens and prognostics of evils to come, there were others of actual existence, which were enough, of themselves, to render their present situation utterly disheartening and melancholy. By the seas which had struck her, and by her often running a considerable space with her nose under water, the vessel's lower deck was completely swamped, and clothes-bags, culinary utensils, wash-tubs, in fact every thing moveable, floated to and fro with the rolling vessel, at the discretion of the water contained in her. If, therefore, the upper deck was cold and comfortless, the lower was equally so, from the absence of all light but the miserable twinklings of the purser's candles through a horn-glazed lantern; the deck all afloat and hourly accumulating; and, above all, the absence of fire, and of course the utter impossibility of shifting their wet clothes, or even drying themselves. Add to this, a continual state of alarm, which effected a complete banishment of all sleep, with a grievous irregularity in the supply of every article of food, and the picture of the Tottumfog's crew's misery is filled up, for the long and dreary period of five days and six nights, during which the storm raged with unabated fury. During all this time no observation could be taken; the reckoning itself was even doubtful; and the captain and his officers were in the highest perplexity. At length, on Saturday, the wind moderating a little, Captain Switchem was enabled to make some additional sail; when the same afternoon brought him within sight of the small island of Anholt: from thence he speedily gained Wingo Sound, and anchored under the lee of the British admiral, whose flag waved over the proud poop of the far-famed Victory.

Here they naturally expected a season of repose; but such had been the ravages of the storm in the loss of ships and men, that their services were immediately put in requisition; and the sails were hardly furled, when Captain Switchem was given to understand by notice from the admiral, that he must prepare to take the rear of a convoy in waiting to proceed up the Little Belt without delay. Passive obedience is the order of the day in the fleet; so grumbling was out of the question. He returned directly on board; and the astonishment of both officers and men may be guessed, when the first order he gave was, "Mr. Fyke, up topgallant-masts, and cross the yards as quickly as possible, if you please. Tell Fireball to get four guns ready as fast as he can; and as soon as you get the masts up, tell Marlin to pipe all hands up anchor. We must resume our march, Fyke, as the rear-guard of that convoy there awaiting us; it seems there is no other vessel fit for the duty in the Sound. I am going below to write a few lines; do keep a sharp eye on the admiral; for the old fellow is all impatience, and no doubt will be inquiring what is the matter, if we don't look sharp. I told him I would hoist the union the moment we were ready, and fire a gun. I'll tell you more hereafter;—meantime, for heaven's sake, be active, my dear fellow, and get on."

"I'll do my best endeavour, sir," said Lieutenant Fyke, as the captain retired.

The hurly-burly now commenced, with all that vigour, bustle, and alacrity, so peculiar to the naval service. The masts rose, and the yards were crossed, with uncommon dispatch; the foretopsail was dropped, and the union flew at the mast-head to the sound of a gun, with the anchor a-trip, long before the admiral could reasonably have expected it. The gun was immediately answered by the admiral's signal for the convoy to get under weigh directly—an order which was gladly obeyed by the impatient merchantmen; and after seeing them all pass, headed by a frigate as commodore, and flanked on each side by a gun-brig, the Tottumfog took her station in the rear, and her crew partaking of a hasty supper, once more got under weigh, after a few hours' leisure in the Sound of Wingo.

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"Now, may I be hanged, lads," cried one of the Adamants, impatiently, "but this fairly beats cock-fighting. Zounds! no sooner in than out again! By the Royal George, but 'tis enough to make a fellow jump overboard. Why, here it is now; I've only been on board this here hooker but a very few weeks, and I'll be sworn my Bible oath, as I've had more of short commons, and gone through more fatigue, than I've done, ay, for the last ten years at least. Why, mates, you ain't allowed time here even to swallow a morsel of victuals; and as for sleep, or anything like a comfortable rest, why that there is completely out of the question. If this here is to be the way on't, I wish from my soul I were once more on board the old Adamant again."

"I don't doubt but you do, shipmate," cried Jack Sykes, sarcastically, "seeing as how you know there's a trifling bit of a difference between a guardo and a sea-goer. You had a snug billet enough of it yonder; loblollying it away, day after day, from your hammock to the galley, and from the galley to your hammock again. No wonder you growls. Why, you were all as one as little officers, i'faith; but here, my lad, you'll learn to know what duty actually is."

"Why, as to duty, shipmate," retorted the Adamant, surlily, "I believes as how there's ne'er a one in your hooker—ay, from the highest to the lowest on ye—can teach me anything I doesn't know already; and as to your snug billet you so scoff about, I doesn't say but what it is all well enough, thof this I will say, that 'tis little enough as a reward for a fellow who has been knocking about over all the world for the last fifteen years, and made more ducks for his napper belike, than ever you had any occasion to do."

"Ay, matey," cried Jack Sykes, on whom the words *fifteen years* acted like magic; "fifteen years, did you say? Why, after running such a gauntlet, I *will* say they cannot make too much on ye.—But where wert all that time, old ship? Always in the sea-going way, eh? My eye, fifteen years! Zounds, you must have made vast sights of prize-money, my old blade."

"More kicks than haypence, my lad," replied the Adamant, somewhat mollified. "Zounds, I were hardly warm in the service, when I was wrecked on the French coast, a-threshing a large hooker as brought your soldier gear over to Ireland, and that was my first kicking—howsoever, she were wrecked herself, and that was some small satisfaction. Then I was a prisoner among the parleyvoos a good long while, when a parcel of us contrived to cut our sticks to the water's edge, where we had another kicking, and a hearty one too, ere we succeeded in taking an old lousy boat from a mob of your fishing chaps as wouldn't let us shove off to sea peaceably; and last of all, d'ye see, to mend the matter, the Ardent took us up in the Channel, when we were all nearly ready to eat one another, and bundled us off with her up the Mediterranean, where we were kept at it night and day, and soundly kicked to boot, for the best part of a couple of years. From the Ardent I were chucked into the Audacious, and then followed another kicking on the first of August——"

"The Nile business, you mean, old ship?" interrupted Sykes.

"Undoubtedly," replied the veteran. "Well, as I was saying, I got a hearty kicking in that there job: then we came home, and I were chucked, with some thirty more, from the Audacious, into Haslar, where the doctors, d—n them, gave me the worst kicking of them all.—But avast, for what is the use of prating any more about it?—it's over, and thank God we can still do our duty. All I shall say is this, my good fellows, that if none on you ever get a better berth than a guardo after such a length of service, I'll be sworn you'll think yourselves scurvily dealt with, that's all."—So saying, the veteran turned on his heel, and with considerable dignity walked slowly away.

For several days after this the convoy was slowly making its way up the Cattegat, and had got as far as the island of Samsoe, when the troubles and vexations attending a convoy began. The instructions of the commanders of the vessels of war compelled them at all hazards to see the merchantmen safely beyond the Danish territory, when

they might leave them at liberty to pursue their respective routes, whether to Dantzic, Memel, Riga, over to Stockholm, or up to St. Petersburg. They considerably exceeded in number two hundred sail, of all shapes and sizes; and, among such a diversity, it may easily be imagined that the number was not small, who, compared with the rest, were, for every purpose of sailing, no better than mere washing-tubs, which could neither keep the pace nor the wind with their companions, but were continually wambling to leeward, or lagging far behind in the rear. These hog-troughs, when any way numerous, were ever a bone of contention in a convoy—and not without good reason. The anxiety, and even impatience, of shipmasters generally to reach their destined port, is well known: when, therefore, they found themselves retarded in their voyage by the impotent efforts of such slow crawling craft, and kept in complete restraint by the conducting vessels of war, who did not hesitate to keep them in due subordination by sending over them a shot now and then, their anger and vexation was often very apparent. It may be easily imagined, then, what a series of petty squabbling went on between the commanders of the war vessels and merchantmen during their slow progress into the Baltic. In fact, we do not know a more vexatious or teasing employment a British naval officer can be put to than the conduct of a large and ill-assorted convoy. He stands for a time between two fires; for while, for his own honour and the safety of the underwriters, he must strictly enforce his instructions, the shipmasters, on the other hand, irked and soured in their tempers by the sluggish crawling of a number of their companions, and by the stern discipline which compels them to await their progress, knowing their cargo to be insured, and eager to be at an end of their journey, rather choose to run all risks alone, by embracing the first opportunity of hazy or stormy weather, and thus take what is called a French leave of their guardians. This is well known to naval commanders, and they occasionally are put to no small share of trouble and vigilance to prevent it; accordingly, it was the regular custom, in large convoys, while the van ship of war kept

the swift vessels and front of the convoy in check and together, the rear one brought up the stragglers, sometimes by forcing them to make more sail, and sometimes by taking them in tow, which system was commonly persevered in until the signal was made by the commodore to close for the night. We have thought it necessary to be thus particular, as explanatory to some of our readers of what we are immediately to narrate.

We have already said that the convoy had got up as far as the island of Samsøe. As they were now approaching the enemy's coast, the commodore thought it advisable, after ordering the convoy to close, to hang out the signal for the shipmasters to come on board his frigate, when, after giving them every necessary instruction as to his future signals, &c. by day and night, and the strongest injunctions, and even threats, to obey them promptly and implicitly, he dismissed the meeting. They were hardly on board their vessels again, when he hoisted the signal to make all sail, and being favoured with a fine breeze, they stretched away, and held on cheerily till dusk, when he fired his usual gun to close for the night, which being repeated by the other vessels of war, the whole fleet came to an anchor at the mouth of the Little Belt.

"I say, Mahony," cried Tom Bird, "wert ever up the Little Belt, my hearty?"

"No, Tom, never," replied Dennis; "but soul of me, but I've been up the Sound and the Great Belt, as they call it; and I'll not forget the great sound belting I caught in the pair of them, in a hurry, dear. Och, but they're a cowardly set of spalpeens them there Danskes after all, gragh; though troth I will say it, they fought fairly enough, and in open daylight in the Sound: but in the Great Belt, as they call it, by St. Patrick they had neither honour nor conscience. The never the like on't ever you saw. There would we be lying awaiting and awaiting on 'em, and doing nothing at all at all, for the whole blessed day—for d'ye see they'd never show face; but halt a little—as soon as the sun went down, and their cursed fogs began to spring up, and to darken everything around us, why then out they came in these cursed row-

boats of theirs, and would keep every soul of us, boats and all, as lively and busily employed as the devil in a gale of wind. Now who, d'ye think, but a coward loves to fight in the dark, where you don't know what you're about, swating and firing away mayhap at nothing at all at all, unless, to be sure, you should happen to come bolt against one of their row-boats, when there is nothing to be had but murder and broken heads, just as thof 'twere all in the way of good humour, as we say in Ireland, dear; it being so thundering dark all the time that you can't, so save me! know your friends from your foes! Och, by St. Patrick, and bad luck to them, their belts, and their beltings in darkness too, say I! If they'd give us fair daylight for it, I'd have never the single objection to make one at any time. Indeed, Tom, I may say it is my nature, sure; for, soul of me, but I've loved never a thing better than a good sharp quilting-match ever since I was the size of a sodger's ramrod, my darling."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, mate," cried Bird, laughing, "you may stand clear once more to have a quilting or two in the dark, for we're just entering the very place to receive it, I can tell you. Why, my lad, I remember as well as 'twere yesterday, of being up here, some two or three years gone now, in the old Bounty of Lynne. She was a regular whaler, you know, but some how or other she missed the ice that year by being in dock; so we were going to Memel for wood, by way of keeping her hand in. Well, going to Memel for wood, as I were saying, we were in ballast, you knows, and had never a thing for any one to steal, as you'll guess, but our grub, and that we couldn't and wouldn't part with neither to Danes nor devils, mind me. All this, however, wouldn't hinder your Danskes from paying us a nightly visit, ay, and sometimes two, no doubt to see what they could pick up, seeing as how we were just in a convoy the same as we have now in company. Well, we had only two muskets in the hooker, and d—d bad ones they were; but what did that argulfy, my lad, when we had all our harpoons, fish-knives, and other gear of that there sort on board, and were to the full as well accustomed to the dark as they

were; so we got all them there things on deck, and held ourselves always in readiness, d'ye see, in case they should attempt to harm the old Bounty. 'Twas devilish lucky we did so; for one night they made a most desperate attempt at boarding us; so we up knives, and handled them so lustily, that I'll be hanged now, Mahony, if I doesn't think we did more execution with them than we could have done with gunpowder. Why, man, old Bluff, our skipper, got a power of money from the owners for that there job; and they also gave us all, man and boy, a jolly good dinner, with grog to the mast-head, my boy, and a whole silver crown a head to boot; so that it wasn't such a bad night's work after all."

"Och, in faith, and it was pretty fairish, Tom," cried Dennis; "'twill be long, however, before you make such a good night's work here, honey.—Ay, darling, so I'm in for this same night-fighting again? well, by the hookey, I never liked it, gragh, for I always thought it were something like blindfolding a fellow, and then giving him the challenge for the first tip of a shillelah.—Soul of me (scratching his head), but, after all, I've always my own blessed luck—I mane, sure, I'm never out of a good thing, if there is anything to do at all at all. Well, well, Dennis, you can go down but once! so the devil fly away with all cowardly considerations; for, as old Slushyfists sings,—

A fig for thinking, boys, when you're drinking, boys,
And all coward melancholy!—
Stick to drinking, boys, when you're sinking, boys,
Then you'll go down blithe and jolly!"

And with this very objectionable, though truly characteristic stave, we shall close the conversation.

The convoy soon found that Bird's remarks were true to a letter; but such was the care and vigilance of the commodore and other commanders, in making them lie very close together, and keeping their whole boats rowing guard around them during the night, that though the Danes made generally a nightly desperate sweep or two athwart channel, yet they always found the convoy so compactly formed and so vigilantly guarded, that for many nights nothing occurred, if we except the alarm necessarily

created among the merchantmen as the desperadoes pushed their way through the fleet in four or five places at once. In this irksome manner, however, they continued to be nightly harassed by a vigilant and intrepid enemy; but still nothing worthy of notice occurred until they had passed the island of Alsen, and lay between those of Arroe and Slesvig, which may be called the mouth of the Baltic. Here the channel widening considerably, neither persuasions nor threats could induce the merchantmen to lie so close together as they had hitherto done, and the guard boats having thus a much larger circle to describe, and to row against a current which ran here at the rate of from two and a half to three miles an hour, were necessarily farther separated from one another. This the watchful Dane speedily observed, and resolved to avail himself of. Making choice, therefore, of an exceedingly dark and foggy night, and choosing the hour of midnight, when he knew the crews of the guard-boats were getting their relief, he made a desperate dash into the fleet with a numerous flotilla of open boats from both sides of the channel, when such an uproar commenced amongst the merchantmen as beggars all description. Guns, muskets, pistols, flash-pans, blue-lights, and devils, were roaring and blazing amongst them as far as could be seen in all directions, whilst the air resounded with the shouts and cries of turmoil and desperation.

Captain Switchem and his officers were immediately on deck, and for a space were exceedingly puzzled in what manner to act. This irresolution, however, was only for a moment; for, with his usual decision, Captain Switchem, addressing his second in command, said, "I really think, Fyke, we should weigh directly. The alarm appears to be so general, that I'm certain the attack must be more than usually formidable—besides, you'll remark the hour is exceedingly well chosen. Of course, to man the boats is absurd, since they could be of no effective use. Get in the boats, therefore, as fast as you can, and let us have the anchor up without a moment's delay. I'm certain some of the convoy must be adrift ere now, and will need our assistance. Don't you think so?"

"I agree with you entirely, sir," replied Lieutenant Fyke, "and shall fly to execute your orders." Then coming forward, he cried, "Boatswain's-mate, turn up every soul on deck directly. Hook on the boats' tackle-falls. Forward there, bring to the small bower cable!—Come, jump, my lads, and man the capstan;—cheerily now, and away with her!—Pshaw! you piping blockhead—we want no whiffing at midnight—put your fife in your bosom, you scoundrel, and clap your shoulders to the bars. Fore and maintops there, cast loose the topsails! Forecastle there, is the jib ready?—Haul of all! Well done, my lads, very well done indeed; come, cheerily, my hearts, another tug and away she goes. That will do, my boys, belay, belay! By my honour, captain (coming aft), we've just been fifteen minutes.—Now, sir, pray how d'ye mean to steer?"

"Thwart and thwart channel, most undoubtedly, Fyke," replied the captain; "because it strikes me that if they've succeeded in boarding any of the convoy, which, however, I have very small doubts of, the current will carry her down a considerable way, I should think, ere they can overcome the crew and make sail. If we fail in this, we can then stand up along shore on both sides as close as our own safety will admit of. By that time I think it will be about day-break, when, if nothing has happened, we can easily resume our station, you know."

"We'll require a good hand in both chains in that case," said Lieutenant Fyke.

"Oh, of course, you know, Fyke; and particularly when we stand in," replied Captain Switchem. "Order two of our best to hold themselves in readiness."

"I shall, sir.—Boatswain's-mate, send the captain of the foretop this way."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Bird. "Captain of the foretop! d'ye hear there, you Sinclair? you're wanted on the quarter-deck."

"Oh, Sinclair, said Lieutenant Fyke, "pick out two of your best leadsmen, and let them be ready when called for. Harkee, Sinclair, you had better have four—'twill be a relief, you know, for 'tis a cursed cold morning."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Sinclair, going forward.

The Tottumfog now continued to pursue the track pointed out by her captain, without meeting any thing worthy of notice; but as soon as day-light appeared, a large brig was discovered to be on shore, a little to the northward of Slesvig, which the Danes were pillaging with infinite alacrity. Captain Switchem immediately stood away to her assistance, but soon discovered, by the depth of water, that he could only near her enough to bring her within the range of his guns. He therefore lost not a moment in placing the Tottumfog's broadside to the shore, and immediately gave the marauders such repeated volleys of round and grape as speedily made them fly in all directions, at the same time telegraphing the commodore for further orders. This was answered by the arrival of the frigate's launch, and all her larger boats, crowded with men, and headed by a junior lieutenant, with the commodore's orders to desist firing, as the vessel might be injured by the shot, and as he was determined to try to pull her off. Captain Switchem immediately manned his large and small cutters, and being joined by the largest boats of the gun-brigs, the whole advanced to the stranded brig with the utmost swiftness and intrepidity, covered by the fire of the Tottumfog.

While matters were thus proceeding on the water, the Danes on the land were not idle. The beach on which they had stranded the vessel was a fine, open, sandy plain, which, rising gradually from the water's edge, terminated in a little knoll, beautifully verdant, and variegated here and there with patches of dwarf birch and other brushwood. A windmill, in full action, occupied a conspicuous place in front; and a little farther to the southward, the leaden-coloured wooden steeple of Slesvig showed its vane above a grove of lofty fir and pine-trees. On such an unsheltered and whitened beach, it was easy for the Tottumfog's ship's company, now stationed at quarters, to observe, while the boats were collecting, the armed inhabitants coming pouring down in hundreds to the water's edge, and the four-horse field artillery making for the same quarter at full gallop. These latter speedily chose sta-

tions for their guns among the sand-hills, and long before the boats left the lee side of the Tottumfog, stood ready to give them a warm reception.

"'Pon my honour, Fyke," exclaimed Captain Switchem, attentively examining the proceedings on shore, "this affair is assuming a more formidable appearance than I had the smallest idea of. Gracious heaven! what a quantity of people, and all armed too! Oh, they'll never haul her off in the face of such a force, in this world. I think we must go farther in, if it is possible, Fyke, otherwise these gunners will dash the boats into splinters in a twinkling.—Chains, there! what water have we, my lad?"

"Deep eight half nine, sir, and the flood setting in," answered the leadsman.

"Ah, well said, my good fellow, that is excellent," said the captain; "but, pray, how d'ye know the flood is setting in?"

"Because, please your honour," answered the leadsman, touching his long bushy forelocks, "about ten minutes gone I hove——"

"Ah, well, my fine fellow," interrupted the captain eagerly, "and what had you then?"

"The mark seven, please your honour," returned the leadsman.

"Oh, a very good reason indeed, my lad.—By the by, Fyke, d'ye recollect how many feet we draw?"

"Eighteen, sir," answered the first lieutenant; "but I don't think it would be prudent to work her guns under less than twenty-four."

"Well, supposing we say thirty, Fyke, still, you know, that would near us considerably, and bring these fellows completely within our range—a circumstance of all others the most desirable to me at present, as I've ever wished, when I had an opponent, to be in such a situation (and the closer the better) as to be able to give him a Rowland for his Oliver. See about it directly, my dear Fyke, for the boats are nearly ready; and I'll tell you, while you're about it. I'd clap a spring on her, in case of accidents.

"It shall be done directly, sir," said the first lieutenant, hurrying away.

The Tottumfog was accordingly hauled in shore until the leadsman sung out, *By the mark five!*—when she was immediately swung round on her broadside, the boats that moment pushing off, and making for the stranded brig with all the dispatch the rowers could exert, covered by the guns of the Tottumfog, now solely directed against the artillery on shore.

Though the massive shot from the Tottumfog's carronades (32-pounders) produced a wonderful confusion on the beach among the assembled masses of people, and in many instances compelled men and horse to fly from their guns, yet with a pertinacity of character truly Danish, excepting an angry shot now and then, they obstinately maintained a firm and persevering silence, evidently reserving their fire for the advancing boats; which had no sooner come within a given length, than they opened a most galling and tremendous fire upon them of round and canister, aided by a powerful and unceasing fire of musketry. Though the fight was evidently notoriously unequal, and not a single hope could be expressed as to its successful termination, yet did our gallant tars push on despite of all opposition—gain the brig—set all the sails the rapacity of the enemy had left on the yards—made fast the hawsers—and, while the screaming shot whistled thickly around him, the commodore's lieutenant, noble fellow! was to be seen gallantly seizing the tiller in his own hand, keeping a few hands by him to trim her sails aback, and ordering the main body into their boats again, to strain every nerve to drag her once more afloat. Their zeal, their courage, their united and combined strength, all were unavailing—firmly settled down in the sand and clay, the brig stood fast as a tower of strength: in fact, to keep men any longer at such a hopeless undertaking was complete butchery; the unfortunate lieutenant was speedily seen to drop dead from the tiller, while in the act of cheering the rowers—many shots had struck the boats, the crews of which, from their exposed situation, were also thinning fast under the galling and heavy fire of musketry kept up the enemy; when at last, and least expected, a signal from the commodore gave the recal. This the ex-

hausted boats' crews gladly obeyed; and, without bestowing a single thought on their comrades left on board the stranded vessel, they anxiously and eagerly sought shelter once more under the lee of the Tottumfog, which still continued to blaze away upon the shore and its inhabitants.

The commodore immediately hoisted the signal to burn and destroy the object of contention; himself standing in, accompanied with the two gun-brigs, to aid in the work of destruction. The conducting of this hazardous affair was committed, at his own desire, to Lieutenant Fyke; who having chosen five volunteers, (among whom were our hero and his inseparable friend Dennis,) out of as many score who would cheerfully have followed him, and loaded the gig with pitch, tar, rosin, oakum, gunpowder, and other combustibles, gallantly pushed off towards the devoted vessel, which they instantly boarded in the midst of a heavy fire of cannon and musketry from the shore. They found the luckless vessel in a state of the most ruthless destruction, bored and riddled in every part with the shot alike of friend and foe, her decks strewn with splinters, and here and there the body of some unfortunate wight lay stretched where he had fallen; of these not the least prominent was the young gentleman whom our hero had seen so few hours before, in high health and spirits, as the intrepid leader of the party: alas! there he lay, close to the wheel, the spot he had chosen, as placid and composed as though he had been in a tranquil sleep. Lieutenant Fyke sighed heavily when he saw him, but that was all—for the moments were precious, and, while the shot of the enemy were flying through her and over her in every direction, he, followed by his intrepid little band, was hurrying about kindling her into flame in all her divisions, until a farther stay was rendered alike intolerable both from the heat and the smoke. The latter, indeed, proved as good to them, in the present instance, as a regular covered way; for the light breeze of the water driving the dense dark smoke right in the teeth of their opponents, Lieutenant Fyke, with his usual tact, took advantage of the circumstance; so taking with him three of the survivors of those who had been so unheedingly left on board, they once

more embarked, and, under cover of the smoke, succeeded in getting without the range of the musketry, when their tiny flying gig was at length recognised; and the consequence was that the contents of one of their field-pieces was instantly despatched after it, which, proving grape and canister, not only killed two of the very men they had just relieved, but so effectually damaged the slender bottom of the holiday bark, that it was with much ado they contrived to keep her afloat until they gained the lee side of the Tottumfog.

To save or utterly destroy the object of their quarrel was now the primary object of the contending parties; and, as the persevering zeal of the Tottumfog had evidently rendered her very obnoxious to the enemy, against her, in the first instance, they levelled their whole artillery, and in fact got her so completely under their eye that nearly their every shot told; so that after sustaining numerous shots betwixt wind and water, and having her rigging and sails most terribly cut up, not to mention a respectable number of killed and wounded, she was compelled to sheer off,—not, however, before she had levelled the wind-mill, (which fell to the music of a British cheer,) and repeatedly forced the enemy to fly their guns. The gun-brigs were soon compelled to follow her example, and the commodore was left to finish what had been so gallantly begun. This was a part of the business his vessel was peculiarly adapted for, both from her size, and the great superiority of her metal; for while his long eighteens, blazing away in a close continuous fire, made the beach too hot for the enemy, their shot, from the greater distance he lay from them, did him little or no injury, being nearly beyond their range. This circumstance, and the rapid advance the flames were now making on board the devoted brig, no doubt induced the Danes to desist from further hostility, as their fire suddenly ceased, and they were seen to retire as rapidly as they had advanced. The commodore followed their example, but still kept his station; and it was only after darkness had covered the earth, and when the momentarily increasing glare of the burning vessel showed him the enemy in their boats vainly attempting further pillage, that he honoured

them with another shot. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening, the flames got the complete ascendant, and arose to the heavens in a grand, a vivid, and an elevated column; the sails and rigging were consumed in no time—the masts staggered and fell, with the flames curling round them like so many devouring serpents—when, as if to finish the work of destruction in superb style, the fire at length caught what must have been gunpowder—for a tremendous explosion took place, which, rending the shell of the vessel in pieces, sent the flaming fragments into the air with the velocity of rockets, where, fizzing, and crackling, and sparkling, at an immense height, like so many beautiful fireworks, they at length fell into the water, and all was sudden darkness.

Next morning, as soon as the vessels of war had in some measure repaired their rigging, and consigned their dead to the deep, the convoy once more got under way, and proceeded onward without further molestation to the point of separation, which the commodore formally announced by the promised signal—*Away to your destinations!*—It seemed to have a magical effect on the convoy the sight of that morsel of bunting flying at the commodore's mizentop, as well as the joyful sound of the thrice-repeated gun. The whole fleet seemed suddenly aroused from a state of apathy to the most lively exertion—every vessel was busy making sail, and zealously improving the first hour of their emancipation from the hated thralldom of naval discipline; and, in truth, it was truly astonishing to see how smartly this final signal was obeyed, and in how short a time this crowded assemblage of vessels dispersed themselves.

Now fairly rid of his troublesome charge, the commodore, after lying-to until they had all passed him and were well on their way, bethought him of his companions of the guard, and accordingly hove out his last signal, requiring them to repair without delay on board the frigate. He received them all with the utmost distinction—ushered them in person into his elegant state-cabin, and there, before the most of his officers assembled, thanked them generally in very polite terms for the able assistance they had rendered him—declared that their duty to him was

now at an end,—and that he was empowered to say they were all at liberty to return to their respective stations.—Then addressing himself particularly to Captain Switchem, he continued, “To you, captain, I want words to express my admiration of your masterly conduct, or that of your gallant ship’s company; for I solemnly declare to you, that while I’ve been in the service, and I’m not a man of yesterday, I never saw a vessel better worked, nor keep up a steadier or closer fire. It was excellent indeed, my good sir, and beyond all praise. I beg you will convey my thanks to your officers, and whole ship’s company; I have noticed them very particularly in my letter to the admiral, I assure you—for it is but truth to say that their whole conduct was highly praiseworthy.

“I am now going to ask you a favour for myself, which I hope you will grant me without much inconvenience. I cruise in the Baltic here until I am relieved by a vessel of the same or a superior force. Now as in the present unhappy state of our squadron, two of whom have gone down under peculiarly distressing circumstances*, this may be for an indefinite period; and as I am certain, from the crippled state of your vessel, you will be ordered for England directly, I should feel greatly obliged indeed if you would be so good as take charge of our letter-bag, were it for no other purpose than that of letting the relatives and friends of a young gentleman, whom I’ve unhappily lost in this trifling affair, receive a real statement of all the circumstances under my own hand, and thus far save them from the horrors of uncertainty or useless exaggeration. It shall be made up for you before you go, together with my despatch to the admiral. This latter, captain, I would request you to deliver to him personally: it contains nothing, I assure you, gentlemen, but what I was bound in honour, as an officer and a commander, to say; and which, if properly forwarded, will prove no obstacle, I am certain, to your future speedy advancement in the profession you already so highly adorn.”

* The St. George, 98, and Defence, 74, lost, with others, in the same gale of wind, off Jutland.—BILL TRUCK.

Captain Switchem having readily acquiesced in the commodore's wishes, the conversation took a more general turn, and was carried on in a manner so agreeable to the taste of their well-pleased entertainer, that after parading his guests over every deck of his fine frigate, he returned with them once more to the state-cabin, where he regaled them in the handsomest manner, delivered his letters and despatch to Captain Switchem, and after shaking them all most cordially by the hand, and wishing them a prosperous cruise and good health, they all parted, mutually pleased; and the meeting broke up.

As soon as Captain Switchem came on board, he summoned all hands on the quarter-deck, and addressed them in a very short but sweet little speech, which, for the first time since he came on board, Edward observed, was prefaced by something as near the resemblance of a smile as a man may be supposed to make, who, either by nature or habit, seemed completely divested of all grinning propensities. For the first time, also, he gave all hands the highest praise; and, declaring that he was determined to show them how well he was pleased, he ordered the main brace to be spliced, gave them the rest of the day to themselves, and promising them all a regular holiday on shore as soon as they got into Wingo Sound, he retired to his cabin, followed by his second in command. We need hardly add, that in the merry jollities that immediately followed every previous sore or grievance was speedily forgotten.

Next morning, immediately after divisions, the Tottumfog got once more under way for Wingo Sound; and, after a very pleasant sail, dropped anchor and moored in that capacious and commodious roadstead, without any thing occurring worthy of notice. The moment the anchor was let go, the captain, rigged out in his full uniform, went on board the Victory in person, and was received by the admiral, to whom he handed his despatches, with the utmost distinction. They then both retired from the deck; and, after waiting long and patiently, and no sign of his appearance, our hero and his friend Dennis, who both belonged to the gig, curious to see the deck which Nelson

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trod and where he fell, stole swiftly up the huge vessel's well-trying side to her gangway, to have a stare round them. They gained their object, but that was all; being obliged to make a rapid retreat to the boat, their skipper being then in the very act of taking leave of the admiral. They were hardly seated with their oars tossed, therefore, when he was whistled down the side, and stepped into his boat under the escort of two fancy-dressed sidesmen; and, immediately pushing off, they were speedily alongside their own vessel. Ordering all hands to be instantly called aft, the captain briefly informed them he had seen the admiral, who was not only pleased, but had even praised their good conduct, and that he had ordered the vessel to be got ready as soon as possible to sail for England with his despatches. "Now, my lads," continued the captain, "let us understand one another properly, for I have not forgotten my promise. Whether is it to be for England to-morrow, where pay, plenty, and pleasure, await your arrival; or a few hours ashore, among a people you don't understand, where a few of you only can expect to taste their vile corn brandy? Come, my lads, give the word openly and honestly."

This query, however frankly made, might have remained unanswered to this day, had not Lieutenant Fyke, knowing the captain's wishes, and perhaps consulting his own, suddenly jumped up on one of the carronades, and dousing his hat, sung out, with infinite gaiety, —

"Come, my lads, who is of the opinion of your own Cornelius Fyke?—He says, for England, ho!—the best place under heaven for a brave blue-jacket."

"Huzza!" shouted all hands, enthusiastically, "by all means, for England, ho!"

"Well, my lads," returned the well-pleased captain, "we shall for England with what speed we can, since you will have it so. We have a few wants, however, to supply before we can go home comfortably, and these I shall make it my care to procure with as little delay as possible. Meantime, my lads, I will expect you to be very industrious in getting the vessel's hull and rigging into as much order and repair as circumstances will admit of; the admi-

ral has kindly promised us all the assistance in his power, though, at such a distance from England, that can't be much. We must, therefore, depend mainly on ourselves and our own exertions for a speedy departure, so the sooner it is set about 'twill be the better, I believe, for all parties. —Boatswain's mate, pipe down."

"Cheer up for Chatham!"—most cheering words!—was now the universal exclamation throughout the whole happy ship's company; the refitting and watering went on sedulously and cheerily; even a washing and scrubbing-day went off amid roars of laughter; and thus, all fun and good-humour, the third morning's sun not only saw the Tottumfog lying at her moorings, with her sides as white as the plumage of the swan, but Blue Peter flying gaily at her main; at once an announcement to the admiral that all was ready for his despatches, and to every one else that she was homeward bound. The admiral did not detain her, but sent his packet on board, under the care of one of his officers, immediately after divisions. No time was now lost in getting her under way; and a short period, indeed, intervened before she was seen running smartly out of the Sound, under all the sail her crippled state would allow her to carry. Being thus restrained from carrying much sail, her march to the Little Nore was somewhat tedious; but she had hardly halted there, before she was ordered up the Medway to Chatham, and finally lashed alongside the hulk Vanderkleister, directly in front of the dock-yard stairs.

Captain Switchem set off immediately for London with his despatches, leaving his ship's company in a state of temporary repose they had been long unaccustomed to; and during the continuance of such a delicious lull we shall conclude this chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE HULK.

Farewell to the North, and its loud roaring seas !
Farewell to the North, to its ice and its snow !
For, bless'd with a steady and stiff-blowing breeze,
To the Emerald Isle through the waters I go !—
But where I go next, why it's more than I know ;
To the word that is pass'd, mate, I mustn't say nay ;
But with heart, hand, and soul, I must cheerily bow,
'Cause 'tis his to command, and 'tis mine to obey.

MANY days had not elapsed after the departure of their commander, before the powder-boat came alongside, accompanied by a lighter, to carry off their ammunition, guns, and gunner's stores ; this was followed by another for the carpenter's stores, water casks, and tonnage ; and last, though not least, came the eventful order to haul down her flag, and commence stripping her of her sails, rigging, yards, cables, &c. which were all to be conveyed to their respective depôts in the dock-yard without delay ; thus, in a very few days, rendering their old and darling sea-boat, the saucy Tottumfog, a completely denuded shabby-looking sheer-hulk.

One fine day, at the end of a fortnight from the time of his departure, Captain Switchem suddenly aroused the attention of his late and listless ship's company, now domiciled on board the hulk, by all at once appearing among them, accompanied by Lieutenant Fyke, both dressed in their full uniform. The whole ship's company speedily mustered around the pair, without either a call or a command, each more eager than the other to hear *the news* ; and certainly it must have been very gratifying to the better feelings of the two gentlemen themselves, to see so many weather-beaten smiling faces welcoming them back so affectionately. It was not Captain Switchem's custom to keep any one in suspense ; so he immediately commenced

by telling them, that as their good old boat, the Tottum-fog, was condemned to go into dock to be completely overhauled, it would occupy such a length of time before she'd be ready for sea again, they need think no more about her; that it had pleased the Lords of Admiralty to grant him the command of a frigate on another and far more congenial station than the one they had lately occupied; and that as they could not expect that their King and Country would allow them to go to rust, by slugging in the river doing nothing, when good and efficient hands were so much wanted, he and their old friend, Mr. Pyke, who, he was proud to say, was still to go along with him, had come down from London with the power to say, that those who chose to go along with them might do so, while the remainder would be sent down in the tender, along with the Adamants, to the guard-ship at the Nore, there to be disposed of as the admiral should think proper. He rather expected, however, that this last alternative might be spared, as it was the earnest wish of both himself and Mr. Pyke, that, man and boy, they would all go along with him.

The speech was heard with the most breathless attention, and its conclusion followed by three hearty cheers—for the whole volunteered.

"I thank you, my lads," resumed the highly gratified officer, "for the frankness and unanimity of your choice; for to me it is an unequivocal mark of your confidence and esteem: and, depend upon it, I shall be more studious than ever in consulting your best interests and individual welfare. We all know something now of one another, and it would indeed have been a thousand pities had we had to part. The frigate, I am told, goes alongside of the mast-hulk to-day, and, if my information be correct, you may expect her down some time or other this afternoon. In the meantime, my good fellows, you can employ yourselves to much good purpose in making and preparing a number of little matters that will be of great use to us in rigging her out—all of which Mr. Marlin can explain to you better than I can. I am now done: I will see you all again, please God, to-morrow; when it shall be my

pride, as it is my duty, to hoist the Tottumfog's well-worn standard on board of our new vessel, in the eyes of all her old ship's company.—Boatswain's mate, pipe down."

Then calling Mr. Marlin to him, after giving him some necessary instructions, he was whistled into his gig, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and shoved off to the music of reiterated cheering.

The hulk now presented a picture of naval industry as pleasant as it was highly unique. On going down to her main-deck, cleared as it was of guns and all other encumbrances, and all the ports thrown open, one might have supposed that they were entering an immensely large factory, crowded with workmen in full employ; while the ceaseless hum of tongues, and the long loud merry laugh, which ever and anon saluted the ear, gave a life and animation to the scene wholly indescribable. It was on this deck that all those whose services were not required in the dock-yard, were set busily to work at something or other, according to their respective abilities. In one part might be seen joiners and carpenters at their benches, sawing and hammering away, aided powerfully in their noise by the old armourer and his mate rasping, most musically, on some part or portion of the lock of a rusty musket, as they followed their vocation of keeping all the small-arms, and the gunner's armoury-room in particular, in a proper state of repair and polish. In another corner sat the sagacious Peter Palmthimble, the cunning worker in sail-cloth for the hooker, enthroned above his peers on the canvas of a damaged top or fore sail, holding a jury on the propriety of inserting a new cloth into the place of a worn-out or damaged one, or at once boldly tearing the sail up, and consigning it over to the boatswain for parceling. A third party would be composed of a numerous and happy knot of topmen, the liveliest and most careless fellows on board, pretending to be hard at work stopping and seizing blocks, working reef-points, gaskets, mats, or sennet, but a great deal busier narrating the exploits of their last cruise ashore, or chaffing to madness some unfortunate wight of their own number, whose mental formation happened to be largely compounded of testy materials.

Close to them were the gunner's crew, similarly employed, or making wads, and cheeing them;—while here and there, over all the deck, sat numerous circles of landsmen variously engaged—making brooms, knotting yarns, spinning foxes, or smuggling a game at cards. All were apparently busy, and while the joke and the jeer was bandied from one to the other, peals of laughter and the merry chaunt resounded from every corner. The most prominent subject of conversation, however, turned on the news of the morning—the volunteering, and the new frigate.

“I'll be hanged, boys,” cried Dick Brown, the gunner's mate, “but the skipper's gone a-shore to-day as proud's he'd got a pea in his ——; and no wonder, i' faith, after all, for it aint every one that can boast of their whole ship's company going so cheerily along with them. But, I say, wasn't it vastly funny to see how comically he twisted his ill-coloured mug, when he saw old Lyson there, waving his little Queen Anne in the air, and bawling, for all the world, as thof he'd been crazy? D—n me, but I never heard the old 'un make such a noise before—a Congreve rocket was nothing at all to it. It pleased the skipper, though, to a nicety; and I'll warrant, mates, he meant yon queer faces he made for a very hearty laugh; and no doubt 'twas because he saw the old blade so rampagious and merry.”

“Belay, belay, if you please, Dick,” growled Bill Lyson, “you're carrying the rig rather a little too far, my hearty.”

“What, Bill,” cried the laughter-loving Brown, “wilt deny, lad, the making on a most thundering noise when you volunteered; while your little barber's basin of a hat spun round your head all the while like a whirligig?”

“No, I don't deny it, Dick, nor have I any occasion,” cried Bill Lyson; “but I do deny making such a bawling goose of myself as you would have me. I cheered, to be sure, and you did the same—what then?—I thought 'twas no more than time, when every puppy-whelp on board was yowling.”

“Oho!—kegg'd—kegg'd already, by all that's marvellous,” cried Brown, in a roar;—“why, dang it, I'd no idea I'd struck fire out of the old flint so smartly.”

"Bah, bah ! truce with your ragging, Dick," said Lyson, peevishly, "I'm not in the humour at all, at present:" and so saying the old man arose, and to the infinite triumph of Brown, went slowly on deck.

"Now, soul of me, Brown, but you're a most provoking, teasing rascal," cried Dennis, "to go for to tear the poor old man's good-nature in pieces, in that there lousy manner. By the powers, now, but there isn't a better truer heart in this ould hulk than he is; I'm certain, Brown, you knows that—and 'tis a shame on you to tease him so cruelly. But I knows the reason as why you makes choice of he for your wit to slap at: shall I out with it?—faith and troth will I—why, then, you knows he's as ould as your father—so you've nothing to fear, spake what you will—and then you knows he's a little hot in the temper, and liable to show off at times, ridiculous and laughable enough, I must own—and that makes you laugh of course—and that there's all you want, so you gets your laugh out. Och, och, shame on you, I say, darling.—Now, what although the old boy did roar, dear,—ay, and roar like a bull as you say, what the devil was it yours or any one's business?—Soul of me, Dick, to my ear, you were playing a pretty good stick at that there roaring-match yourself, honey; and thof, thinking mayhap 'twas the way to promotion, I gave all the mouth to it I could, hang me if the ever a nearer I got to you. Why, my darling, you bawled and roared all as one as thof 'twere one of your own guns; and it's a truth I spake, mates, that d—n me, but Mr. Fyke was glad to plug up his ears as soon as Brown's sheevoy began."

"Come, come, Mahony, we wants none of your cheek," said Brown, surlily, "we've had far too much on't already. You had better sing dumb, lad, or——"

"Or what now, Dick?" cried the lively Dennis, interrupting him.

"Why, something,," said Brown, doggedly, "you'll probably not relish very well."

"Not from you, Dick Brown, not from you, my lad," cried Dennis; "you're not the boy that's so able as all that comes to."

"Say, you are not sure," said Brown.

"Soul of me, but I am, though," cried Dennis; "and I'll convince you of that just now, or to-morrow, or any time or any place you like, my darling. When does it please you, honey?"

"Get out, mate, get out, I want to have nothing to say to you," said Brown; "you know well how I'm situated; you know I'd gain nothing by it, but the loss of my rating; else you wouldn't prate so boldly, my saucy Jack."

"Hen! hen!" bawled the listeners, with shouts of laughter.

Brown, like many other wits, did not like being laughed at; he therefore growled out a few indistinct expressions, and withdrew to the other end of the deck. The conversation then took a more amicable turn.

"I wonder what they calls this here frigate as comes down, Sykes—have you heard yet?" said a topman.

"Not I, mate," replied Jack;—"but it's likely we'll hear all the news as soon as the dock-yarders come on board to dinner."

"Dang it," continued the other, "I hopes she'll have a better un than the old hooker as lies outside there—for I were always ashamed to hail for her."

"As why, my lad?" inquired Sykes, smiling.

"Why really, Jack, I doesn't know rightly;—but—but there was a summat so cursedly silly about her name, that somehow or other I were always ashamed on't."

"I'm sure, old ship," said Sykes, "if you were ashamed of hailing for her, it's more than I ever was. She's a glorious sea-boat there where she lies; and has more than once shown that she can breast a gale with any hooker of her size in the fleet. I wish, for my part, we may have as good luck in this same frigate as they talks on."

"Dear, dear, how you mistakes I, Sykes," cried the topman; "why man, I wern't saying a word as to the hooker herself—she's all well enough. 'Twas her name I was talking of, mate—'tis such a rum one, you can't think."

"Oh, I understand you now, my lad," said Sykes;—" 'tis the calling on her the Tottumfog you mean, you

wag. Why, 'tis a queer oddish enough name, that's certain; and I recollect I laughed and jeered at it as hearty as any one when I first heard it.—But, I don't know, somehow or other the fun of it soon went to bed, and my ears got quite accustomed to it."

"Well, Sykes, that's more than ever I could say, and I came on board with Ned Davies, there—By the by, Ned, how long is't since we came on board the Tott—Tottum—d—n such a name—the what-d'ye-callum of a hooker as lies outside there? You remember there were forty of us drifted from the Namur that morning."

"Why, Jem," cried our hero, "'twill be two years come the month of June or July."

"Well, old ship," cried the topman, resuming, "I thought her name a foolish one at that time, and hang me if I don't think it so yet. D'ye know what it means, Sykes? or is it, like other names, with never a meaning at all?"

"I suppose so, matey," replied Sykes; "but there's your own name, for instance; can you tell me what it means?"

"Handlane, Handlane—no, not I, i'faith," cried the topman, laughing; "and I'll tell you what, I'll bet you a pint of grog you can't tell me the meaning of your own."

"Not I, 'pon my soul, matey," said Sykes, "I wouldn't attempt it. If it ever had any meaning in it, other than that they called my dad the same before I was born, 'tis more, I must say, than I ever heard on."

They were here interrupted by an unusual shouting, accompanied by the report of a musket or two; and this was enough to bring busier men than the Tottumfog's on deck in a twinkling. Edward and Dennis were amongst the first that gained that end of the hulk whence the shouting proceeded, and the curiosity of all hands was not a little excited, when they beheld a young fellow swimming in the river, at whom the marine sentries of a convict-hulk, a little below them, were firing as fast as they could load their pieces. To elude their shot, the swimmer dived like a duck, but still rose and made for the opposite side of

the river. On any other ground he would undoubtedly have cost his jailors a run for it at the least, having all the appearance of a stout, muscular, agile young man; but, in his hurry to gain a footing, he took the ground rather too soon, sunk in the mud, and there he stuck fast. He made every effort that despair or desperation could suggest, in vain! every struggle only tended to rivet his limbs the faster, and sink him the deeper. Turning his face, therefore, to his old prison, and brandishing his clenched fists in the air, he cried, "Fire away now, you red-backed rascals; fire away now as long as you like, and be d—d to you!—Here I stand like a target for you, you villains, with a stouter pair of darbies on me than you have in all your possession. Fire away, I tell you, scoundrels; fire away, and let me die!"—This was a mode of going out of the world, however, to which apparently he had no claim, as no attention was paid to his request. The convict-hulk's boat had indeed been hauled up to the gangway, and six or eight grim-looking fellows had already leaped into her, for the purpose of following him; but when they saw he was fast, they very coolly came out of the boat at the command of an elderly gentleman, and left the poor wretch standing there, although the tide was running down, and leaving him fast. In truth, it was a singular, but a very severe punishment. When the tide left him, there stood the poor convict, completely exhausted, and firmly imbedded beyond the middle, in the thick strong mud; and there he was allowed to remain, seemingly perfectly unnoticed, until the returning tide was rippling against his outstretched neck, when the boat was sent out, and took him on board again.

"By the bright eye of Ireland," cried Dennis, "if I think, Ned, that there fellow will cut his stick in a hurry again. Soul of me, but he has this day got a cooler, sure, might last him out and out for a twelvemonth to come at the least, honey."

"Oh, never fear, Denny," said Edward, "that he'll have the least chance, even although he were willing, to make another trial;—they'll prevent that, matey. I've little doubt on't, but ere an hour goes by, he'll have the

double-deckers* gracing his ankles as well as the darbies ; and I don't see how he could leap with them, far less swim."

"Ay, as you say, honey," cried Dennis ; "but, och ! isn't it a pity, after all now, but the poor fellow couldn't have tipped them the double, Ned ? Soul of me, boy, but I'd gloried in it ; for I've never a doubt at all at all, but them there overseer-chaps they've got—I mane them ugly monsters we see with them in the Dockyard, armed with huge shillelahs—are a mean, lousy, rascally set. Then he was such a fine, spirited, clean-heeled sort of a joker. By St. Patrick ! boy, but I'll be bound to say that yon fellow was steel to the back-bone, and had excellent pluck.—But, ubbaboo, if here isn't our new customer, Ned, coming down the river, as brave and as saucy as a new doubloon. By the powers, now, but she's a good-looking hooker ; I wonder what her name is, or where the devil she is to carry us. I'll go anywhere with pleasure, but to the cursed cowl'd disagreeable station we came from."

"Cursed, or not cursed, Denny," said Edward, "I'm afraid you must go back again, if you're ordered.—But, zounds, lad, you're certainly crazy ; that never can be the hooker meant for us, man ; she's far too large—I'll warrant that's a sixty-gun ship."

"And I'll bet you my ears, Ned, she's ne'er such a thing," cried Dennis. "Crazy, honey !—faith and troth, darling, and if it weren't you might think it unkind, I could chuck back your words on you in a jiffey !—And so you think that can't be her ?—Now, I'll tell you what it is, Ned, if that isn't her then my daylight's have got into my pocket, dear, that's all ; for, look you, honey, to say the

* A most excellent invention for rubbing down the skittish or the refractory spirits of this enlightened age. The *double-deckers* may be administered in many ways. The best, and by far the most efficient, we have seen, consists of two square billets of good old oak, each weighing ten or twelve pounds, to both of which is fastened a stout quarter-inch chain, ending in the usual ring for the ankles. They are put on, at discretion, either with rivet or padlock. The chain must be of a sufficient length to enable the culprit, in going or returning from labour, to take up his *double-deckers* under each elbow, and so walk on with them.—BILL TRUCK.

never a lucky word more on the subject, doesn't see the sharp cut-water of the skipper standing on the quarter-deck yonder, and my own darling of an officer, Lieutenant Fyke, cheek for jowl alongside him?—Doesn't see that, darling?—Aha, Ned, you're completely in the basket, that's all, boy!"

"In truth, Denny," cried Edward; "I was so taken up with that desperate fellow that leaped from the prison-hulk, that I never thought of looking to the quarter-deck; I see both the captain and Mr. Fyke—she certainly is a beautiful vessel. Zounds, we'll have plenty of room to lark now, my heart."

"The devil a bit," cried Dennis; "no, honey, not one half so much as you'd imagine. Recollect what a devilish sight of more hands we'll need; and then you will always remember, that if there is any great matteration of room, after all that is set aside, why the officers and sodgers will keep it all to themselves. But here she comes, good luck to her!—Soul of me, but she comes on just like a beautiful water-bird, as thof she were saying, Dennis, my jewel, just look at me!—But where the blazes are they going to bring her up?—Och, by the powers, Ned, let us jump below; for here they both come in that there boat, and will board us directly."

They were hardly below, when they heard the first lieutenant bawl out for the boatswain's-mate, and saw Tom Bird scamper on deck. He soon came below again, and bawled out, "D'ye hear there, fore and aft? if any on ye have anything on board the old hooker you wouldn't wish to lose, go on board directly and bring it with you. Half an hour will be allowed you for this purpose; after which you will be too late, as the old un's to be cast loose for going into dock, and to surrender her place to the gallant frigate Bounce, Henry Switchem, squire, captain. Amen—O yes, O yes!—God save the King! and all the rest on't.—Come, d'ye hear there, all on you? jump, my hearts, and let's see how many mouldy dollars you'll knife out of her seams.—Lord, Lord! what a pity 'tis we've lost Gibby—how I'd gloried in seeing him disclose his trap-holes! Zounds, now I think on't, does any on ye

know his berth? By the foreyard! I'll have a dig at it myself this very minute; for the devil a moment he had for anything of the kind that time's we landed him in Norway."

But Tom, like many other speculators, was disappointed; and though he was followed by numbers into the Tottumfog, yet it was more for the half hour's recreation than anything they had left behind them. This scrutiny over, the Tottumfog was cast loose, and consigned into the hands of the dockyard-men, and the frigate made fast in her place. She was what is now called an old-fashioned oak frigate; had undergone a thorough repair; was to be newly rigged and masted, and though rated only a 32-gun ship, was intended to carry 44 guns, with a complement of 360 men. As soon as she was fast, the captain ordered old Jerry the signalman to bend the Tottumfog's standard on her staff; then assembling all his crew on her quarter-deck, and ordering a flaggon of wine to be placed on the capstan, he filled a glass, and, doffing his Russian cap, exclaimed, "Success to the Bounce! and success to her present ship's company! May she wear the standard about to be unfurled, with as much honour, and as many years, as her crippled predecessor, our old Tottumfog! Signalman, hoist away!"—Up went the standard, bolt went the wine, the drum rolled, the fife and boatswain's pipe screamed, the marines presented arms, and the whole ship's company joined heartily in repeated cheers. After the wine had gone round all the officers, the captain ordered all hands to knock off for the day; ordered also the main-brace to be spliced, that they might have it in their power to drink healths also; and went over the side, followed by his second in command, amidst the thundering plaudits of the whole crew.

It is hardly necessary to remind our intelligent readers that about this time the disputes with the United States of America, founded upon our Orders in Council, were driven to a crisis, and that although these orders were rescinded, so far as America was concerned, yet it did not hinder Congress from declaring war. To meet this unexpected new enemy on fair ground, was a matter of no

small difficulty to a country already engaged, heart and hand, in a mortal grapple with the combined forces of the despot of Europe in the Peninsula, in the Mediterranean, and in Flanders. As America was a maritime state of no trifling importance, both in point of strength and enterprise, the safety of our foreign commerce imperiously called on the legislature of this country for protection; nor did they call in vain; for although, it is true, the Americans appeared first on the ground of warfare, and both their ships of war and privateers obtained a temporary triumph over an unsuspecting and inferior force, yet it was notoriously the presumption of a petulant, thoughtless, froward boy, who vengefully raises his arm against his parent, and is severely punished and whipped for his impertinence. Britain rose with redoubled energy as her perils increased; and such was her industry and activity, that in an astonishing short period of time she swept the American cruisers from the seas, and blockaded all their principal ports. It need hardly be doubted, then, that the greatest bustle pervaded every dockyard in the kingdom; the workmen were at it night and day; a small armament, hastily provided for the defence of our commerce, was as hastily dispatched across the Atlantic, to stem the torrent, till a more efficient force could be got ready; and amongst others which were hurrying for that station, may be mentioned his Majesty's frigate Bounce.

Compelled now to be on the alert, therefore, we will not stop to narrate the minutiae of fitting out, nor attempt to describe how smartly and sedulously all hands were employed from dawn until dusk; how the Tottumfog's crew went to the dockyard in a body, and got every farthing paid them that was due; and how, of course, the frigate and hulk for several days was a scene of disorder, riot, and misrule; how, order being restored, her complement of men was completed, partly by drafts from the guard-ship at the Nore, and partly by sweeping the river and jails of the metropolis; how, by the end of a fortnight, her masts stood on end, "bolt upright," fully rigged and arrayed; how, in three weeks, after receiving two months' wages in advance, she fell down to the Nore, where,

having received her instructions, she almost immediately got under way. All this we humbly beg our readers to suppose in their mind's eye; meaning to skip athwart Channel at once, and to land them and the Bounce, at one wide leap, safely and soundly into the snug anchorage of the Emerald Isle, called Bearhaven, where they were to await the assemblage of a small fleet of fruit vessels from various quarters, and convoy them to the Azores.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Dennis at the sight once more of his native land; he was all mirth and spirit, and full of the very loquacity of praise. Though his extravagant panegyric was frequently unbounded, and our hero heard him with a patient smile, he still silently thought that much more favourable specimens might have been exhibited of the Emerald Isle than the meagre mountainous district which lay before him. In truth, if we except the frequency of military stations and signal-posts, which on every summit met the eye, there was nothing either around Bearhaven, or the Bear Island, that could strike any person, who was at all familiar with the north of Scotland, or indeed any northern country whatever. The scenery all round had a wild, rocky, mossy, rude appearance, with here and there patches of turf-covered cottages, whose inside was filthy in the extreme; and cultivation just sufficient to mark that the place was inhabited. The inhabitants, old and young, were both rude and ragged; but of what little they had, they freely and good-humouredly gave a share. Indeed, they are naturally a frank, open-hearted, spirited people; with a ready wit peculiar to the country, and an unconquerable tenacity of opinion, which interference perhaps may bend, but we are confident will never subdue. In short, they are warm friends; and if they are as warm enemies, it is possibly because they have too little to do, and too much leisure to sit and brood over their poverty and misery. It was astonishing to see what vast numbers of idle, dirty, ragged wretches, used to come down the haven in their miserable boats, for no other purpose apparently than to gaze at the frigate. A few of them had a single bottle of whisky for sale, which was gladly exchanged for flour,

biscuit, or old clothes ; and it was singular to hear, in the haggling that ensued on these bargain-makings, how victoriously the Irish would beat off all attempts at superiority ; for though many were the attempts to put Paddy down, it was quite unavailing, as he never failed to beat them to silence amidst shouts of involuntary laughter. One fellow inquired of a boatman whether he had any game-cocks for sale ? “ No, my dare,” replied Pat, “ the never a one ; but I have a most excellent game-pig here.” —“ What’s the price of him ?” cried the other.—“ Oh ! honey, and he isn’t for sale either. He was fat, you see, and getting monstraciously discontinued, so I just brought him out along with me, to have a stare at you, and take warning.”

In a few days, the fruit vessels having all made their appearance, the Bounce got under way, and, leaving Cape Clear behind them, they were soon in the Atlantic Ocean. It was now that Captain Switchem began sedulously to drill all hands to a familiar and dexterous use of the gun, musket, and cutlass. Of the last he was particularly anxious to have them made adepts ; and for that express purpose had been at some pains to procure an expert swordsman, to serve both for the instruction of his officers and crew. As, under this man, we think the scheme of teaching systematic and simple, and might possibly furnish a hint or two to young commanders, we shall briefly explain it. On any day of the week, when wind and weather permitted, any two men, by going to this teacher, and telling him they wanted a bout of skill at single-stick, (the same as cutlass-play) upon permission asked and obtained, were immediately furnished with two cane ratans, stuck in wicker handles, and also accommodated with the use of the lee-side of the quarter-deck, where they might thrash away at each other until one or other of them gave in. This was signified in few words, and by delivering up his arms to his conqueror, who now stood champion on the quarter-deck, while his crest-fallen antagonist, by the laws of the game, had immediately to leave the deck—a regulation which pointed out the individual to all hands, and was often found to be the bitterest part of the pill. Besides, as the champion for the time was always particu-

larly noticed by the captain and his officers, and conferred a sort of minor dignity on the berth where he messed, there were constantly a number of spirited individuals emulous for the office. To be beat out of it was, of course, felt as a personal affront by the whole mess; and it was therefore nothing uncommon for the discomfited wight, as soon as he reached his mess-table, to be questioned as to who had foiled him. To this he would reply, sometimes sulkily enough, by giving the champion's name.

"What! Rowley, did you say?" would the interrogator exclaim; "did Rowley make you give in?—My eye, what a shame! to allow a fellow that can't tie a reef-knot to take the shine out of our mess! Hang me, however, if I'll stand that, for one; you may all do as likes you best. I say, mate, does he still walk the deck?"

"I believe he does," would be the disconsolate reply.

"Why, then, cheer up, my heart, for I'll have at him, and that in a minute. It's nonsense to swagger, mates—I know well enough that Rowley has a pretty sharp eye, and a smartish turn of his wrists; but what then?—this here I'll be bold to say before the all on ye, that d—n me, but he must quilt me also before I will bolt such an affront. So here goes, my mates."

So saying, amid the plaudits of his messmates, away he would march to the main hatchway, on the grating of which lay the captive weapon of his companion. Here he would find the champion pacing backwards and forwards, who, the instant he made his appearance above the deck, tapped him on the head with his weapon. If at this moment his courage failed him, he had only to return to his mess-table, accompanied with a roar of derisive laughter, interlarded with a few elegant epithets which we shall not name; but if otherwise, he had only to say, "Here I come, my lad!" when his opponent would directly walk off to the lee-side of the quarter-deck, and there quietly await the onset. This gave the officers time to assemble to windward, when the two would immediately assault each other, and thrash away without intermission; and often, when there existed a secret grudge, without mercy. At these practisings the teacher was generally present, and by

his remark often guided the captain or his first lieutenant in putting a stop to the game. In fact, taken altogether, this method of cutlass-exercise, however harsh it may appear, possessed many advantages; for while it exhibited individual skill and spirit to the officers, it feelingly taught the individuals themselves where they were faulty or inferior—gave them a practical knowledge of new feints and cuts—habituated them to coolness and a watchful eye—and, above all, gave them an excellent opportunity of getting rid of any spleen or secret grudge they might entertain against one another.

In a few weeks, favoured with a fine breeze, they made the island of Fayal, at the entrance of the spacious roadstead of which the Bounce stood off and on, while part of her convoy went in and anchored. It has always been our opinion, that the inmate of a man-of-war must be by necessity only a very poor land-gazer, even when possessed of every advantage; and, of course, we decline saying a word of this otherwise delightful island—its beautiful harbour—the gaudiness and imposing appearance of its numerous religious white-painted wooden houses, or the striking contrast afforded by the rich and clustering verdure of the foliage which commonly embowers the also white-washed villas and cottages of the town—all this may be found, in all its minutiae, in the pages of any of our voyage-mongers: so let it pass. After seeing part of her convoy safely disposed of, the Bounce now bore away for the neighbouring island of St. Michael's, and let go her anchor under the town, all well. This island the British consul had made choice of for his residence, and as it was on that account the principal wine and fruit mart of the Azores, the duty of the Bounce, regarding the remainder of her convoy, was at an end. Whatever supplies she wanted, therefore, were readily complied with; but Mr. Reed complained grievously of the havoc which had been made amongst the vessels frequenting the island, by the active vigilance of the American privateers. Of two, he spoke with peculiar virulence, for their effrontery and boldness; roundly expressed his fears for the homeward-bound Indiamen; and minutely described the more prominent shapes

and various disguises they commonly assumed. Captain Switchem assured him he would certainly run down the islands in quest of them, and after a mutual interchange of civilities took place, they parted. The Bounce stood in for the coast of Africa. They made Madeira on the evening of a beautiful day, and as the sun had gone down while they were approaching the place of anchorage, they were suddenly saluted with a shot from an old crazy fort in front of the town of Funchal, which, however, was not paid the smallest attention to. Immediately, however, this shot was followed by several others, one of which whizzed so closely over the masts of the Bounce, as completely to arouse the captain's choler. Ordering a boat to be lowered and manned, he bawled out to Lieutenant Doeboy, from the gangway, "Tell the commandant of the fort from me, Mr. Doeboy, that it is not customary for British officers to be fired at with impunity, and if he dares to send me another shot, I will lay my ship alongside of him, and bring his fort about his ears in a trice." The boat speedily returned with a note for the captain, who after seeing his vessel safely at anchor, went immediately on shore himself.

Next morning, as soon as duty would permit, a numerous party of land-gazers assembled on the fore-castle.

"I say, matey," asked a simpleton, "aint that there the place where all the vine ve drinks comes from?"

"To be sure it is," was the answer; "by the hookey, boy, wert snug ashore there, thee'd get a skinful, almost for the drinking on't."

"That be d—d for a fudge," echoed a third; "at least I must say 'twas never my good luck to get such a blow-out as you speaks on in that there way, and I've been ashore here often and often. On the contrary, mates, I always found it quite the reverse, and whenever I'd occasion to freshen hawse in that there town as lies under the hill yonder, I knows devilish well I'd obliged to table my shiners all as one the same as in England. Bless your souls, lads, 'tis allowed by every one who knows anything of the matter to be a monstrous dear hole; and it's so full of Jews, and your d—d Scotch and Irish sharking rascals,

as you can't think. These fellows are sure to pick up their crumbs wherever they go, and where the devil won't you find 'em? For my part, I think the old saying as true as the Prayer-Book itself, when it says, that your Scotchmen and Newcastle grindstones——"

"Now just haud ye there, Joseph Atkins," cried a Scotch smacksman, interrupting the last speaker, "for my certy ye're just far enough. Hae ye the cheek to stand up before me, and say that a' the Scotchmen are sharking rascals, sir?"

"Mayhap I have, mate—and what then?"

"What then, sir!—what then, did ye say?" cried the kindling Scot, "why, just this—that ye're a liar, a muckle foul-mouthed liar, wha's filthy tongue wad be nane the waur o' a gude scraping. That's just what then, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear that now, mates?" cried the seaman, laughing; "may I die, but I did but barely mention the Scotch, and here is Watty Nettlestang like a red-hot shot ready to skuttle me. Come, come, my red-cheeked canny laddie, don't go to be foolish now; for if I did hook in the careful folks of your calf country, I at least knew that you were out on't."

"Out on't or in on't, sir, ye suld aye speak the truth," cried the Scotchman, with animation; "and no be gaun to compare ane's kith and kin wi' the only creatures wha are under the ban o' the Almighty."

"Oh, ho!" rejoined the smiling Atkins; "then if I understand you aright, mate, the Jews and the Irish are sent to Coventry.—D—n me, but that's something new, however."

"I didna say that, Joseph," answered Nettlestang; "so you needna tak me up before I fa'. It's weel kent the Irish are our ain folk, and just as good, if no better, than any o' us—and it's as weel kent by the hail o' us what the Jews are—a parcel o' cheating ne'er-do-weels."

"Glory, my heart of oak, and give us your flipper," shoved in a turbulent Irishman named Barny Donelly, coming forward and shaking Nettlestang heartily by the hand. "By the powers of war, but I honour you now, and the country that bore you! As for Joe Atkins, honey,

you need not mind him, nor the never a morsel he spakes—I know him of old, dear—he's real Sussex bang you, must know, of the real stockfish kidney I mane—that is, he's good for the devil a cross at all at all, until he gets a hearty drubbing. So if your so minded, boy, and he goes on to be after comparing any longer our ould fathers, and brothers, and cousins, and all that there, to your rascally Jews, and such other ugly creatures, why up fist and down with him. As sure as my name's Donelly I'll back you with all my soul—for I loves the good people at home as well as yourself, ay, and ould Ireland to boot, honey—I think it will be devilish funny, if the one or other of us can't take the English conceit out on him in a brace of shakes."

"You hear now, mates, how unmercifully I'm abused, for a mere nothing," cried Atkins, addressing those around him. "I'm a liar—I'm Sussex bang—and I'm the devil knows how many other hard names, and all for saying, what we all knows to be true, that your Scotch and Irish are to be found in every hole and corner of this here world, humbugging and picking up their crumbs, as plentiful almost as the Jews themselves. Now to all this here nonsense I'd scorn to return a wag of my tongue, were it not, d'ye see, that I am where I am; anywhere else, believe me, mates, Joe Atkins would think d—d little of himself if he wan't able to say, that, for a single pint of grog, he has the conceit to call himself bang enough to thrash the pair on ye, one after t'other, in the twirling of a mop-stick."

"Wad you, faith, Joseph Atkins?" cried Nettlestang, with a grin of defiance. "Od, I'd like to see you try it, lad. I'm unco doubtfae you'd find it a dourer job than ye're aware o', ye gibble-gabbling niger, that ye're."

"Well said, Scotchman," cried a mischievous listener, encouraging the broil—"Why hang me, Joe, but that's a complete nailer to ye, my lad."

"I'd rather consider it a direct challenge, mate," chimed a second.

"I'm a little inclined to think that way myself," cried Atkins, coolly; "and so without any more palaver, for I won't eat up my words, I don't care although I should

make them good. What say the pair on ye? Wilt go down to the galley now, or would'st rather make it a lantern business? it's all one to I—I cheerfully give you your choice."

"I'm ready for you momentarily, Joseph," cried Nettlestang, eagerly, "wherever and as soon's ye like; for, let the consequence be what it wull, I'll no stand by and hear auld Scotland bamboozled, it will I no."

"Well behaved again, Watty," cried his former encourager, rubbing his hands together with delight. "Come, mates, let's down to the galley instantly, and let them have it out."

"Och, and we'll do no such a thing, honey," cried Barny, in evident wrath; "so do be so good as shut up your potato-trap, if you please, for the devil a one here wishes a word of advice from a spalpeen like you."

"I'll be hung, now, if Barny's not beginning to hen," cried an on-looker.

"Why, that's nothing uncommon," chimed in another; "every one knows Donelly to be a first-rate wheeling-cock."

"Then every one's wrong, honey, that's all," cried the Irishman, with animation: "Donelly's neither beginning to hen nor to wheel either, although, for sartain, he's got all the objections in nature to getting his beautiful trotters made fast in the darbies. However, have your own way, for I'm d—d if I care a skirrach; so here goes, and the devil fly away with the hindermost.—Come along, my darling Scotchman."

So saying, the daring fellow darted from the fore-castle, and disappeared down the fore-hatchway, followed more leisurely by the intended combatants, Atkins and Nettlestang, attended by a crowd of curious amateurs.

We think it quite unnecessary to describe the fight which followed, such rencontres being seemingly unavoidable for a season in all newly-congregated ships' companies; and being generally pretty obstinately persisted in until the various grades of strength and skill, from the champion downwards, are properly fixed and well understood, when all goes on smoothly again, they are generally overlooked by the commanding officers, or at the most punished with

the disgrace of being put in irons, and deprivation of their grog. In the present instance, Nettlestang, though the youngest man, wanted both the temper and the skill of his cool and well-drilled opponent, Atkins; and the consequence naturally was, that in almost every one of the first rounds the Scotchman went to leeward. He proved himself, however, to be made of stubborn stuff; and when he did get a blow at his wary antagonist, or succeeded in closing with him, Atkins had the worst of it. In short, we will only further observe, that, so far as it went, it was a hard, a desperate, and keenly-contested conflict, absolutely interminable seemingly, for Nettlestang proved himself to be a fellow who could stand a dreadful beating, and still return to the charge—that the utmost order and silence, as far as possible, was strictly maintained—and that, fortunately for the credit of Atkins, who showed symptoms of great distress, and while every faculty of the numerous spectators was at a nonplus as to what was to be the final issue, Captain Switchem came suddenly on board: his sharp ears caught the unwonted bustle, and the parties were all instantly seized, and put in irons.

Whether the captain had received any further intelligence when on shore or not, is not known, but certain it is that he was not long on board before the Bounce was once more under way, with her head directed in a line with the Canaries. She thus carried on under easy sail for the first two days, without any thing happening worthy of notice; but on the third, immediately after divisions, the look-out, hailing the deck, first sung out "Land a-head!" and immediately after backed his intimation with the triumphant bawl of "Two sail on the lee-bow!"

"Bravo, my brave fellow!" cried the captain, snatching up his glass, and leaping on the forecastle, "point to them, and come down."

"I have them, sir," said Lieutenant Fyke, who had eagerly followed him; "I see them quite distinctly. They appear to me to be square-rigged."

"The very description, Fyke," cried the captain, exultingly; "the very description, by my honour. Oh ay, I have them now; yes, as you say, they are both square-

rigged. Oh, to a certainty, it must be them; for you'll remark, my good sir, how much they loom like vessels of war, and, after all my inquiries, I've heard of none of our cruisers having been seen in this quarter. Zounds, Fyke, pipe make sail directly, and let's down upon them before they are aware; they never can be better placed than they are now. But stop, stop a little, my good sir,—ha, ha, ha! Do put your glass to your eye, Fyke—ha, ha, ha! as I hope to be saved! they're making sail to give chase to us."

"I see what they're about, sir," returned Lieutenant Fyke, drily; "but why not make sail to run away?"

"Oh, bless you! not at all," cried Captain Switchem, "they bear not the smallest indication of that, Fyke; which, besides, you know to be impossible in our present situation, unless, indeed, we all turn in. No, no, my good sir, look you again, and you'll be quite of my opinion.—Now, by mine honour, Mister Columbia, but you're a fine complaisant sort of a fellow, and mean to save us a deal of trouble. Come on, old slyboots! come on—even though you should catch a tartar—ha, ha, ha! Dost think I'm right now, Fyke?"

"Quite so, sir," replied the first lieutenant, with a smile; "Upon my honour, Jonathan's a very bold boy, to take things so much at a venture as he does."

"He's confident, Fyke, confident in his own conceit, and doubtless takes us for any thing but what we are—and that, in my humble opinion, is all so much the better. However, we mustn't allow Jonathan to smoke us either; so let us get out of this place before he comes any nigher, for our dress tells tales."

He immediately left the forecastle, followed by his lieutenant, and gave immediate orders to get all prepared, and the people to stand to quarters without noise, ready to raise the main deck ports, and let fly, the moment the drum gave a roll. Substituting a Russian cap for his own hat, he sung out to the hands on deck, "Come, my lads, squat down on the deck, if you please, and keep out of sight till you're wanted; you'll have your hands full enough by and by.—Fyke, pass the word to your boarders to get ready; for, if we are right in our conjectures at all, and I think we are,

my plan is this—I'll first astonish that piece of impudence, that's now bearing so saucily up to us, with a broadside or two—throw you on board of her to make her your own—and pepper the second one at my leisure. How d'ye like it, Fyke?"

"Excellent, sir," said the first lieutenant; "and I shall feel myself honoured in the execution of your orders."

"Come, come, my dear Fyke, no flattery, I beseech you; 'tis not such a pleasant service I'm putting you on, I assure you; but, you know, as our good friend Nail-paring sings, and he's a cool calculating sprig of the old school,—

'Promotion lies through a thorny path.'

But, to have done trifling, for she's nearing us fast, my good sir, let me see you exert yourself, and get all things in order as smartly as you can. Meantime I'll watch their motions."

"You may depend upon me, sir," said the first lieutenant, hurrying away.

The utmost bustle now prevailed in clearing away for action, and no long time elapsed before all was ready—the guns being manned and double shotted, and the lighted slow-matches secured in their tubs. The utmost silence now prevailed; the Bounce jogging slowly onwards towards the land, and the two vessels bearing up to her under a heavy press of sail. Hardly had a quarter of an hour elapsed, when a shot from the leading vessel whistled over the Bounce's bowsprit.

"Oh, you blockhead!" cried Captain Switchem, with a brilliant display of his teeth, "I see what you take me for now—an outward-bound Indiaman; however, I'll convince you of your mistake in a very few minutes.—Gracious heavens, Fyke!" continued he, addressing his second in command, who had now joined him, "do go forward, and keep those fellows close under the gunnel—they're so impatient they'll completely spoil the joke altogether. Steady, my brave fellows, be steady, I beseech you: you'll get plenty of Jonathan in a very few minutes—but for God's sake let him near us a little more."

Another shot from the same vessel again whizzed athwart the bowsprit.

"Steady, steady, my gallant lads," cried Captain Switchem, observing with secret satisfaction the impatient fidgets of his gunners, "just a very few moments longer, upon my honour. Quartermaster, keep her away—there now, steady and keep her so. Are you all ready below, Fyke?"

"All ready, sir," replied his first lieutenant.

"Then you may fly to your command as soon as you please, for I mean to speak to this skirmisher directly—he'll do us damage else. Mr. Doeboy, are you all ready forward?"

"All ready, sir, and out of all patience."

"Ah well, that's all just as it should be. But for God's sake, Doeboy, caution your people to be cool and steady, and be sure to take a good aim—they have every advantage."

A third shot now flew over the Bounce's forecastle from the foremost brig, which was now nearly within pistol-shot to leeward. This also being paid no attention to, she at last commenced a sort of running fire, at the same time hoisting the American colours.

"Now, my good friend Jonathan," cried the captain, unsheathing his splendid sabre, "I'll coquette with you no longer, for you've at last done exactly what I wanted. Quartermaster, the moment I give the word, be sure that you luff her up—Signal-man, are you ready? Mr. Doeboy, look out there—ready, ready, oh!"

"All ready, sir," was the response.

"Then *Fire!—Hoist away!*" bawled the captain, and the brig that moment was completely undeceived by a broadside that made her stagger again, while the British cross fluttered its defiance in the breeze. The captain now ordered the main-deck ports to be hoisted, and immediately another and more heavy broadside was poured into the brig, which created the most manifest confusion.

"Away there, boarders, away!" bawled the captain.

The drum rolled, the boats were lowered, when Lieutenant Fyke and his boarders (among whom was our hero and his steady friend Dennis) started on deck, leaped

into the boats, and gallantly boarded the brig, cutlass in hand. This was a service of uncommon danger; for the brig was full of men of the most daring resolution, and though the unexpected broadsides they had received had done considerable execution, yet were they more astonished than defeated. Roused from their stupor at the sight of the boarders pouring in upon them, they seized their arms, and a most sanguinary fight ensued. The Bounce had now receded so far astern, for the purpose of attacking the second brig, that no assistance could be expected from her in anything like time: Lieutenant Fyke and his boarders therefore fought for their lives. Twice had they gained the quarter-deck of the brig, and twice were they driven back with great loss on both sides to her bows; on a third desperate rally, however, they once more fought their way to her after-quarter, and Lieutenant Fyke, assisted by Edward and Dennis, who never left him, was in the very act of pulling down the Fifteen Stars, when he was felled to the deck by the butt end of a musket of a colossal man of colour. He fell on his face, and lay there completely senseless; and the tall dingy monster, uttering a loud howl of triumph, was in the very act of repeating his blow, when it was successfully parried by Edward, while Dennis with a single stroke of his cutlass stretched his huge carcass on the deck. They now once more flew aft and hauled down the colours, instantly hoisting the union in its place. Then cheering their comrades once more to action, they each took a gangway, which they charged with such determined courage, that, after a short but severe conflict, they succeeded in forcing the crew from the deck, and immediately battened down the hatches upon them. In the very act of doing this, Edward received his last and most serious wound; a pistol being fired through the hatches at him, the ball of which lodging in his right arm rendered it useless in a moment. He had already received different strokes of the cutlass, and other missiles, on various parts of the body, and the point of a spike had been driven through the fleshy part of his thigh; but circumstanced as he knew they all were, he had hitherto persevered with astonishing resolution, determined to

conquer or die along with his companions. Finding that, on account of his disabled arm, he could be of no farther service, he thought he would now go aft, and look after the remains of Lieutenant Fyke, a gentleman who had been uniformly favourable to him, and whose deeds of kindness he had often experienced. On, reaching the quarter-deck he found him still lying on his face, and the blood flowing profusely from a large wound in his head. Unacquainted with surgery, he knew not how to proceed, and was pondering in his own mind what to do, when he thought he observed a slight convulsive shudder come over the extremities of his officer. He eagerly renewed his attentions, and his joy was complete when he discovered that he still breathed. Disregarding himself for a moment, although he bled from various parts, he succeeded in turning Lieutenant Fyke round on his back, untied his collar, and sitting down and placing the wounded head on his unharmed thigh, he resolved to wait with patience the arrival of Dennis, who, with the others, was still forward, securing more effectually the turbulent and desperate prisoners of the brig.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Dennis, who had luckily received no serious injury, when he came aft and beheld the officer he most respected, and the friend he most loved, in such a miserable plight. Edward by this time had become so exceedingly weak through loss of blood, as to be nearly in a state of complete stupor, and was found by Dennis leaning over his officer, whom he had meant to support, in a state almost bordering on insensibility, the blood which flowed from their united wounds mingling and moving slowly away to leeward. Dennis stood for a moment looking at the unfortunate pair, then throwing from him his deep-dyed cutlass, he sprung forward, and was on his knees before Edward in a moment. Taking him kindly round the middle, he gazed earnestly for some time on his now pallid countenance, repeatedly wiped away the blood which trickled down his temples, then burst into tears, and exclaimed—

“Och, och, my dear fellow, and has it indeed come thus hard upon you?—och, by the powers now, and I’m

sorry for it—indeed, darling, I am!—Now what shall I do for you, honey?—Speak, if you can, dear—tell your Mahony what he can do for you, and he'll fly like the devil in a gale of wind. Och, och, how pale you grow, Ned!—By the powers now, if he's not going, that's flat—Lord, Lord, what shall I do!—what *can* I do!”

“Water, water!” faintly articulated Edward.

“Water, honey,” cried the desponding Dennis, suddenly springing to his feet, “by the powers but you shall have that in the twinkling of a sun-beam;” and away he ran to the tank, and for want of a better utensil came back with his leathern hat full of that precious liquid.

Edward drank greedily, and felt somewhat revived; and as many others had now flocked round him, he was in no want of such immediate assistance as could be had. Among these, Bill Lyson and Jack Sykes took the lead; their age and experience suggesting expedients which rawer wit could never have thought of. The neck kerchiefs were freely volunteered for the heads of their officer and comrade; another was employed as a tourniquet on Edward's thigh; and Dennis Mahony's joy was unbounded when Bill Lyson and Jack Sykes both assured him the bone of Edward's arm was still quite sound. Making a couch of old sails, jackets, &c. &c. beaft the wheel, they carefully placed the two individuals side by side—disposing of the dead and dying *sans cérémonie*—placed a strong guard on the two hatchways, well armed—and the remainder taking their station round the companion-ladder hatch, they steered directly after the Bounce, who was standing in for the land, with the other brig as a prize in her wake. Continuing their course with a fair wind, they all went into Teneriffe that same afternoon, and let go their anchors before the town of Santa Cruz.

As Captain Switchem meant to wood and water at this island, which would detain him for a few days, he lost no time in applying to the governor for permission to land his sick and wounded during the period of his stay. His request was immediately granted, together with a voluntary offer from the governor of the use of his hospitals—an offer which was gladly accepted. Lieutenant Fyke and Edward,

together with a number of others, were therefore immediately sent on shore, and conveyed with the utmost carefulness to the government hospital—where, it is almost needless to add, their wounds being strictly examined and properly dressed, they met with every attention which an intelligent, a humane, and a generous people could bestow.

In the hospital of Santa Cruz, Edward and his companions enjoyed every comfort they could possibly want or wish for—the inhabitants of the town, in whom the natural grave dignity of the Spaniard is happily blended with the airy vivacity of France, frequently visiting them, and vying with each other in their tokens of kindness and hospitality. But this was too good a life to last long, and the hour of their departure at last arrived. The captain, with the governor's assent, having permitted the best half of the Americans to go on shore, had now got the *Bounce* and her two prizes ready for sea; and Dr. Cawdle having reported all his patients out of danger, they were, with much regret on Edward's part, conveyed from the hospital to the frigate, which immediately after sailed for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Lieutenant Fyke, now convalescent, showed Edward the utmost attention and kindness during the passage, frequently visiting him personally in his hammock in sick bay, and often sending him any little delicacy he thought he would like, from the ward-room table. All this goodness, however, was completely counteracted by the bad air, the salt provisions, the unceasing noise, and the stinted allowance of necessary cordials, universally to be found in a vessel of war. It was not therefore without a feeling of much satisfaction, weak and emaciated as he was, that at the end of six weeks of severe suffering he found himself going over the *Bounce's* side in his hammock, for the purpose of being conveyed to Halifax hospital. He afterwards learnt that, through the mediation of Lieutenant Fyke, who had also taken lodgings ashore, he had been accompanied by his steady friends, Mahony, Lyson, and Sykes—who, after seeing him safely moored, and having taken an affectionate farewell, left the hospital in a very gloomy frame of mind.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE HOSPITAL.

Though I'm roughish in my speech, and though I'm stern in my frown—
Oh! it is not in my nature, but is all only art;—
For there's one thing yet within me that is sure to put me down—
My Country and its Music still has hold of my heart.

THE fine elevated situation of Halifax Hospital was admirably adapted for the renovation of such a constitution as that possessed by our hero. Situated on the declivity of a hill, which, gradually rising, terminates in a battery and signal-post,—with a glorious arm of the ocean right in front, crowded with shipping and vessels of war of all shapes and sizes—the bustling town to the right of the as bustling dock-yard—and the heavy armed and beautiful fort of King George, standing in the centre, and breasting, like a determined line-of-battle, broadside on, the entrance of everything hostile or unfriendly,—the whole formed, in association, as lovely a piece of landscape as Edward had ever beheld. The weather was delightfully serene and warm—the surrounding foliage luxuriated in the richest verdure—while the powerful orb of day, hung in the clear blue sky, shed down his fervid beams with all the steady vigour of a North American summer's sun. When it is also considered, that the principal doctor of the hospital and his medical assistants, were men eminent alike for their skill and humanity—that every indulgence was granted to its inmates which an enlightened benevolence could bestow, or a strict regard to returning health warrant—and that the naval allowance of provisions and cordials was actually unbounded—it will excite little surprise that Edward recruited so amazingly fast as in a very few weeks to be declared convalescent. His wounds were no doubt still delicate, and his body in a considerable state of exhaustion; but then his heart was whole, his hopes were high, his appetite sound and healthy, and his strength accelerating in vigour daily. He was no longer, therefore, con-

fined to his ward; but, furnished with crutches, he used occasionally to swing himself along to the upper end of the hospital green, which was excellently furnished with benches, and there seated, basking in the summer's sun, with the busy and beautiful scene before him, would he ruminate on the events of other years, or chat with such other of the invalids as chance led to the same quarter.

Among these was a man, or rather the shell of a man, who, from his rude, unsocial, and unconciliating manners, had been dubbed by the very unpopular name of the Boat-swain's Mate. He might be between forty-eight and fifty years of age, was remarkably tall and large boned, with a visage peculiarly forcible and striking, which, added to a stern voice, and a keen, sharp, cynical mode of converse, had long caused him to be dreaded by all the inmates of the hospital. Nobody knew what countryman he was—very few his name—and altogether there hung a sort of mystery over the old man, that was more than sufficient to excite the curiosity of a less attentive spectator than Edward. He had early attracted Edward's notice, from his frequently observing, that amidst all this apparent surliness and misanthropy, there appeared a strong dash of genuine feeling and generosity to those he thought more unfortunate than himself, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal. There was, therefore, altogether a something about his person, in despite of his bad temper, that gave Edward a greater desire to be better acquainted with him; but how to bring this about he knew not, as any attempts he had hitherto made had been always repelled with the most surly indifference. Continually foiled, he had long given up any farther hope of an introduction to him, when a simple incident which happened one day, accomplished the business at once.

Edward, whose present feebleness precluded him from all manner of exercise, being a tolerable proficient on the flute, was often in the habit of carrying along with him a small octave he possessed, with which, occasionally, he found amusement in the conning over one or other of his native airs, either lively or slow, according to the feeling of the moment. One charming afternoon he was

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seated, as usual, on his remote bench on the hospital green, not a stone's throw from the edge of the water, when reflecting on a conversation he had heard in the former part of the day, where one of the hospital retainers told another that he had been down at the quay that morning taking farewell of an old friend who had sailed for Greenock, he could not avoid indulging in a train of thought far from being pleasurable. Snatching up his octave, while the melancholy idea yet floated before him, he almost unconsciously commenced the plaintive and beautiful melody of "Farewell to Lochaber." He had played a very short time, when he was startled by hearing an uncommon stern voice behind him demand, "what devil's country that cursed drawl came from?" Suddenly halting, and turning round his head, he was not ill pleased when he beheld the bulky frame of the veteran boatswain's mate stuck up behind him: but as he had often heard that the best way to treat, and even win these surly people, was to serve them plentifully with their own sauce, he resolved to hazard the experiment. Darting, therefore, as furious a look at the veteran as he could muster, he answered, "From a country you'll never have the honour to belong to."

"Then it must be a d—d lousy one, young Mr. Consequence," growled the old man, "for there's few countries worth speaking on but what I've been aboard."

"That be d—d for a lie," said Edward, gruffly, "for there is one worth speaking on would suit the likes of you to a nicety. You were never in it, I'll be sworn, thof the sooner you are there the better, my heart;—and I hopes, once they get you, they'll keep you there till all's blue."

"Ah, ha! I smoke you, my saucy Jack," cried the veteran; "you mean Botany, don't you?"

"What then?"

"Why, that you're a d—d uncivil, ill-mannered young dog; and were it not I despise to touch such a poor crippled reptile, I'd convince you in a brace of shakes that you must talk to me in future in another way."

"You'd convince me! thou shadow of a man," cried

Edward, seizing and brandishing his crutch in his left hand with infinite dexterity;—"crippled as I am, but dare to elevate your arm to injure me, and I'll stave in these musty ribs of yours in a twinkling."

The veteran started, and fell back at the threat; then surveying Edward from head to heel, with a countenance seemingly marked with the most inveterate malignity, was slowly retiring, when Edward, somewhat amused with the rencontre, as well as with the ease with which he had discomfited the terror of the hospital, once more laid hold of his octave, and struck up, "The Ducks dang owre my Daddie." The sound caught the old man's ear at once; he halted and looked back, then hesitated, and at last once more approached Edward.

"So, my young Master Saucebox," cried he, sternly, "you not only laugh at me yourself, but make that yellow piece of wattle of yours laugh at me also. Art not afraid to affront me so?"

"As for fear, old man," said Edward, carelessly, "I've had too many hard blows in my time to fear anything now-a-days. Besides, my old boy, you'll please to remember that I belong, like my music, to what you are pleased to call the devil's country, and I dare say you know as well as I do that it is the devil's proper vocation, and all that belongs to him, whether men, wattles, or music, to laugh at all manner of mischief."

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst out the veteran, seating himself down on the same bench; "Why, you're the devil's own bird, sure enough, that's flat. Here am I, who have gone under a false character now nearly three months, all to save myself from being bored to death by a parcel of ignorant impertinent whip-jacks, brought to my marrow-bones in as many minutes by two tunes and a broadside from a young raw Scotchman. Well, well, I can't help it, for the never an inch on me could hold out a moment longer.—Ay, man, so ye're a Scotchman, it seems," continued he, smiling, and altering his voice; "and what part o' Scotland d'ye come frae, if a body might spier?"

"Hey day!" cried Edward, with real astonishment; "What! art really a Scotchman?"

"So they say, my man," said the veteran; "I'm frae the devil's country mysel, as ye ca' it."

"I'm very very happy to hear it, mate," cried Edward, shaking the old man heartily by the hand. "May I inquire the name of the place where you came from?"

"Giff-gaff maks gude friends," said the old fellow, laughing. "I pat the question first, neighbour."

"And shall have the first answer undoubtedly," answered Edward, in high glee; "for, thank God, I have no occasion for concealments. I come from Edinburgh, and my name is Edward Davies."

"Davies be d—d, you young wag!" rejoined the old man, laughing; "who the devil ever heard of a Scotchman of the name of Davies?—Ah ha, my young blade, you mustn't think to come over an old file like me in that manner.—Come now, confess it honestly, isn't that a purser's name?"

"Oho, if you begin to doubt me, old ship, I'm done with you at once," said Edward, somewhat testily.—"But before we begin to dispute any farther, do at least give me yours—giff-gaff, you know, as you said yourself."

"I meant no offence, young man," said the veteran, "and shall certainly keep my word to you, although it raises painful regrets within me; I entered the service also in Edinburgh, but my native place was Roslin. D'ye know that little place?"

"Know it, mate, I believe few better; ay, and its chapel and its castle too—the bonny bleachfield at the foot of the brae—the Esk that washes it's castle wa's—and Dryden, and Hawthornden, and Lasswade, and Dalkeith, and Inveresk, and Musselburgh, and the sea."

"Truce, truce," cried the old man, you've gone far enough to make a Turk believe. I see you are a good sterling dollar, though there are too many counterfeits now-a-days."

"Ay, but, my good old fellow, your name if you please?" asked Edward.

The old man, after considerable hesitation, and a look of peculiar significance, answered, "My name for the present is Jack Scizzey."

"A purser's, of course?" said Edward.

The old man nodded assent; and added, while a faint smile crossed his pallid cheek, "Belike, Ned, there were mighty good reasons for my adopting it, and the strange character you've knocked me out of; but what then? what objections have you to it? I'm certain there are as foolish surnames in England."

"Oh, that's no doubt true, old ship," said Edward; "but the English, you know, are like no other people on the face of the earth, being, like the contents of their dock-yards, a medley of all sorts.—As to what you were saying of my objections to your present name, why, I own I have no very material ones;—and yet, Scizzey, Scizzey—why, that's the cant phrase in Edinburgh for a sixpence."

"I know it is, my brave lad," replied the old man, "and it was principally to keep me in mind of that dear quarter that I chose it. Edinburgh!" continued he, becoming highly affected, "Lord help me, what would I not now give to be within hail of old St. Giles's—or, rather, to be outside the Grange-toll, on my way to the old ruins! Then, my dear fellow, you'd see whether these old shattered trotters of mine, hard up as they are now, wouldn't do their duty. But why do I talk nonsense, since that is now impossible? at least," added the old man with a sigh, "it is more than poor old Jack expects. But God's will be done; if it is his good pleasure that this weather-beaten hulk shall founder and rot in a foreign land, who shall say him nay? Yet oh, Davies, it is a sad sad thought, and wrings this withered heart to splinters! D'ye know, my dear boy, that I'll be the first of my family, for scores of generations, whose carcase will miss muster in the little beautiful church-yard yonder that crowns the top of the wooded knoll."

"Come, come, Jack," said Edward, eagerly interrupting the old man on a subject which he saw gave him pain, "you get quite womanish now, piping in that silly manner; and, did I not know how weak you are at present, I'd hardly excuse you. But I've heard you were at one time a great deal worse—so bad, indeed, that old Jectionbag

told me he thought you'd have kicked the bucket. You must be sensible, for I see it myself, how much you've improved every way lately; so why mayn't you not get on again, seeing, as one may say, you've already doubled the Cape? Cheer up, then, my old heart, and never say die! You may yet get stout again, and go home and see Auld Reikie along with me. You see I'm determined not to knock under; for certainly I do think the war cannot last for ever."

"Ay, ay, my dear fellow," said the veteran, "you may say it, for you are young, and have the weather-gage of me by some twenty years or better; but it's more than I expect, my lad, that's all. Howsomever, I thank you kindly for your good wishes; they are a balm to this old heart of mine, and come, like your music, with a gentleness over it to which it hasn't been accustomed this many a day. But seriously, Ned, do you hope to see Scotland again?"

"Do I, my old blade!" cried Edward, "assuredly I do; unless, to be sure, I get a smasher on the road, and then you know Scotland's nothing to me, and I am nothing to Scotland. But that's not what we were talking on. Come now, Jack, oblige me honestly with your real name, for Scizzey, you know, it can't be."

"Well, Ned, as we're alone, I will. What wouldst think of Adams?"

"Why, my heart," cried Edward, "I'd think it a very respectable surname of the country you've hailed for. But I say, Jack, if it's a fair question, what made you dounce it? Did you cut?"

The old man hesitated answering for a moment: then seizing Edward's hand, he replied, "Yes, Davies, I *will* trust you—I *will* give a vent to feelings which I've concealed for years from every one—which I've sheltered under a false name and a false character, and which I must still continue to do from every one but yourself. May I depend upon you? Give me your word you'll not betray me."

"I do, most solemnly, Jack," said Edward, gravely, "and am only sorry you should think it necessary."

"Well, well, Ned, have done, have done," cried the old man. "I did run, my lad, and the broad R has stood against the name of poor old Adams the matter now of between fourteen and fifteen years. At the time I cut, Ned, there was due me better than some eighteen months' pay as captain of the forecastle, besides a good round sum of prize money, and a stock of clothes I wouldn't have given for the best fifty guineas that ever was coined—but what then? I ran for my life."

"Your life, Adams!" cried the astonished Edward; "what hadst done to forfeit your life?"

"Nothing I was ever ashamed to think of, even when alone," said the old man: then added, in a half whisper, "You must know I was one of the few who had the pluck, at the risk of fame, fortune, and life itself, to plant that glorious tree of indisputable rights, the fruits of which the whole fleet throughout the world are this day reaping."

"And yet you ran for your life?" cried Edward. "Was it in danger?"

"Why not me as well as more innocent men," said the old man, "who fell a sacrifice to the cold-blooded revenge of an interested faction? I am as certain I would have gone for it as I am now speaking; for I took too conspicuous a part not to be a marked man."

"Fourteen or fifteen years ago—certain of going for it—innocent men," said Edward to himself, calculating mentally.—"Why, my dear fellow," continued he aloud, "you must allude to the Mutiny of the Fleet——"

"Rather," said the old man, sharply interrupting him, "to the redress of the grievances, the notorious grievances, of the Fleet."

"Well, well, my old blade," cried Edward, "I shan't fall out with you about a name. One calls it a mutiny, the *great* mutiny, and so forth; another, simply a redress of grievances, or, as you say, *notorious* grievances. Now which of you is right I neither know nor care. It's a business, I must say, I think happily over; for certainly, certainly, it cost many a poor ignorant simple soul his life,—while those who most richly deserved it eluded the kinch, and escaped."

"I thank you for the compliment," said the old man, testily; "but your ignorance excuses you, for you speak boldly without knowledge."

"Why, my old blade," cried Edward, "mayhap I may; for I confess I never yet heard an HONEST ACCOUNT of the matter—merely bits of snatches here and there, told us now and then by the captain's steward, who said he was a boy on board the Sandwich, attending the gun-room, at the time the story happened. He's an old fellow now."

"I knew it, I knew it," said the old veteran, brightening up;—"I knew you had never heard anything like THE TRUTH of the story."

"Well, well, mate," said Edward, grasping his crutch, "to put an end at once to all botheration,—for you see it is time we were on the move,—will you favour me with *your* account of the matter? I would like nothing better; and you may depend upon my making no improper use of anything you say."

"Well, I don't care although I should," said the old man. "I will rake up my memory to-night as soon as I turn in, and to-morrow, if the weather is favourable, I will meet you here at the same hour.—But, God help me! I must no longer be Jack Adams, but the surly brute of an old fellow, Jack Scizzey. Good night, Ned! I can make quicker way than you, and will reach the house long before you. Don't be surprised if you should catch me on your arrival in a brawl; 'tis a character I must keep up now so long as I am here, and, according to circumstances, probably hereafter. However, I'll explain the reason of that to-morrow, and other things which may possibly surprise you, in a short bit of an account of what I myself have encountered in my voyage through life."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE STORY.

Oh, whatever you do, never flinch from your King,
From your country, your parents, and all
The best blessings which from honest duty do spring,
To join in a mutinous brawl :—
For mind me, my mates,—and I say it in sooth,
To avert from you every dread evil,—
That the one is the way of high honour and truth,
But the other the road to the devil !

NEXT day, the weather proving fine, Edward was seated on the appointed bench punctual to a moment; and he had sat no long time when he beheld the tall gaunt form of Adams coming striding towards him. The salutations of the day being over,—

“ I see very well, Ned,” said the veteran, addressing him, “ that I have screwed your curiosity up to a far higher pitch than, I doubt me, there was any occasion for, and I sincerely pray God you mayn’t be disappointed. I have no marvels, mind me, to give you ; nor, from beginning to end, is there a single hobgoblin or merry-andrew to be found to excite your interest. It is all plain simple narrative ; such homely gear, indeed, that I’m afraid, before I get through it, you’ll think both me and my story alike exceedingly dull, and send us both a-packing to the devil.”

“ Oh, never fear, Jack,” said Edward, “ no matter-of-fact story can be absolutely dull, however plainly told—particularly such an interesting one as you’re alluding to. On the contrary, I assure you, I anticipate a vast deal of pleasure, were it no more than in the simple comparing of your way of it with the morsels which I’ve already so often heard.”

“ Well, well, Ned,” returned the veteran, “ I’m glad you are content to hear it in any shape. I’ll do my best to please you, and I hope you’ll accept the good will for the deed. I was never a great fist at telling of stories, even

in my prime, and, I much doubt me, I am too old to improve now. However, as I hate all apology-making, here's at it;—be so good as interrupt me as seldom as you can, lest you should break the yarn, tough though it be, and I'll give you old Jack's word for it, that if he don't please you, at least he will not detain you."

"Enough, my dear fellow," said Edward; "begin, begin, for I'm all impatience."

"Then listen," said the veteran, "to what you may call, in shore lingo, the

'STORY OF JACK ADAMS.'

"I was born in Roslin, as I told you before, and entered the service at Edinburgh, by leaping on board of a boat, then patrolling the streets on a wheeled carriage, nicely bedizened with flags, and flashy Jacks in ribboned hats, and music, and plenty of stuff, and the devil knows what all. I don't remember what year it was—nor does it matter: I was a careless, merry, youngish fellow at that time, fully taller than I am now, and had what my grandmother used to call a bee in my bonnet. I recollect I pocketed the thirty guineas of bounty with a vast deal of pleasure,—commenced gentleman in a trice—carried on like a scapegrace while it lasted—drank the most of it, was robbed of the rest, and was then hurried on board the Martin tender, lying in Leith Roads, in a state something between the drunkard and the madman. Well, here I had ample leisure to come to my senses, while waiting for the completion of our live cargo, which was no sooner done, than we sailed for the Nore, and were bundled on board the guardo. As I hated to be inactive, I soon grew tired, and volunteered as quickly as possible; so that before you'd have said Jack Robinson, there was I in the West Indies a-fighting with the French, sometimes on shore, sometimes on board, along with Sir John Jervis,—he, I mean, we now call Earl St. Vincent. Well, we had strange doings there for a great length of time, and as I was young, and stout, and healthy, and lived like a fighting-cock, faith I can't say but I passed the best part of a couple of years there quite to my heart's wish. But this was too good to

last for ever. We were ordered home, and were hardly in sight of St. Helen's, when we were drafted on board the Queen Charlotte, and in her I fought out the 1st of June. I was on board of her during all the riot, and only left her to come to the Nore, by permission of my officers: but more of this anon, for I never returned again.—Well, time wore on—and troublesome times they were—for Boney was always a-talking of invading England, and kept us continually on the alert. I assure you, my lad, the Channel in those days was the devil's own corner for bustle and business, and a turn in for a whole watch was a thing which occurred but seldom. However, we had always plenty of prize-money; for though we were seldom paid by our agents, by dint of our papers we used to lay Moses and his brother smouches under a constant contribution, and so contrived to have a little pleasure when we had the opportunity. But I'm wandering to leeward—Where was I?—Oh, ay, I recollect—Well, by this time I was dubbed A. B. with about ninepence-halfpenny a-day, and stationed on the fore-castle——”

“I beg your pardon, matey,” said Edward, interrupting him, “but you're away yet.—We'll take your promotion, and all that, for granted. Rather tell me at what time you first observed any symptoms of dissatisfaction among the crew of the Charlotte; because, stationed as you were on the fore-castle, and messing choak forward in the nose of her, you must have been very early apprised of anything of the kind.”

“True, my lad, true,” replied Adams; “but before I go any farther, Ned, just bring me up with a round turn, the same as you've done now, my boy, whenever I'm inclined to go off my regular course.—Well, to answer your question in few words, I think, as far as my memory serves me, it was about the end of 1796 I first saw any of them printed gear, as came from the shore, in the hands of any of my shipmates. Who sent them, or who the devil made them, I neither knows nor cares—neither does it matter—certain it is, that not only our ship, but the whole fleet, received large lots of them every other day; and I haven't a doubt but they had a main hand in kicking up all the riot that

afterwards happened. I recollect well enough of reading two or three of 'em ; but I soon got tired, for they told me nothing but what I already knew—though how to better myself I knew not ; for as for kicking against the very thing that prickled me, why you know that was all in my eye."

"If you remember, Jack," said Edward, "I'd like to know what these printed affairs spoke about."

"Everything,] mate," replied the veteran. "They generally commenced with telling us what brave hardy fellows we were—how the country adored us—and such like blarney. Then out came, what a d—d shame it was that we had so little pay, when the soldiers, who did nothing, were getting so and so—what a pity it was that a parcel of rascals, such as our officers were, should fatten and grow rich by cheating us out of the allowance given us by our king and country—that while the soldiers got furloughs to go to the far end of the kingdom, to see their wives and families, we were cooped up on board like a parcel of convicts ; or at most, allowed a twenty-four hours' liberty-ticket to go on shore, while all the soldiers had orders to look after us, and even got three guineas reward for nabbing us when we overstretch'd the time.—This, and such like everyday stuff, was the eternal change they rung—shifted a little here and there, but still ending in the same chime. Then, having set all your abominations in proper ship-shape before you, they generally tolled-in with the usual blustering swagger of a long line-of-battle of questions, such as the asking us 'If we were men?'—As that could hardly be doubted, they then asked, 'Why we bent under, or allowed of such tyrannical doings?' Had we not made our enemies tremble, and were not all our enemies who sought to make us, freeborn Englishmen and Britons, slaves?'—and the whole would conclude with a strange rigmarole exhortation, generally taken from a song, such as—'Now's the day and now's the hour!'—'Britons strike home!'—and such like.—Pshaw ! I ever held them to be d—d mischievous trumpery ; though I must confess 'twas not the case with the greater part of my shipmates, for they first set them all a-reading, and then

they set them all a-grumbling—seeing they told many of 'em of rights they as yet knew nothing about, and laughed and sneered at the simplicity of men who thought themselves the cleverest fellows on God Almighty's waters."

"Ah, but, harkye, my brave fellow," said Edward, "you must acknowledge, now, that there was a strong spice of truth in this nonsense. I have often heard say that there was ample cause for the riot that took place."

"Why, no one will dispute that, my lad," said the old man, "who has a particle of common sense in his skull. We had various matters to complain of, and they were often complained of; but of what use was it, or what good did it do?—You were certain, by way of redress, to be either hooted off the quarter-deck, laughed to scorn, or receive a good drubbing; and, in good sooth, my lad, I can't say I was ever patriot enough to volunteer to undergo such a discipline. — For instance now, for simple, common, everyday treatment, I can't say I ever could relish the being kicked for nothing by a mere boy escaped from the school or the nursery, or even to be rope's-ended by the hobbledehoy hands of a young raw master's mate—far less did I relish the almost constant startings, running of gauntlets, playing of dumb-bells, and other ingenious arts of tormenting, which were then in common fashion; and as for the almost daily practice of flogging, and particularly the too common one of keel-hauling, it shocked the whole fleet, and completely put my pipe out. D—n me, it was using men worse than the beasts that perish. As for our grub again, we had, no doubt, what the purser called full twelve ounces to the pound of either flour or bread;—four ounces being kept back, he said, for the necessary waste attending the doling it out.—But God knows what he called *his* ounce—I believe it was one invented by himself, as it wasn't to be discovered in ever a Dilworth of the kingdom. And then, for his liquor measures, why they were in the self-same mess, bruised into all shapes; and, through the whole fleet, were larger or smaller just as the purser loved money, or had a larger or smaller particle of conscience about him. Now, no doubt, the like of these things made us surly, and at

times growl at him ; but still, you know, he could very flatly tell us we had our regular pound allowed us by government, as well as our regular pint of grog ; and why, if we wanted any more, we must apply to government for it, not to him, for he could do nothing for us. The captain and first lieutenant sounded the same chime—ay, and sometimes accompanied it with a d—d good thrashing, by way of mending the matter. Besides all this, we had to growl, and we did growl, at several other minor matters, which all tended to impoverish us poor devils, while it enriched no one but the captain, the purser, and the ship's agent. This was the irregular method they had at that time of paying ships' companies their wages, sometimes allowing three, four, and, if out of the land, even seven years to run, before they received a cross of pay due them. This, of course, you know, was all in the purser's favour ; the men were compelled to take slops ; and if they were great wearers, why, when pay-day came, they were often in the purser's debt. This, however, as you may guess, did not occur often. Then there was no such thing as short-allowance money ; and if your grog was stopped, whether for punishment or sickness, it was never afterwards accounted for. But the best of all was, that were you wounded, or in such bad health as to be compelled to go into the hospital, you got no pay from the hour of leaving the ship until you was mustered again, and entered on her books by the clerk of the cheque.

“ All these were grounds, and devilish good ones, for many bickerings, squabblings, and heart-burnings ; but still, except a brush now and then, things went on pretty fairly until these printed gear came on board, and set all hands a-spouting about rights and privileges. Then there was nothing but the devil to pay ;—meetings, and committees, and delegates, got quite in fashion ; and really and truly it was quite impossible for a fellow with the spirit of a cockle to stand neutral on the occasion. As I told you before, I cared little about those printed gear, because they told me nothing but what I already knew ; but 'twas not the case with my shipmates, they

were completely converted by them, and were very generally seized with the mania for reform. Of course, the petitions for redress to the officers were multiplied out of number, and, as usual, the petitioners were scouted or kicked for their pains.

"Now, my dear soul, I believe I am stating the matter as fairly as a poor old fellow can do, when I frankly say, that our officers did wrong in treating the ships' companies in such a lousy manner, when they came respectfully forward and petitioned for a redress of some of these grievances; and I will be also bold to say, that in my conscience I think it was this unkind and even barbarous treatment, combined with the paltry pay, and other disagreeable comparisons between them and the military, which these printed gear put into their heads, that drove disagreements to such a height, or first gave us the idea of pushing matters to a head, at all risks, in the manner we did. Well, my lad, finding we could make nothing but abuse and ill usage out of our own officers, we resolved to attack their betters, and accordingly sent about a dozen of nameless petitions to the post-house, some to one 'Ral and some to another, not forgetting old 1st of June, nor the Lords Admirals themselves. But being in no one's name, d'y'e see, they cared nothing about them, and we were as wise as ever. Well, on this we had a meeting on the main deck (for by this time, my lad, we cared not a straw for our officers, any more than they did for us), when I got up and spouted awhile as well as I could, telling them 'twas all in my eye the sending ashore such half-done work; that if they wished any attention to be paid to their demands, there was nothing like fair even-down thump work for it; and that, if they would take my way on't, they should once more make out the petitions, get them signed in the round-robin fashion, and send them off to the Admiral of the Fleet at once, and such other nobs as they thought proper; telling them plumply and plainly, that if they wouldn't comply with our demands, we wouldn't comply with theirs. Well, all this was agreed to, and I was appointed one of a committee that was to see it done; so that the moment the

petitions were ready, and signed by a number of our first-rate hands, we went through the fleet and got all to sign them in the same manner; then despatched them ashore. But, God bless you! what a devil of a nitty they did kick up!—why, there was nothing but yard-arms, and shooting, and walking the plank, spoken of. Every rumour that came from the shore that day was worse than the other; and, upon my soul, Ned, I will candidly confess to you that I did not lie on a bed of roses that night. Next day, while we were considering what was to be done, who should burst in upon us but old Lock, our captain, absolutely foaming with rage. He abused us all in the most violent manner, struck all around him, and behaved so like a madman, that we manned a boat, and turned him ashore, there to come to his senses at leisure. Well, we were still waiting very patiently for an answer of some one kind or other, when who should board us but that madcap of an old woman, Admiral Gardner,—a fellow that never did anything worth mentioning,—and he made matters a great deal worse.”

“Pshaw, pshaw, mate,” loudly interrupted Edward, “that will never go down. Admiral Gardner was *never* an old woman in his born days, but the very reverse. Doesn’t think, my old boy, but I’ve heard before now of the old Queen he was aboard on? Ay, that I have, and often, mate; and, more than that, every one as spoke of her always said and swore that she played the best stick on the first of June of the whole fleet, not excepting your great Charlotte herself.”

“Why, who the devil disputes that, Davies?” cried the old man, with eagerness. “I know as well as any one that the old Queen fought on that glorious day like a very devil, and went through and through the French line like a flaming evil spirit. But what then, my lad? You’ll please to recollect that she wasn’t fought on that occasion by Admiral Gardner—no, nor never a Gardner in the fleet. It was honest old Hutt that fought her—as fine a fellow as ever trod a quarter-deck; and he lost both leg and thigh on the occasion, and died, brave heart, coming home. No, no, Davies; depend on’t I tell you the truth

when I say, that little credit goes to the admiral for that day's work, as well as many others who, for the present, shall be nameless."

"Well, well, Jack," continued Edward, "all that may be true. But as to Captain Hutt, you know, that was his bad luck, poor fellow, and no fault of the admiral's; still, however, that doesn't make out yet what you say."

"Bah, d—n him, I do not like him, that's flat," cried the old man, impatiently; "he's a proud, haughty, fiery hothead!—has no patience in the world—and, when once fairly roused, will neither listen to rhyme nor reason, but, right or wrong, up fist and down with you. I'll not forget in a hurry, mate, the devilish good thrashing he served me out one day I were keeping holiday on board his hooker, and all for a mere nothing."

"Oho, Jack! I see it now, my hearty," cried Edward, laughing. "So he gave you a thrashing, did he? Ah well, that does make the matter somewhat clearer than mud, I must say, and besides sufficiently accounts for your very handsome remembrance of him. You may now proceed: pray, how did he contrive to make matters worse?"

"Why, you must know, my dear fellow," continued the old man, somewhat mortified, "that by way of striking a salutary terror into these gentry, and compelling them to be at least a little more civil, we had lashed a block on the yard's-arm, and rove a rope through it, which was made fast to the fore-rigging. On seeing this he lost temper completely, and strutted and capered about the deck like a monkey in a china shop. Whew! for himself, he said, he cared not a single straw for the whole of us—he would stand under the yard rope and defy us all. We, sailors! that was a lie; there wasn't a drop of seaman's blood in our veins: in short, we were a parcel of mutinous scoundrels, who deserved to be sabred into dog's meat:—and in this manner he went on abusing us, until his wind failed him. This was rather overdoing the thing; and accordingly some of our spinks certainly did return his fire with language of rather a roughish description. I stood silent, watching the progress of this war of words; at last, apprehensive of the worst of consequences, I went up to the

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admiral, and, taking him civilly by the hand, I requested that he would be so good as to withdraw while there was any thing like good manners remaining. I then conducted him to the gangway, and saw him into his boat, which he entered amid the hootings and hissings of a very respectable portion of the ship's company. Now, would you believe it, mate, this very pretty behaved gentleman had been ordered on board for the purpose of giving us our answer; and certainly a favourable answer we had to expect which was begun in such elegant language. No time was therefore lost, and the signal for a council of delegates was immediately hoisted. They came directly on board, and had a consultation, when it was determined to adopt such measures as should secure the delegates from any surprise. I was therefore dispatched to the admiral's ship, the Royal George, with orders from the council to haul down the admiral's flag, and hoist the red in its place; being a signal for every ship to send a boat, manned and armed, for the protection of the court of delegates on board the Queen Charlotte. The captain of the Royal George, indeed, did make some resistance to this, and swore very gravely that no such flag should be hoisted without the admiral's permission; but his objections were over-ruled, and the flag was hoisted. While I stood prating there, a-telling two or three of my old friends how ridiculously extravagant had been Admiral Gardner's behaviour, who should come alongside but the very individual himself, along with Admiral Pole, a real good fellow, and demanded in his usual haughty manner, what was the meaning of the red flag now flying at the fore-topmast head? He had asked the question three times without ever a soul deigning him an answer, when at last a smartish sort of fellow, plucking up courage, went forward to the gangway, and bluntly and flatly told him to his face, that the ship's company wished to have nothing to say to him; but if Admiral Pole chose to step on board they would gladly hear what he had to tell them. With this invitation the good gentleman immediately complied, and put the whole business to rights in a jiffy. The moment he came on board, and all hands gathered round him, he mildly inquired, 'What do you

mean, my lads, by hoisting of signals now, when Admiral Gardner has already told you that your petition is accepted and will be complied with ?'

" 'Admiral,' replied one of the quarter-master's, respectfully, 'we have heard a very different account of his behaviour when he was on board the Charlotte to-day. It was told us by one of the delegates now on board, who I dare say will gladly carry any message your honour may be so good as entrust him with to the council, now assembled on board that ship.'

" 'Ah well, where is he ?—send him to me directly,' said the admiral.

" 'Well, of course, you know, I was bundled forward ; and, after answering various questions put to me by the good gentleman as to how Admiral Gardner had conducted himself on board the Charlotte, which, depend on't, I did as respectfully as I could, he told me in positive terms to go and to assure the council of delegates the moment I got on board, that, on his honour as an officer and a gentleman, their petition was accepted, and would be complied with without delay.'

" 'Many thanks to your honour,' cried I, grasping the good soul by the hand, which I shook heartily, I assure you. 'This is indeed the best news we've heard these many days; and I've no doubt will allay all ill-nature, and restore us all to a good understanding again. I'll go on board directly, your honour, and execute your kind commission before the council breaks up. Signalmen, bring me a white flag instantly.'

" 'What are going to do with a white flag, my good fellow ?' inquired the admiral.

" 'Why, your honour, I'm so very happy at the news you've told me, that I shall not only carry a white flag, but I believe I shall have a band of music with me also, in honour of your glorious intelligence. Tomlins,' I cried to the quarter-master who had first spoken, 'muster me up your band if you please ; by Jupiter, this is not an ordinary occasion.'

" 'You are a strange fellow,' said the admiral, smiling ; 'but I hope you won't forget what I've told you.'

" 'Never fear, your honour,' cried I; 'it will give too much pleasure to be easily forgotten.'

" 'Do then hasten on board, like a fine fellow, while your what-d'ye-call-it is sitting; for you know the sooner a story of this kind is settled 'tis so much the better.'

" To this I cordially assented; and gave the gentleman one of my best sea bows, as he retired to his boat, and rowed off.

" 'Now come, my jolly hearts,' I cried, 'who will volunteer to go on board the Charlotte with me with the happy news? They shall have plenty of fun, and oceans of grog. By the cross of Saint Andrew! but I'm half crazy with joy; so let me off. Come, Tomlins, my lad; d—n it, at least you must go, for you got the message as well as myself. Come, my jolly warblers, are you all in there?—ay, that's right. Come, let us aboard, old boy.'

" 'Shall I haul down the red, Adams?' inquired the signalman.

" 'No, no, my lad,' said I, 'you had better wait the council's orders about that affair. I'll tell you what I'll do, though; the moment I get on board I'll inquire about it, and if you are to haul it down, you'll know by the union being bent on the yard-arm rope. Let me tell you, mate, better to hoist the union there, than one of its merry subjects. Come, Tomlins, bundle your body in, and let us be off.'

" 'What shall we strike up, Adams?' said the master of the band, addressing me after we were in the boat.

" 'Eh?' returned I, busily employed bending on the white flag to the end of the boat's-hook, 'd—n me if I know, Hartley; you ought to be the best judge in all them kind of matters. But, whatever you do, give us none of your nationals; that smells too much of the Jerry Sneak way of going to work, in my opinion, and don't look like honest true blues at all. Let's see—give us—pshaw! give us *Tom Tough* at once; it is lively; in my humble opinion it is applicable, and it will give offence to nobody. So strike up at once, and stretch out, my lads, and let us on board as soon as we can.'

" The band immediately struck up, the white flag was

elevated in the air, and thus in a sort of triumph we rowed to the Queen, to the utter astonishment of the armed boats by which she was now surrounded.

" 'Hilloah, Adams! why what's the matter?' roared a hundred voices at once.

" 'Good news, my lads,' I exclaimed; 'glorious news, boys!—but I've only time at present to say, that our petition is accepted by the Lords of Admiralty, and all will go well;' and I immediately ran up the side, carrying my white standard still with me. Ordering the band to muster on the upper deck, I whispered into Hartley's ear to strike up that good old antijacobin, *Up and waur them a', Willie!*—while I sent in to the council to announce my arrival, with a message from authority. The band then once more struck up; and, pardon my vanity, when I confess to you, mate, that I was silly enough to march round all three decks at its head, refusing to answer a single question to any one, and contriving it so that my braggadocia air should finish the moment I reached the state-cabin door, where the council of delegates were still deliberating. The door being thrown open, I immediately entered, taking Tomlins, the old quarter-master, along with me.

" 'What is the matter, Adams?' said Jack Morris, who was sitting as president; 'have you got any good news for us, that you make all this flourish about it?'

" 'Master President,' replied I, 'and delegates all,—as it appears to me, in the exercise of my poor judgment, I've got not only important but glorious news to tell you. Admiral Pole, on the quarter-deck of the Royal George, where I was executing the duties you committed to my charge, has pledged his honour to you, before me and my friend here, quarter-master Tomlins, who has kindly accompanied me to back my assertion, besides hundreds of others on board who heard it, that the Lords of Admiralty had accepted our petition, and that every demand will be complied with without a moment's delay.'

" 'Now, I won't believe a word of all that there story,' cried Tom Allen of the Mars. 'If it was true, Mr. President, why didn't the admiral come here himself with the

news? D—n me, he knew we were assembled, and it was the least thing he could have done, in my opinion. For my own part, I think he has been gammoning our friend Adams."

" 'For shame, Allen,' exclaimed I, in rather an angry tone, 'to suppose for a moment that a gentleman like Admiral Pole would utter a deliberate falsehood. Mr. President, the person appointed by the proper authorities to bring you the intelligence was no other than the redoubted Admiral Gardner. So said Admiral Pole in all our hearings; and him I *will* believe, let Tom Allen jibe as best likes him. How that message was delivered, and what a pretty kettle of fish he made on't, you all know too well to require me to make a single remark. What I have now told you, Mr. President, I assure you is truth; for the verification of which I not only confidently appeal to my worthy old ship here, but to almost three-parts of the ship's company of the Royal George, who were round us at the time. And, lastly, as for the admiral's gammoning me, I will farther say, that I've the conceit to think so highly of my own powers, that I believe they'd be gammoned by neither Admiral Pole nor Tom Allen himself.'

" 'Glory, Adams!—glory, my hearty!' burst from two or three voices.

" 'Order, delegates!—order, if you please!' cried the President: 'I'd have you to consider that this is a matter of the most serious nature, and one which demands your serious attention. Come, what say you all; shall we take Adams' message for truth or not?—you see the Mars is of opinion, and probably more on ye who have not spoke, that he's been gammoned.'

" 'Mr. President,' said I, once more getting on my legs, 'by the way in which you are putting that question, the truth or falsehood of the message hangs upon me. This I solemnly protest against; for it is not Adams' message—it is not Tomlins' message, the worthy friend who accompanies me—it is Admiral Gardner's message, sent by the proper authorities to be delivered you; and in what manner he chose to do so, as I said before, you already all know. All that I know about it I've already told you;

that Admiral Pole, surprised at the neglect of which Admiral Gardner had been guilty, ordered me to come on board here instantly, not only to undeceive you, but to tell you the truth. I hope, therefore, I'll hear no more of Adams' message. The words I have uttered came from the mouth of Admiral Pole, before many witnesses, who pledged his honour for their truth both as an officer and a gentleman; and to him, at his earnest desire, I publicly, before all hands, promised they should be faithfully and speedily delivered to you. I have done so; but, farther than that, mind me, I disclaim all responsibility for their truth or falsehood—that you are to judge of. In conclusion I would only observe, that as I've already said I firmly believe in the truth and honour of Admiral Pole, I now beg leave to repeat my assertion; and have only further to request, that you'll be so good as examine my friend Tomlins here as to what he heard, in some measure to do away with any doubts of the truth of my report of the admiral's words, and principally to show that I was not quite gammoned.'

" 'Glory, Adams!—quite right!' was shouted again.

" 'Well, delegates,' resumed the President, 'what d'ye say, shall we examine quarter-master Tomlins before proceeding to the vote?'

" 'Oh, undoubtedly,' cried a great number, 'it can do no harm; and, after all, is but fair play.'

"The quarter-master was now examined, and backed every syllable I had uttered. I saw the impression this examination made on the majority, and immediately said, that if they had the least doubt of the quarter-master's being also gammoned, they might send a deputation to the Royal George, and take the evidence and belief in the message from hundreds who heard it. For this service I immediately proposed Tom Allen of the Mars, and Bill Senator of the Marlborough, two of the stubbornest hot-heads, I believe, in the fleet, along with Bill Ruly of the London, and Mark Turner of the Terrible, two men of sense and moderation.

"This was agreed to, and they were immediately dispatched; the meeting meantime chatting on indifferent

matters. At the end of an hour they returned, and fully verified the message I had given; both Bill Ruly and Mark Turner adding, that the news was firmly believed on board the Royal George. This, however, was flatly contradicted by Allen and Senator; who allowed that no doubt there were a few who said they believed the story, but that the great majority shook their heads, expressing their fears that it was too good to be true. In this dilemma it was agreed to adjourn the meeting until next day, when it was expected more certain intelligence would be sent them.

“ Well, Ned, upon my soul, the result of this meeting chagrined me most confoundedly; and, all that afternoon and evening, I could not be bothered with the chat of any one, but walked the forecastle, with my arms a-kimbo, as sulky as you please. I had no fears, however, of being laughed at openly, for I assure you there were few in those days, as this old withered fist can show, that would have stood long before me: but I also knew, none better, that there were plenty laughing and squibbing at me sily; and the very thought was cursedly mortifying. However, I bore up in the best manner I could; spoke little, and took less notice; and was rewarded next day by a complete triumph.

CHAPTER XX.—JACK ADAMS' STORY.

"WELL, next day, just a little before dinner, the signalman aroused the curiosity of all hands, by announcing that the admiral's boat had just pushed off, and was making for the fleet. The decks were instantly crowded, and we all watched his barge in silence, as it slowly moved onwards alongside the George, where his flag had been once more that morning hoisted. About an hour after he was on board, she began to telegraph the shore; and immediately afterwards the officers of the fleet were seen hurrying on board the admiral from all quarters. As all this plainly showed us there was something of importance in the wind, the ship's committee was directly mustered, and they immediately resolved, that, as soon as dinner was over, the signal for all delegates of the fleet should be hoisted at the main. This was accordingly done, and as promptly obeyed.

" 'Now, Adams,' cried Tom Allen, as soon as he was seated, 'we'll shortly see what is the meaning of the very pretty story you made such a riot about yesterday, regarding Pole and his fine promises; for mind me, d'ye see, I'm still of opinion it is all a bam. It rather strikes me, mate—and you must excuse me for giving my frank notion of the matter—that their present meeting is merely to see what effect his smooth-tongued palaver has had upon us simple souls; and whether they can't gammon the whole fleet as easily as they did you and old Tomlins.'

" 'Why, who the devil can doubt it, Tom, but that there's their very intention,' cried Bill Senator, peevishly, 'when they all must have seen, or had it told them, how greedily Jack and his old chum swallowed the bait; and

not only did so, but bolted it down, forsooth, with a white flag and a band of music !'

" ' Ay, there's the nailer,' cried Jack Vassy ; ' the flag and the music played the devil, and certainly carried the joke a little too far. Hang me, if I'd ever believed it of Adams, who, I'm certain, is not so easily gulled on other occasions.'

" ' Gulled here or gulled there, what are ye makin' a' this wark about ?' cried Jamie Blyth, a countryman of our own ; ' Jock Adams is nae mair than ane o' our number ; and, in faith, I think, on that very account, there's very little harm done. Will they gull us a', think ye, lads ? for that's the proper question ; and until they do that, ye've devilish little to complain o'. For mysell, I'll only say, that I defy the hail' tribe o' them to come ower me wi' their flashy havers. Na, na, I want nane o' their nonsense—I want deeds, not words ; and, until they gie me them, to the wuddy wi' their blarney.'

" ' True, true, my hearty,' cried Senator ; ' you're perfectly correct. The making a goose of Adams affects not our cause in the smallest. But, don't you think now, that it would have been fully as well had he not been so simple as to make such a noise about nothing ?'

" ' Wha the devil doubts that, William ?' returned Blyth ; ' but ye suld aye recollect that Jock is only a fallible creature, liable to err—and we are nae mair—ay, if we are as gude. I'm only wanting to say, that I think he has done nae *great* harm yet, and that I see not a morsel of occasion for a' this tirwurring and flyting at him.'

" During all this time, Ned, I sat silent, and really felt somewhat ashamed. The remarks were so feasible, and so boldly uttered, that I was absolutely staggered as to the truth of any message altogether, and all the more so, as the day was wearing away without a syllable from authority making its appearance. However, determined not to knock under, I still insisted that they all should have patience, and at least wait the issue of the present conference, which I was certain, I said, would produce something.

" ' Oh, I've not the smallest doubt of that, Jack,' cried

Senator, laughing sarcastically; 'belike we shall be served out with another whacking allowance of their flummery.'

"'Ay, ay, as you say, Bill,' returned Vassy; 'for these chaps are all lawyers, you knows, and are nicely up to the tipping us off their chin-music.'

"'That's buttering a whiting, you mean, I fancy,' chimed Blyth.

"'For my part,' resumed Allen, 'I never did see these wiseheads meet together yet, but what they were always a-hatching of mischief; and, in faith, I expect little else now, come the squall when it may. But, zounds, what's the use on us sitting stuck up here palavering about what is all in my eye and Betty Martin? Come, my hearts, let us on deck at once, and have a look round us; unless, indeed, our worthy Glynne, there, has got some stuff in his locker, and then, why, I haven't the smallest objections to our diving below.'

"'Bah, bah,—no such thing, Allen,' cried the President, loudly; 'indeed, indeed, mates, it must not be. Recollect for a moment what you are waiting here for,—to meet with your officers and commanders; and recollect also the mighty importance of the duty committed to your care—no less than the looking after the interests of thousands, who all have their eyes on you. For God's sake, then, my hearts, think not of grog, I beseech you. I can see no harm in your breaking up and going on deck; but I must decidedly *insist* that you shall neither leave the ship, nor fall to a grog-guzzling.'

"'Well, well, Morris,' said Valentine Joyce, gruffly; 'you're our officer at present, you know, and *must* be obeyed; but for all that, in my way of thinking, I can see little harm in Glynne's sporting us a tot or two of his supernaculum, were it no more than to kill time agreeably. However, hang it, let us be jogging, for my shank-painters are getting as crank and stiff as e'er an old woman's in the kingdom.'

"Accordingly the council broke up, and were speedily squandered about the various decks. For my own part I retired to my berth, accompanied by Jamie Blyth, with whom I had a long and a serious talk on the matters

then going on ; in the course of which I discovered, with exceeding regret, that, countryman of mine though he was, and a shrewd intelligent fellow to boot, he was a complete unbeliever in the fair promises of government, notoriously infected with disloyalty, and all them other new-fangled wild principles, and altogether, neck and crop, a keen fellow for change and innovation.

" I think we had chatted the best part of a couple of bells, and in faith I was beginning to get heartily sick of his nonsense, when all hands were piped suddenly on deck, and, hurrying up, who should I see there but our old skipper standing at the capstan uncovered, with a huge lot of papers before him ! Having read over these, which contained a frank agreement to grant all our demands, he proceeded to ask the ship's company assembled round him whether they were now satisfied, and would return to their duty ? But this was a question which no one thought proper to answer. At last, fearful our silence might be misconstrued, I took speech in hand myself, and plumply and flatly told the old boy, that the conducting and settling of the whole affair had been consigned into the hands of the delegates, and to them he must apply for an answer,—adding, that I had no doubt but that what they agreed to would amply satisfy the fleet.

" ' Then why don't you call them together, Adams ? ' said Captain Lock, peevishly ; ' or must I go and beseech them to give his Majesty's message a hearing ? I understand the fellows have had the presumption to disgrace my unfortunate vessel by holding their infernal divan in her. It's not unlikely, then, but they may be on board even now. Go call them together instantly, I command you.'

" I was here very luckily prevented from replying to this vinegar remark, by the abrupt interference of a bulky booby of a holder, who thundered out, laying hold of the captain's collar,—' I'se ha' thee to understond, Loack, thee hast no cummond here noaw-a-dees, zo had'st better be zivil. Zookers, *fellows* did'st thee zay !—dang it, doesn't knaw we ha' a yeard-rope very much at thee sarvice ; or would'st prefer a zound ducking——'

“ ‘For shame, Gregory,’ cried I, interrupting the rude lout, ‘for shame, and recollect who you are speaking to; for mind me, mate, this gentleman comes not here as your commanding officer, but as an ambassador from the Lords Admirals themselves, as well as the Commons, and Lords, and King of the country. So off hands, if you please, and behave to the gentleman as a gentleman, and as one who brings offers from those who can give us all we either want or wish for. Captain Lock,’ continued I, addressing him, ‘to assemble the delegates is out of my power; that can only be done by orders from the President, who, we all think, has highly honoured the Queen, by selecting her from the rest of the fleet for their place of council and consultation. Belike you may think otherwise?’

“ ‘I’ll be d—d if I don’t Adams,’ cried the indignant officer, interrupting me, highly enraged. ‘What, *honoured* did you say!—the old victorious Charlotte *honoured* by being made the very den and focus of the sedition, disloyalty, and treason of a mob of outlaws—a pack of low, lousy, ungrateful villains!—mean, unruly scum!—the very dregs of mankind, and sweepings of our jails!—Away with such honour for ever!—Hear me, Adams; go, as I command you, and tell these fellows, you call your—’

“ ‘Gude forgie us! what the wuddy did I hear?’ cried Jamie Blyth, bursting forwards, and rudely interrupting him; ‘outlaws, villains, scum!—ha, ha, ha! the auld fallow’s surely demented!—Gae wa’—rin, some o’ ye, and bring me the darbies—saul, he’ll do himsell a mischief else. Haste ye, lads, and as soon as he’s fast on his nether end, I’ll hear him preach wi’ some degree o’ contentment.’

“ ‘I’ve not the smallest doubt, Davies, but this threat would have been put in execution, had I not stuck close by him, and loudly maintained that he was to be looked on in no other light than the ambassador from the Lords of Admiralty.

“ ‘The ambassador of the Admiralty d’ye ca’ him?’ cried Blyth, with a sneer; ‘a pretty ambassador he maks atweel, and shows himsell weel wordy o’ his calling. Foul fa’ me, gif the Lords Admirals meant him for an ambas-

sador, they've committed a terrible mistake surely, and sent us an ill-tongued randy o' a keelman in his stead.'

" 'Peace, fellow !' said the captain, darting at Blyth a look of the utmost contempt ; ' peace, I say ; and recollect to whom you are prating.—D'ye hear me, Adams ? once more I *command* you to go instantly and find out your ringleader—your what-d'ye-call-um of the gang, I mean. Tell him from me to muster his junto of roundheads directly, and to give me an answer in a moment : I'm out of all patience to be rid of such company.'

" 'Then why don't you leave it ?' said Bill Senator, who had now joined the assemblage. ' I'm sure there's none I know on more welcome ; for, whether we wear round hats or cocked ones, this one thing I can tell you, my old bluff blade, that no commands of yours will be obeyed here to-day, so you may march your pumps as soon as pleases you ; and, i'faith, if you take my advice, sooner you shove your boat off the better.'

" 'Why, who are you that speaks to me so boldly ?' demanded the astonished captain.

" 'A fellow-servant of your own,' replied the intrepid Senator, bowing lowly, 'and one too, in my opinion, of infinite more use ; though it doesn't please Master to give me one paltry brass farthing for a score of shiners you gets on a pay-day.'

" 'You are indeed a rare, a daring villain !' said the captain, 'and no doubt will speedily receive your proper reward.'

" 'I hope so,' replied Senator, coolly ; 'although, I must say, it is devilish long on the road. However, time, you know, is an excellent tooth-drawer, and will tell you to a nicety whose bottom's blackest ; so who knows, old one, how soon I mayn't be exalted ; though God forbid it should be in your way.'

" 'Pshaw !' cried the captain, turning away in disgust : 'Harkee, Adams, see, these are the Admiralty papers, by which you will perceive that all your requests, or *commands* rather, are most graciously complied with. It's more than I'd have done, that's flat ; but as it comes from the hands of his Majesty, I've got nothing to say. Take

them in keeping; assemble your what-d'ye-call-it; and let the admirals, who wait on board the flag for the very purpose, know your answer as soon as possible. I came on board here to do all this myself; but I've met with too much insolence to have either the wish, or the patience, to make my stay an instant longer. Set about it directly, there's a good fellow. I'll give you half an hour to consult one another; but if you can come to a conclusion sooner, you know, so much the better. The admiral himself wishes, that if you are now satisfied, you will signify as much by hauling down the red, and hoisting a white flag at the main. If I hear not from you in half an hour, you may likely get another messenger—but not me; for I assure you I shan't submit to be the sport of every prating scoundrel that chooses to insult me. Let me see now how smartly you will execute this commission of mine: it won't be against you, my good fellow,' whispered he, as he put the papers into my hands, and walked away.

"'Well,' cried Bill Senator, looking after him, as he walked to the gangway, 'if there doesn't go a piece of the haughtiest old junk I ever set eyes on. I say, Adams, what are you going to make of that there trashy gear he's given you?'

"'Carry them down to the President directly,' replied I.

"'Why then, I'll save you the trouble, my brave boy, for here I am,' said Jack Morris himself, taking the papers out of my hand. 'So,—what have you got here? (reads). *By the Commissioners for executing the office*,—ay, that's the Admiralty's—now for the next—Ah!—*Given at our Court of Windsor*.—By the Royal George, we have it at last! Success and glory, my boys! I say, Adams, jump down, my heart, and call Brand, the boatswain's-mate; or, I'll tell you, you can do it yourself; tell him from me to pipe an assembly at council-board directly, to muster.'

"I immediately did so; the call was given, and the delegates instantly obeyed the welcome summons. They were then formally mustered by the President, when Valentine Joyce and Patrick Glynne were found amissing. The strictest search on board having proved fruitless, it was immediately conjectured they had stole away on shore,

which it was easy to do in some of the numerous shore-boats with which the Queen was that day surrounded.

“‘Now, by my soul, mates, if that isn’t too bad,’ cried the President, exceedingly chagrined, ‘to go and cut at the very moment they’re most wanted. Were they here now, the job would be settled in a trice. Bah, bah ! I never saw Joyce otherwise with the sight of grog in the wind.’

“‘But, harkee, Master President, can’t we proceed without ’em ?’ asked one.

“‘I should think so,’ cried another. ‘By the hookey, Mark, there are thirty of us here present, and it’s very hard indeed if all these must be forced to hang in the wind for the wilful absence of two ; besides, Master President, do recollect they may not be very easily found now ; or, if they are, ’tis ten to one but they’ll be found malty.’

“‘I care not, my good fellows, though malty as grog can make them, were they but here present,’ cried Jack Morris ; ‘because, you’ll recollect, our answer must come from the whole assembled delegates—and, i’faith, I won’t proceed without them.’

“‘For my part, mates,’ said Blyth, ‘I aye like to see things of moment gone about in an orderly, sober, and serious manner ; and I’m sure ye’ve nae reason to think other than that our present meeting is one of the greatest importance, baith to ourselfs, and a’ it concerns. I needna fash hardly to add, that, of course, I entirely agree wi’ our President ; for our decision must, of an absolute necessity, be the decision of the whole, and not of a part. I wad therefore motion, that Willie Anderson, canny Willie there, be forthwith sent on shore in search of Valy and Pate, to bring them off by hook or crook, will-he or nill-he : and that, in the meantime, the rest can gang and play themselves as they were doing afore the word came.’

“‘I agree heartily with you, my lad,’ cried Bill Senator ; ‘but, avast ! will canny Willie, as you call him, be able to manage the pair of ’em, think you ? I would rather you’d give Anderson a pell, and then, why, that would make squares.’

“‘Oh certainly, if it’s to be a will-he nill-he business, there should be no odds,’ cried a number.

“ ‘Aweel, lads, I dinna ken but what ye’re right after a’,’ cried Blyth, ‘it’ll save reflections. Let me see; ay, what wad ye say to our auld farrant friend in the corner there, Dennis Lawley? Od, I’d think he’d do capital; forbye making a gude joke o’ the hunting-match they’re gaun after—I mean, sending the Scotch and Irish to catch the English and Welsh.’

“ ‘Well, what you say, mates,’ inquired the President, ‘ar’t both willing?’

“ ‘Lawley gave an inquiring glance at Anderson, who seemed all acquiescence; then, shrugging up his shoulders, with a good-humoured smile, he said, ‘I’ll tell you what it is, master officer, and mates of mine, and by the waters of Ireland, I tell it you as serious sober truth—it’s a misfartun of mine always to get as dry as a biscuit, as soon as I see a decent opportunity of thumbing a naggin. Now, you see, if we should bolt alongside of our old ships, o’er a whacking jug of the crature,—I’m only after making a superstition, honeys;—supposing now the stuff were of the real sort, you knows, warn, swate, and famously strong, would there be any great harm in lending a hand, dears, to fill it full of emptiness?’

“ ‘There will be harm in nothing, Lawley,’ said the President, ‘but delay. We’ve received the King’s papers, and must return an answer as soon as possible. So whatever you do, lose no time in returning on board.’

“ ‘Och, and if that’s the case, sweet master of mine,’ cried Lawley, ‘faith and you must give us a boat, dear; for these shore gear can no more skimmer through it in a hurry, than fly in the air. And then only think what a flourish it will make from the Platform, when they behold a gentleman from Ireland and Scotland coming to pay their respects, and their love, and all that, to another of England and Wales.’

“ ‘Well, well,’ said the President, laughing, ‘you shall have a boat; and I hope, as you’re going to play the gentleman, Denny, you’ll behave like an honourable one, end recollect we are waiting your return. As for Anderson, I’m sure of him.’

“ ‘And may be after sure of me also, master officer,’

cried Lawley. 'Come along, Bill; by the powers, but they shall see that the Scotch and Irish, for native elegance, ease, and civility, are not to be equalled in any other part of the kingdom—gragh !'

"They accordingly took the large gig, and shoved off for the shore, and in astonishing short time returned with the two absentees. The doors of the council were therefore now carefully closed, and the business commenced with a deliberate overhaul of the various papers and whole correspondence which had passed on the subject. Many were the speeches made on the occasion; but with these I won't trouble you, for the most of them have escaped my memory, and I really cannot do them justice. I recollect well enough, however, that when the King's pardon was read, there were many doubts and fears expressed by Tom Allen and Bill Senator—firmly supported, as usual, by their trusty seconds, Vassy and Blyth—as to whether it might be called a pardon at all; seeing, if you did not take it just as it stood, or, in its own words, *upon notification hereof*, it was of no farther use to any one. However, notwithstanding a strenuous and a noisy opposition, it was carried by a large majority to accept of the proposals held out, just as they stood. But then came another important point—how was the news to be announced to the fleet? for as for the admiral's wish of a white flag at the main, that was out of the question, seeing it looked far too like a spirit of involuntary submission, and not as a matter of choice. After much altercation, it was at last agreed that a deputation should go on board the admiral, with a written notice of the decision of the council; and that, at a given signal from those on the Royal George's poop, the crew of the Charlotte was to man the rigging and give three cheers, to be followed in succession by the rest of the fleet. Notice to this effect was immediately sent through the fleet, in order to be in readiness.

"Upon the President's asking for volunteers to accompany him on board the admiral with the decision of the council, the never a one offered, until I rose up myself; when Mark Turner immediately chimed in, and the

President declared he had plenty. The notice was now drawn out, and being properly signed, the council broke up, and took to their respective boats, which had previously been assembled by signal. A short time was allowed them to make to their respective vessels, when the captain's barge was manned by its own crew, all properly rigged, and pushed off for the admiral's ship with the deputation on board. We were received by the admiral, surrounded by admirals, captains, lieutenants, and other officers of the fleet, with the highest distinction.

"The President, having one of us on each side of him, went boldly from the gangway aft on the quarter-deck, all of us hat in hand. Coming close up to the admiral, he drew forth the final decision of the court of delegates, and presenting it, addressed him with a manly voice something in this manner:—'My good admiral, it is with unfeigned pleasure that I now present you with the final decision of the council of the fleet, because I hope turmoil and disorder are come to an end. Allow me, in the name of my brothers of the Channel fleet, to return my most grateful thanks to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for their ready compliance to our humble requests—to assure them of our steady attachment and loyalty to our King, and of our affection and zeal in the service of our Country; as we are all determined, under your excellent command, on the very first opportunity the enemy will give us, to exhibit to the nation how willing we are to do our duty—to honour our King in the discomfiture of his enemies—and to make your name, as our commander-in-chief, famous and imperishable.'

"The admiral appeared to be highly pleased, shook us all heartily by the hand, and made a slight signal to an officer, who immediately went below. He shortly after appeared, followed by a number of servants, the foremost of whom carried a table, and the others speedily furnished it with liquors of various kinds. Filling a glass of wine, he immediately doused his hat, and seizing the glass, said, with peculiar emphasis, 'Here, my lads, I cheerfully drink to our reconciliation; and may we in future have no other disagreements; nor no other enemies

but these of our King and Country.' He now handed a glass to Jack Morris, who modestly thanked him, and drank to the 'Happy reconciliation of the Channel fleet to its King and to its Country! And now,' continued he, 'I have only one piece of service more to perform ere my duty expires—may I have your kind permission?'

"'Certainly, my lad,' said the 'Ral, 'but what is it?'

"'It is the ratification of our sentiments, your honour; and you shall behold it directly. Jack Adams, jump up on the poop and give the signal.'

"'You may depend on't, Davies, I was not slow in my operations. Yes, I confess it was with pride I saw my shipmates ascending the rigging even while I was bending on the signal; and no sooner did it reach the gaff and flutter in the air, than cheer after cheer arose to the skies, absolutely deafening,—lessening, and dying away, as it reached the other end of the fleet.

"'Bravo!' cried the 'Ral; 'why, that is something like the thing, my brave fellow. I must now hurry ashore to communicate the good news to our anxious countrymen; but I will see you again soon, when I hope to have the honour of leading you in search of our common enemy. D'ye go, gentlemen?'

"The admirals silently assented, and followed his lordship to the barge, which immediately shoved off, and made for the platform.

"The nabs being now under way, why, I thought it was my turn to spout a little; so marching up to Captain Lock, I shortly told him I had taken the liberty of bringing his barge, properly manned, for his own peculiar use, and that we would all be so happy once more to see him on board the Queen Charlotte. The old fellow here gave me a complete damper; coldly declined the *honour*, as he was pleased to phrase it, his crew would confer upon him; declared he had got enough of it for one day, but might possibly visit us the next, when he was in better humour. Here was a choker, my dear lad! an absolute freezer of all kindly or loyal feeling! which, though it did not make me swear at the old fellow, absolutely put my pipe out for the rest of the night."

CHAPTER XXI.—JACK ADAMS' STORY.

“WELL, after such a brush as we had had, and getting over the hards in such excellent style, you can have no idea, Ned, how joyfully I turned in for that night, or how sweetly and soundly I slept. Everything was now settled to our utmost wishes, and it was natural for a person to think that we were to have nothing afterwards but smooth water :—But no !—the devil wasn't done with us, it would appear, and seemed determined to have another rally, by way of a finish, at all events. I think it was on the fourth or fifth day after I had been on board the 'Ral, as I told you, I was chatting with old Simmons on the forecastle, just immediately after we had got our grog, when who should board us but Allen and Senator, along with Jack Morris, our late president, demanding an immediate muster of the ship's company. A meeting was accordingly called, when Tom Allen, after requesting our silence and attention, pulled out a bundle of your shore printed gear, and began to read ; and, 'tis a truth, he had not proceeded far before he astounded the ears of his listeners with the dreadful intelligence, that the whole promises hitherto made us were wind, never meant to be performed—that some of our great Lords, in the House of Parliament, who wished to know all about the story, and see us properly redressed, had been ordered by the king's servants to clap a stopper on their tongues, and let the business alone—that they wished to hurry us to sea, where they would treat us as they thought proper—and, in short, that the whole proceedings, from first to last, was a mere bam, purposely got up to hoodwink and satisfy us for the present time only. Immediately on concluding this very agreeable morsel of intelligence, Tom commenced a long rigmarole sort of speech, in which, after calling the public

authorities everything but gentlemen, he urged the ship's company once more to resort to the good old plan of disobedience. I feel it quite impossible, my dear fellow, to give you the smallest idea how instantaneously the effect of all this was visible on the ship's company—in some producing the most outrageous anger, in others a sort of demoniacal laughter, and in all arousing those fears and forebodings of personal security, which had been so lately and happily banished. For my own part, my lad, as I told you before, I had little faith to put in them there shore-printed gear, with which we had all along been so lavishly supplied for nothing. I had always considered them as full of mischief, and not the thing at all for weak heads; and was very apt to view them much in the same light I'd have done an officious intermeddling third person, who edges and edges on two people quarrelling, until they fairly come to fisticuffs, thus giving rise to endless brawls and disorder;—and I was the more inclined to think in this manner from the experience I had had of their putting wild and mischievous thoughts into the people's heads, which otherwise they would never have had the brains to hatch. As soon as Tom had finished, therefore, I asked him if he could show us no better authority for his news than these gear—telling him plainly how jealous I was of the truth of all such unauthorized and underhand stuff, and how lightly I valued anything they said. Tom answered me never a word, but thrusting his hand into his bosom, forth he pulls me a London newspaper, and bids me read and satisfy myself from the Parliament's report. I did so directly, you may be sure; and in faith, I must confess I was very unwillingly soon convinced that so far Tom's paper was correct, and that silence on all our story had actually been strongly enjoined.

“ ‘Well, Adams,’ cried Tom Allen, triumphantly, ‘are you convinced at last that we have been most cursedly bitten?’ ”

“ ‘No, Tom, I can't say I am,’ replied I,—for, ‘pon my soul, Davies, I couldn't bring myself to believe that the whole was a hoax,—‘I can't say I am,’ says I. ‘The newspaper does indeed say that silence has been strongly

recommended—but we don't know for what reason, and possibly it is not proper that we should. In the meantime, Tom, until we get better information, I'd have you to follow my plan, and be content with knowing that all we've asked for has been solemnly granted us ——'

" 'Come, come, Adams,' interrupted Bill Senator, 'don't go to be running the rig on us in that sly manner;—for I can tell you, my lad, all we've asked has *not* been solemnly granted us,—for at the utmost stretch it has only been solemnly *promised* us; and, in my eye, there's the devil's own difference between what is promised and what is given. I think every man of common sense must agree to that; and I also think that it is high time we were once more stirring our stumps in the good old cause. —What d'ye say, my jolly hearts?—don't *you* think so?'

" His appeal seemed at once to burst the flood-gates of passion in every individual, for such another scene of noise and tumult ensued as beggars description. I assure you, Davies, I have seen a good many brawls in my time, but you may take my word for it that they all sink into utter insignificance when compared with the remembrance I have of the universal burst of indignation and frantic violence which immediately followed this appeal to them of Bill Senator's. Fortunately every one on whom they could properly wreak their vengeance was out of their reach, since I am as certain as I exist that had they had even Lord Bridport himself that moment in their power they'd have torn him in pieces.

" In this state of mind matters were not slow in assuming the determined aspect of defiance with which we were all now so very familiar;—so that after having arranged a regular plan of procedure for the future conduct of the ship, the deputation departed to pay a visit to the next in order. On the following morning, accordingly, the riot began. We had hardly got our breakfast swallowed ere the admiral dropped his foretop-sail and fired a gun, as the signal for instantly getting under way, which, you may depend on't, was paid not the smallest attention to. The officers, to be sure, brushed about the decks bawling like madmen, and did everything in their power to enforce

the order—nay, headed even by Captain Lock himself, they traversed the decks sword in hand, threatening some, flattering others, and even almost supplicating a third party ;—but all would not do—they were speaking to determined and daring spirits, who were not to be very easily daunted ; and in spite of all their united endeavours, the old Charlotte continued fast at her moorings.

“ All this conduct, however, you may very easily guess, naturally drove us to do something decisive ; and of course it excited little surprise on board the Charlotte, when a Court of Delegates was announced to be held forthwith, on board the London, lying at Spithead. The different boats immediately got under way for the place of meeting ; and I was not a little astonished, on our boat nearing the London, to find that all admittance was refused us, by no less a personage than the admiral in person. Breasting the gangway passage, my boy, and backed by his officers, sword in hand, and his marines under arms, there stood the old blade, crowing for all the world as bold as a turkey-cock. The question, however, admitted but of little delay ; for we were all sensible that we were placed in ticklish circumstances, and that the sooner the parlay was pushed to a point the better.

“ ‘ So you won’t allow us to settle our business peaceably on board your ship, your honour ? ’ said Jack Morris, from his boat alongside.

“ ‘ Indeed I will not,’ answered Admiral Colpoys, ‘ for I really see no end to this business of yours—since the more you get, seemingly, the more you would have. It is high time such turbulent conduct should be put an end to. Return therefore to your respective duties, and bless your stars, and be content with what his Majesty has already granted you.’

“ ‘ Pray what has he granted us,’ cried Tom Allen, ‘ more than your worship is treating us with now—giving us a very pretty dish of your chin music ?—Bah !—to the devil I say with all such grants !’

“ ‘ You are indeed a well-finished scoundrel,’ cried the admiral, clenching his fist and shaking it at Allen ; ‘ and were it not you are seated where you are, and I might

injure a better man, I'd order a ball to be sent through your head directly.—Away with you! It is such knaves as you, you villain, famous alike for your turbulence and cowardice, that bring honest simple men into tumult and disgrace.'

" 'Away with me, my lord!' cried Allen, standing up in the boat; 'faith and I must e'en be telling your beautiful person I came here for no such a purpose as to be scouted off so very easily. I'll go, I believe, as soon as I discharge the duty entrusted to me by my shipmates, and the never a moment sooner. You may therefore chime away on me as long as it pleases you, and welcome; and though I may be possibly turbulent in your eyes, which, thank God! better people don't see through, I can flatly give you the lie as to cowardice.—Here stands Tom Allen, of the Mars, whose ears have heard the whistle of ten shots to one more than ever you did—here he stands, I say, open before you—fire upon him, if you dare!'

" 'We must really come on board, your honour,' repeated Jack Morris, from the boat;—'we are merely wasting time as well as words.'

" 'I tell you, my lad, I cannot agree to it,' replied the 'Ral: 'you seem to be a fellow of some behaviour, and I would fain treat all such with civility. But I cannot hear of your present proposal. If your business is so very importunate, in God's name, take yourselves off, and meet wherever else you please, but on board this vessel, while I command her, you never shall, that's certain.'

" 'Bah!' cried Bill Senator, 'never mind the old fellow, Morris; he's got his jawing tackle hauled aboard, and could prate you there for a month of Sundays.—Jump up, Jack, and I'll follow you.—Come along, my jolly hearts, here's at it!'

" 'Marines!'—cried the admiral, 'make ready—present!—I advise you once again, my lads, before you go farther, to keep to your boats; for by mine honour I declare, that if you attempt to force your way on board, it shall be at your own peril: you see I am all ready.'

" 'Zounds, Morris, never mind him,' bawled Senator, impatiently, 'but heave a-head, and keep moving—I'll

stand by you, my hearty!—Come, tumble up, my bucks, tumble up!—Never mind his speechifying: if he dares to fire on us, he may look out for squalls, that's all.'

"This was encouragement enough to determined men; and the whole scrambling up the London's sides by both fore and main-chains, soon gained her deck, and confronted the armed marines, who were very unwillingly held to their ranks. Their first lieutenant, an active stout man, had zealously seconded the admiral in opposing the entrance of the delegates; beating some back with the flat of his sword, and by main strength precipitating others from the top of the side right slap overboard. One delegate, whom he had served in this expeditious manner, felt so indignant at the affront, that the moment he was dragged into a boat, he laid hold of a musket, and let fly at the marine lieutenant, who immediately fell to the deck. All was now confusion and alarm: the first lieutenant of the ship ordered the marines to fire; they did so, and a midshipman, three men, and a boy, were also laid sprawling on the deck, severely wounded. This unnecessary order immediately roused an universal indignation—the whole crew instantly joined the delegates, cast loose the foremost guns, and pointed them astern, threatening loudly they'd blow all aft into the water, unless they had an immediate unconditional surrender. The admiral, now on his marrow-bones, immediately gave in, to prevent, as he said, the unnecessary effusion of blood: but that, you know, was all in my eye, else why did he effuse blood at all? The real matter of fact was, he could do no better; and was accordingly instantly ordered to his cabin, till the council met and deliberated on his conduct. He had not, luckily, left the deck, ere his attention was drawn to another object—no less than the preparation for immediately hanging his first lieutenant, for ordering the marines to fire. The yard-rope was rove, and he would have infallibly been run up, all standing as he was, had not the admiral come forward, and avowed that the officer was not to blame, having merely acted according to the orders of Admiralty, which he himself had received the day before.

" 'Then I'll tell you what, my old blade,' cried Tom

Allen, approaching the admiral, 'if you wish the life of this bloody-minded man spared, who has done more harm in the course of a few minutes than his whole rascally lifetime can ever atone for, you'll instantly make good your words, by producing us these same instructions you speak on. I must say, I've always suspected, as our good friends on shore tell us, that the Lords Admirals were all along afooling on us; but may I be hung if it ever entered my headpiece yet that they'd sent down written orders for our murder.—Come, come, no dallying, old one—produce these same Admiralty orders in an instant, if you please, or, by the cross of St. Albans, away he goes.—Shipmates, man the tacklefall !'

" 'Have patience, my good fellow,' said the admiral, considerably agitated, 'and allow me a moment or two to recollect myself. Captain Griffiths, be so good as go aft to my cabin, and open my escrutoir—here's the key—Beaujeau will point it out to you. You'll there find my last despatches from the Admiralty, which I will thank you to bring with you.—Oh, cast the gentleman loose, my brave fellows—I freely give you mine honour he is not to blame. He merely did his duty, and acted according to the orders given him.'

" 'You gave the officer these orders, then, didn't you?' demanded Vassy.

" 'I did, most certainly,' replied the admiral; 'for they were those transmitted me by the Admiralty.—Ah, thank you, captain—here they are, continued he, taking them from the hands of Captain Griffiths, and handing them to Morris, 'read them carefully: you'll find Lieutenant Bover, and the whole of us, were completely justified in repelling force by force.'

" 'Pish!' cried Senator, contemptuously, 'that will never go down with us, Master Blue-at-the-fore, I can tell you, so you needn't prate another moment about *force* at all. Was there the smallest intention of harm in e'er a single soul, until you yourself commenced the squall? No, sir, you cannot say there was anything to be seen but the utmost civility and good humour. It is you, sir, and you alone, that I blame for the blood which has thus been

needlessly shed; and had I *my* will, I honestly assure you I'd make it a very brief business indeed, the compelling some people's carcase to answer for it.'

" 'If you have lost every regard to propriety of behaviour, fellow, said the admiral, warmly, 'you'll oblige me much by your silence. Ever keep in mind to whom you are talking.'

" 'To whom I am talking, forsooth!' cried Senator, scornfully. 'By the hookey, that's not difficult to guess—for he's no great shakes, I'll be bound to say. I am talking to one, sir, who seems to have forgotten that he is no more than a man, and that he has a life to lose as well as his neighbours.'

" 'Do you threaten me, you ruffian!' menaced the admiral, clapping his hand on his sword.

" 'It don't depend on *my* good will, most mighty sir, else mayhap I would do more,' rejoined the dauntless delegate.

" 'Come, come, Billy,' interrupted Morris, 'belay, if you please;—for we've other fish to fry than the standing up here a-listening to you two jawing each other. You, Anderson, get a boat lowered directly—take the doctor with you—and hurry ashore to the hospital with Master Simpson and these poor unfortunates. Jack Adams, see you the admiral safe to his cabin—a small restriction on your personal liberty, your honour, will be absolutely necessary, until we see how this unhappy business is to end.—Captain Griffiths, I will expect a similar behaviour from you, and that you will keep your cabin—unless, to be sure, you'd prefer going on shore with Lieutenant Bover, who must go at all events, as it is impossible for me to answer for his safety among a highly enraged and irritated ship's company. What say you, sir?'

" 'If I'm allowed to have a choice,' replied the captain, 'I'll rather prefer, at every hazard, to stay along with my superior officer.'

" 'Well, captain, be it so,' said Jack Morris. 'See that you take every necessary precaution, Adams, to prevent either of these gentlemen from being unnecessarily disturbed or insulted. I can do no more for you; so

good bye, gentlemen. Come now the whole of you, my lads, and let us dispose of the other officers and these rascally marines.'

"This was speedily accomplished, the officers being generally ordered on shore, and the marines disarmed, and strictly confined to the cable-tier. The President now proceeded with the delegates to the state-room, for the purpose of examining the admiral's despatches, which were found to be by no means so hostile to their interests as he had led them to imagine; for though they no doubt strongly recommended the exertion of his utmost influence, firmness, and promptitude, in enforcing the necessary duties of the ship, they left him a complete discretionary power to act in all cases that might occur according to the best of his judgment. This discovery aroused considerable spleen against the admiral, who, it was now plainly seen, had acted in the whole affair entirely on the suggestions of his own mind; and it also called forth some very bitter remarks on his conduct, both from Tom Allen and Bill Senator, who loudly insisted that an extraordinary meeting of delegates should be instantly held, for the purpose of a strict inquiry into the conduct of both the admiral and his officers, particularly Captain Griffiths. After a good deal of noisy altercation, it was at last finally agreed, That for the purpose of holding this meeting next day, on board the Royal Sovereign, with convenience and decorum, every ship that wore a pendant, then at Spithead, should immediately get under way and rendezvous at St. Helen's; that all officers, excepting the masters, should be immediately ordered on shore; and that, in the meantime, Admiral Colpoys and his captain should be strictly confined to their cabins. After coming to this decision the court broke up, and the delegates shortly afterwards retired to their respective ships. An hour had hardly elapsed ere the resolution of the meeting was visibly in full operation; craft of every description you could think of being seen making for Sallyport, laden with officers of all grades; while they had the mortification of seeing their vessels, some under way, and some weighing anchor, standing majestically down

towards St. Helen's, and there bringing up in the most regular and beautiful order around the Royal Sovereign.

"Next day, at an early hour, we went on board the Sovereign, at whose lofty main the signal for a meeting of the delegates was by this time flying. While the court was assembling, I took a stroll round the decks, and had not gone far when I was accosted by Joe Green, one of the delegates of the ship, with a familiar slap on the shoulder, coupled with the usual salutation of,—'Aha, matey!—the top of the morning to you, my boy! Hast any news?'

"'The never a morsel,' answered I, 'but what I suppose you already know. Have you got any?'

"'Why, there was some of our people a-saying, as went ashore with the officers last night——'

"'What!' asked I, interrupting him, 'hadst to put 'em ashore?'

"'Ay, that we had, my boy,' replied he; 'and the devil's own job it was ere we got rid of 'em. Why, lad, you'd have thought Admiral Gardner, for one, had lost all the little judgment ever he'd been possessed of. I never saw a man in such a sad taking; and, 'pon my soul, I were very sorry for him indeed, for he's by no means a bad fellow, though somewhat passionate. After a vast deal ado, however (for opposition was nonsense, you know), we succeeded in bundling him and his clerk into one boat, and the rest of his officers into another; and so they were shoved off for the shore, he crying all the way like a mere child. My eye! it was a rare frolic for the boats' crews!—and, in faith, they had a glorious cruise on shore by the shift; for the never a man of 'em returned till this morning; and, as I were going to tell you, you'll not hinder some of 'em from popping into Haslar in passing, where they learnt that the poor boy had kicked the bucket, and two of the chaps as were wounded; and that the fourth, as well as the midddy, were at death's door, if they ain't popped also by this time. They also told us, that it was quite a common say on shore, that the council meets to-day for the express purpose of trying Admiral Colpoys and his captain by a regular court-

martial : but this, I hope, is a fudge ; and 'pon my word, Adams, I should be very sorry to see matters pushed so far.'

" 'Why, truly, my dear fellow,' replied I, 'I should really be as vexed as yourself to see matters take such an ugly turn ; for that, in my opinion, would only be making bad worse ; but again, when you once consider how confident and bold some of our fellows are, you must allow that it would excite in me no very great astonishment though some one or other of them even had the hardihood to propose such a measure. The examination of his admiralty despatches, I can tell you, did him no good, for one thing ; and the stories that have since come out regarding the little mean tricks he resorted to in gaining over the marines to back him, was every way unworthy the conduct or character of either an officer or a gentleman.'

" 'Well, well ; all that may be true, Jack,' cried Green, 'but nevertheless I will still hope that matters will not even be attempted to be pushed so far. I am sure, my lad, you know as well as I that discipline *must* be strictly enforced, else how long would we be out of the mud ? And certain I am, that if there was provocation, and even what some would call obstinacy, on the one side, there was not wanting a most plentiful service of the most daring insolence on the other. Just you recollect Tom Allen's and Senator's saucy behaviour—the one not a whit behind t'other—and candidly tell me, had you been an officer, what you'd have done. For my own part, I can say, I'd have pistoled them both on the spot.'

" 'Tush, tush ! my good fellow,' cried I, 'or you'll spoil all. Did either of the two you've mentioned hear these words, they'd have you sent to Coventry, if not to a worse part, before you could say Jack Robinson.'

" 'I care not a d—n, Adams, what they would do, or what they could do,' said Green, with vivacity ; 'I've a right to speak out boldly as well as they. And you may depend on't, my lad, if such a subject is even dared to be broached by either of 'em, I'll tell him a piece of my mind, mayhap, as won't go down very sweetly. What say you ? Don't you think I'll be right, Adams ?'

“ ‘ Perfectly so, my hero,’ replied I; ‘ but then, d’ye see, as I take it, I think there’s a right and a wrong way of going about everything :—for you’ll mind me, I can see little use, and far less wisdom, in deliberately running amongst breakers, if it’s possible they can be avoided at all. I’m sure you know as well as I do that this is eminently the case with all good seamanship,—whose highest excellence arises from the skill and dexterity displayed in standing steadily clear of such hard rubbers, without sustaining the smallest injury. Do you the same, Joe ;—keep a close mouth, until you hear coolly and calmly what they mean to be after—and then you’ll have the vantage ground of them completely ; and should you prove unable to overthrow their measures altogether, you may still be able to render them less harsh and mischievous.’

“ ‘ Egad, Jack, I believe you’re right, after all,’ said Green ; ‘ and I dare say I’ll give your plan a thought or two.—But let’s be jogging, for I hear them calling out for old Kelly the boatswain’s mate, and that will likely be to summon the council.’

“ We accordingly marched aft to the admiral’s state room, and found the president already seated, and preparing to muster the meeting. This was speedily done, and all being present, the doors were made fast, and the business commenced. This was done by the president himself, who gave a simple and very impartial account of the whole proceedings as they took place on board the London, and concluded by informing the meeting that now was the time to institute any farther inquiry they might wish to make.

“ ‘ I wish to know, Mr. President, before you proceed any farther,’ cried Tom Allen, ‘ whether you have any news to give the meeting regarding the poor fellows in Haslar ?’

“ ‘ I understood it to be pretty generally known already, Tom,’ answered the president, ‘ otherwise I’d have mentioned it before—they are all dead !’

“ A murmur of mixed surprise and horror buzzed round the cabin.

“ ‘ I beg pardon, Master President,’ continued Allen,

'but I'm rather inclined to think the news has *not* been generally known; however, I thank you for your public mention of it. Would you now be so good as say, whether the marines, who blabbed, last night, are in attendance?'

"'Most certainly not,' answered the president; 'nor is it at all proper they should, until the present council determine in what manner they mean to prosecute this intended inquiry, or indeed if they mean to make any farther inquiry into the story at all.'

"'Make any inquiry at all, Mr. President!' cried Bill Senator; 'you astonish me by offering such a remark. I would like to know what we were called here for?—Is it not to investigate, as a Court of Inquiry, into the extraordinary conduct of Admiral Colpoys in particular, for premeditated and deliberate murder? You may *doubt* as it pleases you, but I will boldly say it is; and I will also add, that, if circumstances come out in the course of this inquiry sufficient to establish cool, determined premeditation against him, then this Court has it in its power immediately to appoint a certain number of its body to try him by a proper naval court-martial.'

"'With all deference to Bill Senator's superior ability, Master President,' cried Mark Turner, 'I am quite of a different opinion. I positively deny that this Court can lawfully appoint a certain number of its body to try any thing affecting the life of the humblest individual in the fleet. If you mean to have no respect to the laws of the land you live in, I've no more to say; but if you mean to act like men, and to deal justly, again I repeat, this Court has no lawful right to try even the commonest Jack amongst us, far less a person so elevated as an admiral. I say not this, d'ye see, because we are prating about an admiral; but I say it because it is the positive law of the country we serve, that every person, be his offences what they may, has a right to be judged and condemned by his peers. This is what I take to be their trial by jury on shore; which means nothing more nor less, than a fair open trial by uninterested persons in the same rank of life with ourselves. Whether Bill Senator counts himself the fellow of Admiral Colpoys, is what I neither know nor care about;

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though if he has the cheek to do so, the very idea is cursedly ridiculous.'

" 'Mr. President,' returned Senator, with some severity, 'if Mark Turner had paid a little more attention to my superior abilities, as he chooses to phrase it, he would have seen in a jiffy how villanously he has misunderstood me. I were neither talking of peers nor juries—no, nor your laws of the country either, for in fact we have no business with any such gear—I were speaking of proper naval courts-martial, where offences, we all know, are tried neither by uninterested persons, nor of the same *rank* as ourselves. Don't we all know that it is the common invariable practice of the fleet to try all offenders by our first-rate commanders; and is it any thing less than fair, having such an example before us, that the delegates of the fleet should have a similar power over them?—Nothing, in my opinion, can be more just. I therefore repeat what I were before saying, that this Court can appoint a number of their body, as soon as they think proper, to try Admiral Colpoys, or any other admiral whatever, who is charged with the crime of cool, deliberate, premeditated murder, by a proper, regular, naval court-martial. As to what he were sneering at in supposing myself the admiral's fellow, I scorn for to answer him; though, mayhap, after all, had I the admiral's friends, his purse, and laced jacket, I may still have the vanity to think that I'd fill his shoes a devilish sight better than e'er a Mark Turner in the fleet.'

" 'Order, order!' cried the president, interrupting the speaker sharply. 'Recollect, Senator, we have no meeting at present for hearing you and Turner jaw one another—so belay, if you please, and sit down.'

" 'I have no wish, no, not I, Master President,' answered Senator, sulkily, 'to shove either myself or my abilities in the eyes of the council; but I certainly thinks I have no reason either to be sneered at for naught.'

" 'Come, come, Bill, have done now at once,' said the president, 'for you're completely putting a stop to the business. We'll never come round the point in this world if we get on in this unsteady, lubberly manner. I'll positively thank any of the present company to propose some

rational scheme that may bring us to something like a conclusion at once.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what, Master President,' observed Joseph Green, 'though I'm but a poor fist at speechifying, and not possessed of one of the brightest of understandings, I'm far more inclined to agree with Mark Turner than Bill Senator; for it strikes me smackingly that we have no power whatever to go an inch farther into the present subject. Admiral Colpoys, there's not a doubt on't, did resist to the utmost our boarding his vessel, and in this resistance there's as little doubt several lives were lost; or, if it pleases Bill Senator better, I'll even say several innocent people were murdered—for innocent of that matter they certainly were, since they had no hand in the business, but were mere onlookers. Now, while I freely grant all this, I at the same time am of opinion, that still we have no earthly business to interfere in the matter at all—that being the proper duty of the crowner on shore. We may no doubt speechify and wrangle here long and long enough, and bother each other's brains and judgments to a complete jelly; but come to whatever resolution you may, my lads, depend upon it, our superiors in power, and the most of the people on shore besides, will stoutly maintain, that Admiral Colpoys did no more than his duty in repelling force by force. Having said this, I need hardly add that it is my opinion we should drop this plaguy business altogether, and betake ourselves to the consideration of other affairs which more immediately concern ourselves, and the many thousands we represent.'

"'And if you do so, Master President,' cried Tom Allen, 'you will not only make a complete goose of yourself, but mere goslings of us, your companions, and complete ninnies of the whole fleet!—We shall be the complete laughing-stock of all Europe, in faith.—What! after ordering the vessels at Spithead, in the sight of thousands, to assemble here—after thus, in short, laying our hands to the plough in the most manly and determined manner, are we to knock under, and end in a pitiful smoke in this dastardly manner?—I will never believe it;—such a mean, heartless resolution, was never implanted

in the bosom of a real blue-jacket—Oh no!—Rather rouse up at once, like men, and let our friends and our enemies behold us as such—let them see us as fellows who have both heads to plan, and determined hands to execute with resolution. Pursue, therefore, your first steady purpose—let a regular course of inquiry be immediately set on foot—examine carefully both papers and witnesses—and if, as Bill Senator says, a case of cool, deliberate murder can honestly be made out, let the guilty instantly suffer the well-merited penalty of his crimes, without bestowing a single thought either on his rank or on popular opinion. This would be behaving with something like the spirit of British seamen—and this I would call doing a trifle towards——’

“ ‘ Sending us all headlong to the devil ! ’ cried I, hastily interrupting him, ‘ for I defy any mortal present to point out the smallest degree of good such a wild proceeding could accomplish.—I am sorry, Mr. President,’ continued I, ‘ that I should be guilty of being so very ill-mannered, but I am compelled to be so, for my patience is completely exhausted. Here we have been sitting, now, the best part of a couple of hours, with fast doors, and we are as near our intended business as ever. Indeed, as far as I can perceive, it is quite impossible that we can ever come to a conclusion ; for while one gang of our orators are for not interfering at all in the matter, there’s another whom nothing will seemingly please but complete extermination. I haven’t the least wish to chime in with either of these proposals ; for while I cannot think the admiral altogether innocent, I do not see how it is possible for us lawfully to punish him. I therefore think we should steer a middle course, and surrender him without delay to the civil power on shore. By doing so we should sufficiently mark our complete conviction that he was highly blameable, if not guilty, and that we very wisely did not consider ourselves the proper tribunal before which to convict him ; but we should also retain our own and the fleet’s unsullied honour, and at once get rid of a bone of contention, which at present not only mars our own happiness, but has almost effectually put a stop to far more important matters which more

immediately concern us. If any one will second me, therefore, Mr. President, I will now move, That with as little delay as the matter will admit of, you shall proceed to take such steps as will conduce to the immediate surrender of Admiral Colpoys and Captain Griffiths into the hands of the civil power on shore.'

"'Well done, Jock Adams,' cried Jamie Blythe; 'troth I'll second you wi' a' my heart; for though I wad hae had ne'er a single objection to hae hung yon madman o' a first lieutenant, I dinna care about meddling wi' an admiral. Saul, sirs, they're cattle I'm easy about finger-ing ava in that raucle way.'

"'Well,' cried the president, 'since I've at last got a motion made and seconded, it shall be my fault if it's not put into some shape or other without delay.—Delegates, what do you say? Shall the admiral be surrendered to the civil power on shore without delay, or not?'

"'Am I to understand, Master President,' cried Tom Allen, 'if this motion is not adopted, that the present council will then proceed to an immediate inquiry—the avowed purpose of our meeting?'

"'No, Tom, I do not think so,' replied the President; 'for other motions may be made immediately after it, you know.'

"Against this both Allen and Senator strongly remonstrated; and Allen, indeed, was on the very point of treating us with another of his flaming speeches, when he was suddenly interrupted by a loud and repeated knocking at the cabin door.

"'Hilloah!' cried the president; 'who the blazes have we got here in such a devil of a hurry? some lubber from the shore, I hope. Jack Adams, I'll thank you to see what ill-mannered Yahoo that is who disturbs the Court so unceremoniously.'

"I instantly rose, and opening the state-room door went out on deck, when who should I find there awaiting me but my good old shipmate, Peregrine Wigley, whom old First of June, while on board the Charlotte, had taken such a notion of, that he first made him his coxswain, and then took him ashore with him, where he was now a sort o

vallydesham to his lordship. By the hookey, Davies, the chap was so bepowdered and beruffled, and so gaily rigged withal, that I stood for some time staring him in the face, he all the time grinning and laughing, before I discovered he was no other than my old shipmate. I immediately shook him heartily by the hand, while he said, says he—

“ ‘ Well, Jack, I always thought your goggles were in better trim than I find they now are. Zounds, man, not to know an old shipmate in a second, who has both ate and drank with you for years ! I’m sure I’m not so much altered as all that comes to.’

“ ‘ Not in your voice at least, my hearty,’ said I, ‘ for that I can discern in a trice ; but who d’ye think was to smell an old Jack under all these gew-gaws and fine trappings you’ve got rigged in, and so many of them there dandilly shore creatures eternally crawling about us, as has lately been the case ? ’Tis more than I could, I know, and my not knowing of you at first sight is of course the less surprising. But how hast been—well and hearty, I hope ? ah, you’re a lucky dog, Perry ! And how is our good old Father of the Fleet ? and what the devil has blown you hither in such a gale of wind, if I may judge from your knocking ? Hast brought any good news with you, Perry ?’

“ ‘ Belay, belay, if you please, Jack,’ cried the laughing Wigley, ‘ or I’ll never be able to overtake you. Why, my dear fellow, you rattle away all as one as the old Charlotte did on the 1st of June, and put my pipe out as completely as she did the Frenchman’s ; but I’ll try to answer you in your own rapid manner, as brief as a telegraph. Well, my dear soul, I’ve been in glorious health ever since I saw you, and live, thank God, with a kind indulgent master, the life of a gentleman. His lordship has been rather poorly this some time back, but he gets stouter daily. And the gale of wind that has blown me hither is no more than this : I understand the Council of the Fleet sits inside there ; now that’s just what I want ; you must introduce me directly to the whole posse, and you’ll hear the rest of my story when I’m there.’

“ ‘Ay, my dear Perry,’ said I; ‘but can’t you give one a slight notion of what your message is about, that a fellow might have something to say, you know?’ ”

“ ‘No, no, Jack, the never a syllable,’ said Wigley:— ‘so in you go, and announce me as a messenger from his lordship. Come, quick, my heart! my time is precious.’ ”

“ Well, Davies, I did as he desired me; and, as soon as it was understood that the messenger was no other than Coxswain Wigley, I was immediately ordered to introduce him. This was soon done; and, after a few words had passed between Perry and his old chums, the president observed, that the council was now ready to hear what the coxswain had to say.

“ ‘Very little, Mr. President,’ said Wigley; ‘for I am only going to repeat the words which were put into my mouth by my noble benefactor, and one of the best of our well-wishers, I assure you, whom you have already deservedly dignified with the honourable appellation of the Father of the Fleet. Yesterday, after his return from Court, he called me into his library, and, delivering me this packet, said, “Perry, you must set off for Portsmouth without a moment’s delay, and travel as fast as horse-flesh can carry you. When you get there, call immediately at the governor’s house, and give him this note; it is for the purpose of providing you with a suitable boat to carry you on board the fleet. You will immediately push off; and, if the delegates are met, you must board that vessel they are sitting in, and there, getting admission to them, you are, before the whole of them assembled, to deliver this packet into their president’s own hand, requesting him, in my name, to make known its contents to the other delegates—to deliberate upon them—and to return you their decided answer for my perusal.”—Such were his words, Mr. President, and I’ve fulfilled them to the utmost of my power, having never halted for a moment unnecessarily since I left his lordship in London.’ ”

“ ‘The council, and the fleet, too, are undoubtedly much indebted to you, my good fellow,’ said Jack Morris, ‘for your zeal and affection in their cause. His lordship’s request shall be most religiously complied with; and I

sincerely hope, from his well-known partiality to the real interests of the fleet, that his lordship will have suggested some ready scheme of accommodation, which will please all parties, and settle all disputes.—But you must be sadly fatigued, Wigley, after such a hard run. Will you retire to the ward-room, and take some refreshment? we can be going on and getting ready for you meantime, you know.’

“ ‘It is impossible, Mr. President,’ returned Wigley, ‘for me to lose a single moment at present, although you have my best thanks for your kind offer. I must now go hurry on board of the Royal George, as I’ve got letters to deliver the commander-in-chief. That done, sir, I mean once more to board you, when I hope your letter to his lordship will be awaiting me. I must then once more hurry on shore; as I know it would greatly please his lordship were he to find me at the governor’s house awaiting his arrival.’

“ ‘What, Perry, is old First of June coming down himself?’ roared a score of voices.

“ ‘He is so,’ replied Wigley. ‘I expect both him and Lady Howe before nightfall at farthest.’

“ ‘Then, glory! we’re all right enough, my hearts!’ was the conclusion.

“As soon as Wigley had retired, Jack Morris, as president, proceeded, before the whole of us, to break open the packet, when the first thing that presented itself was a sealed note, addressed to the *President of the Delegates of the Fleet, in council assembled*. He immediately broke the seal, and read to the council as follows:—

“ ‘Sir,—After having laboured with considerable assiduity in the cause of the fleet, which I once had the high honour to command—which is still dear to me—and which, I must say, has always been among the foremost in the ranks of duty—it gives me infinite pleasure to be able to transmit you a genuine copy of the public Act of Legislature regarding your interests, which, I pledge you my honour, has passed through both Houses of Parliament, has received his Majesty’s signature, and been solemnly ratified by a special commission. By it you will perceive

that it cordially and cheerfully grants all the different allowances you have ever asked; and grants them with a liberality and condescension, on the part of your King and Country, never before witnessed in any kingdom of the world.

“ ‘I have also to inform you, that it has pleased his gracious Majesty to empower me to promise you, in his name, his free pardon, and a generous forgiveness of all that has passed, on the simple condition, on your part, of your immediate return to that system of duty and discipline which has raised the British navy to a glory and renown unexampled in history. In the execution of his generous good wishes for you all, I mean to be in Portsmouth to-morrow, when I shall expect to find such an answer to this awaiting me, as shall once more induce me to visit you all, ship and ship—execute his Majesty’s most gracious commands—and leave you and your officers once more restored to harmony and good-humour.

“ ‘I have chosen to transmit this note to you by my own faithful and confidential servant, Peregrine Wigley; and I confess I prefer him to be my messenger solely because he is well known to you all, and has your every interest as much at heart as he has my own. It is my orders to him that he await your answer, which I sincerely hope will be such as will enable me to terminate this disagreeable business to the entire satisfaction of the fleet; and, believe me, to no one more so than your late commander-in-chief.

“ ‘HOWE.’

“The president had no sooner concluded this affectionate letter than the state-room rung with reiterated cheerings. He now proceeded to read the official papers contained in the packet, which were all highly approved of, and heard with great applause.

“The meeting being thus in the utmost good-humour, the president had set himself coolly to work in preparing a scroll of the intended answer to Earl Howe, when he was rudely interrupted by Tom Allen, who peevishly demanded,—

“ ‘ And what, pray, are you going to make of Admiral Colpoys ?’

“ This question—meant as a damper—had, however, no other effect than that of creating a general surprise, and turning all eyes on Tom Allen, Bill Senator, and Jack Vassy, who seemed to be the only discontented persons in the whole meeting.

“ ‘ What shall we make of him ?’ at length sung out honest Mark Turner; ‘ why send him ashore, to be sure; who the deuce cares a straw about him now ?’

“ ‘ I certainly do think, Mark Turner,’ cried Bill Senator, ‘ you’ll have the decency at least to see how the votes go, before you get so liberal in your notions.’

“ ‘ Oh, by all means,’ cried the president, interfering, ‘ we must put the vote regularly after what has passed.—Come, then, my lads, and let us see whether we cannot settle this knotty point at once. Order in the corner, there! and do pay a little more attention to the business before you. What d’ye say, now, the whole on ye ?—I’ll once more repeat the question—Shall Admiral Colpoys and his captain be delivered up to the civil power on shore without any more delay ?—Come, mates, out with it; ay or no ?—What! no one speaks.—Well, I must push it forward I see. I’ll tell you what, my lads, if there’s no reasonable objection stated, and backed by a majority of votes of the council, by the time this three-minute glass has run out, I’ll take it for granted you’re all agreed, and send such orders on board the London as shall bundle them on shore without farther bother. So look out, and make up your minds quickly. We have a vast deal to do yet, and it wears towards the hour of dinner.’

“ A profound silence ensued, during which the president very coolly resumed his task at the scroll; a good many entered into a whispering sort of conversation; and a curious few sat watching alternately the fast receding sand and the motions of the few dissentients. The glass was just on the point of being run out, when Tom Allen, who had given Bill Senator many significantly despairing looks, at last jumped up, and in a tone of the utmost chagrin, exclaimed impetuously,—

“ ‘D—n it, Mr. President, you’ll certainly not turn them ashore, without, at the very least, some mark of your decided disapprobation of their infamous and murderous conduct. I will be contented, since you seem to think it exceeds your power to go farther legally, if the council calls them before us, and gives them, through you, a public vote of the censure and high displeasure of the fleet at their behaviour, before they go.’

“ ‘And I certainly am of opinion,’ chimed in Bill Senator, ‘that neither of them should again foot the shore without bearing upon them the brand that should mark them as the lawless shedders of human blood.’

“ ‘Well, any other person of that opinion?’ said the president, calmly looking round him. ‘What! no more than two against the vote? Then it’s decided; and depend upon it my care shall be to take an early opportunity of putting it into execution.—Now, delegates, to resume consideration of what more immediately concerns us all, both here and elsewhere, I have written a few lines here—and a few lines are enough—as an answer to our late gallant commander-in-chief, Earl Howe. I crave your attention while I read them to you; and if you think proper to approve of them, I’ll have them transcribed and got ready for Coxswain Wigley without any farther delay. He then read as follows:—

“ ‘Royal Sovereign, St. Helen’s,
10th May, 1797.

“ ‘My Lord,—We had the honour of receiving your excellent note by the hands of our old shipmate and your servant, Peregrine Wigley, and we beg leave to assure you that the contents of it, while they satisfied every wish we had formed, has filled our hearts with the most ardent gratitude to you, as the steady friend and Father of the British Fleet, and to our King and Country for their munificent indulgence and prompt liberality. Our grievances, my lord, are from this moment at an end. It shall now be our pride to prove to you, and to the world at large, that the loyalty of the fleet has not been impaired, nor its discipline rendered in the least inefficient, by our late unhappy misunderstandings.

“ ‘ We are highly sensible, my lord, that without order and steady subordination, our much-beloved wooden walls, the bulwark of Britain, and pride of the ocean, would soon sink into merited contempt and complete insignificance ; and, therefore, it shall be our future study to convince all Europe, by deeds rather than words, how much we feel indebted to your zealous services in our behalf, our venerable, worthy patron and father, and to our beloved King and Country, for the welcome and timely deliverance they have given us of all we complained of.

“ ‘ A visit from your lordship to-morrow will be not only exceedingly gratifying to us, but highly acceptable. As it has pleased you, my lord, to give us a hint of this your intention, we beg leave to say, that, as the representatives of the fleet lately under your command, we will be proud to wait upon your lordship, at an early hour, at the governor’s house, in order to have the honour of escorting you on board. We are, my lord, with our most respectful love and duty, your lordship’s very faithful and devoted servants,

“ ‘ THE DELEGATES OF THE FLEET.’

“ The letter was received with applause ; and, just as it was transcribed, Wigley once more thundered at the state-room door.

“ ‘ I hope you’ll forgive my quality-knocking, my dear boys, but want of time allows of little delay. Have you got my——Oh, I thank you, Mr. President. I hope this little folding, sir, will set all to rights again, and that I’ll see you all to-morrow, when I shall have more leisure. I must now hurry ashore as if the devil kicked me. Good bye, my hearts ! I trust you believe that I wish you all well.’

“ ‘ Oh, my good Perry, we have no doubts on that subject,’ returned the president. ‘ But why in such a hurry now ? do stop a few minutes, and take a mouthful of grog. Come, Jack Adams—you’re my fancy-man, you know—be lively, and escort your old mate down to the ward-room, there to give him some sort of refreshment. Meantime we’ll arrange matters for to-morrow.’

"You may depend on't, Davies, that if ever I had an agreeable commission to put in execution, this was one; for, setting aside public matters altogether, I was not only happy to see my old messmate flourishing so bravely, but longed much to have a little private talk with him. We therefore speedily decamped from the council-board; and a few minutes afterwards saw us comfortably seated in the ward-room, with plenty to eat and drink before us.

" 'Well, my dear fellow,' said I, after we had freshened hawse a bit, 'now you've a spare minute or two, do give us some of your shore news. I'm all curiosity to know what you've been about lately, and how you get on; whether you've got spliced yet or not; and all them sort of matters, you know, as relates to yourself?'

" 'Still the old man, Jack, I see,' returned Perry, with a merry smile on his rosy countenance. 'Well, as I'm not to learn now-a-days that you have a bit of a sneaking kindness for me, I will answer you as fully as my limited time will permit. I still hold the same situation about the person of my noble patron and benefactor that ever I did; and if there is any difference it is this, that time seems to strengthen and enlarge his goodness to me, and that the whole of my time is, when required, zealously and cheerfully devoted, body and bones, to the execution of his commands. I have nothing else to do, indeed, but attend upon his person; there being plenty of other servants for the different family arrangements. Having told you this much, I dare say you will agree with me in thinking I'm in for a very good thing, and long may it last. To your other inquiry I can truly answer that I'm still in my old state of single blessedness. I dare say you'll still remember how unmercifully I used to ridicule our unfortunate messmate, Jacob Dash-my-buttons, as we used to call him, for being such a simpleton as to allow himself to get clenched in the never-ending darbies of matrimony. Poor fellow! the first of June to him was the loss of his number, and the gain of the cold-hearted parish work-house to his unhappy wife and children. My sentiments on that subject are still the same; and I only repeat again what you've often heard me say years ago, that had I

the power as I have the will, I would allow neither sodger, sailor, nor footman, to marry : if you ask why ? because neither of them are their own masters, and all of them, I am certain, will be very careless husbands.'

" ' In faith, Perry,' said I, laughing, ' you commenced with telling me I was still the old man, and now I can chuck back the retort upon you with a clear conscience, since you're just the same careless, free-and-easy Perry, as used to astonish us with a merry jig in the fore-top. Now, just this once more, do tell us, mate, what do the people ashore think and say of us.'

" ' They *say* very little good of you, let me tell you, my lad,' answered Perry, ' whatever they may *think*; for there are too many cocked hats sauntering idly about the streets, a-growling and grumbling like so many hungry bears, for any simple soul even to dare to chime in a word or two in your favour. Why, lad, according to these demigentry, you are a mob of the most turbulent, lawless desperadoes the world has ever been bothered with; the Buccaneers themselves, with black Skipper Morgan at their head, were mere innocents in comparison: for, not to speak of the blood you have secretly spilt—ay, *secretly*, mind me—the number of lives you've sacrificed by silent drownings of a *night*—nay, don't stare so—why, they are out of all count or calculation. Even I, Jack, who ought to have known better, was completely staggered sometimes with their horrible ditties; and I fairly confess to you, that when I came on board to-day, the first thing I looked out for was the yard-rope—Jack Ketch's necklace I mean—being positively assured ashore, by people whom it would have been ill manners to doubt, that you were going to astonish the world, and amuse yourselves, by tucking up an admiral and his captain exactly at meridian.'

" And did you really seriously believe such rubbish, Perry ?' asked I.

" ' *Seriously believe it*, Jack,' re-echoed Perry, ' why as to that, let me tell you, my lad, it's a devilish hard matter now-a-days to know what to believe; for there's nothing to be heard, day after day, wherever you go, but these thundering dismal stories, every one more marvellous than

t'other, a-flying about like grape and canister. We have stories, also, about the French and Dutch, and long yarns every other post about the wild bog-trotting Irish: but those about you blue-jacketed riotous rascals as are here, at the Nore, and other places, tops them all out and out, fairly bewilders the poor people on shore, and puts their pipes out; so that what with the marching, drumming, and trumpeting of soldiers, horse and foot—the erecting of batteries, as if the enemy were in the offing—and other warlike preparations equally fearful, why, I must say, they live but a dog's life on't. Bless thee, my dear fellow, there is nothing to be seen ashore at present, all round the compass, but women, dogs, and soldiers.'

" 'You astonish me, Perry!' said I, 'and, I much doubt me, are at some of your old tricks. Come, now, be serious, and no larking; are there really so many soldiers in town at present?'

" 'Many?' returned the merry Wigley; 'why, man, aint I telling on you as fast as I can that you'll see nothing else? You may think me larking or not, as you please; but I honestly assure you, Jack, I never was more serious in my life. I passed thousands on the road coming down; and I'll be d—d if Portsmouth isn't at this moment absolutely crawling with them, as well as Portsea, Gosport, and Farnham. Hilsea barracks are long ago bang-up and choke-a-block; and as for Southsea Castle, why it's for all the world swarming like a bee-hive.'

" 'Why, zounds, Perry,' cried I, 'what a pothor the good folks ashore must put themselves into, and all about nothing! Sure am I, they needn't be so terribly afeard about either French, Dutch, or devils, while we lay here; seeing, you know, they must thrash us first before they can come nigh them.'

" 'Now what a silly stupid you make of yourself, Jack,' exclaimed Perry, laughing heartily, 'not to see, with half an eye, that all this row-dowing and tantarerying is all mere fudge and flummery! Why, man, it makes me perfectly wicked to see a fellow like you so confoundedly dull. Doesn't see, now, as plain as a pike-staff, that all them there stories as are hatched about your French,

Dutch, and Irish, are all in my eye and Betty; and that the real truth is, the King's government fears no one half so much as you blustering roaring boys, both here, at the Nore, and other places? Nor can it be much wondered at: for if, as they say, you have begun to tuck up your admirals and captains, what's to hinder such an unruly multitude of scape-grace rascals, who are both daring and desperate, from jumping ashore, and doing unheard-of mischief? It is this, my heart, that they are frightened at; and it is to prevent the likes of this happening that all them soldiers, as are swarming ashore, are called together for. I think so; you may depend on it, although it is only the humble opinion of Peregrine Wigley. What, however, makes me all the more certain I'm half right, is the fact, Jack, that they are taking the same precautions both on the Medway and the Thames, in case of a devil-may-care capering invasion from your beloved brothers the dare-devils at the Nore; for every village, hamlet, and inhabited spot, from Deptford down to Tilbury, and from Rochester to Sheerness, is absolutely bang up, the same as here, with the soldiery, horse, foot, and artillery. I'm afraid, Jack, you'll have but a paltry muster of your fancy-girls until all these swaggering blades are ordered off again; for mind me, my lad, the sober blue, however true, had never the chance of a single kind look when once the saucy scarlet hove in sight. Doesn't recollect what that wicked wag of a fellow, Paddy O'Connor, used to swear to, that all our prettiest girls, dogs, and turkeys, ran like very devils after the scarlet?

" 'As for the girls, my good mate,' said I, a little annoyed at what I considered his ill-timed wit, 'that is a matter of very trifling importance indeed to any one, since belike there's more to be had where these same came from. I am far more concerned at hearing you say, who has such good opportunities of knowing, that the King's government of our native land should harbour a single doubt of our fidelity, or think for a moment that either private property was in danger, or that we would betray our country in the hour of peril. Surely, surely, they must have been sadly imposed upon; for, though I know we have some

daring, dauntless, restless rogues among us,—as who that considers our numbers can doubt?—yet I will dare to say, and to say truly also, that, our simple requests once granted, there are more than three parts of us still sound and true to the very core; who would neither allow the British flag to be insulted, our King dishonoured, nor our much-loved country to be trod by an armed enemy, no, while they'd a sword to wield, or a breath to draw.'

" 'Glory, my heart of oak!' cried Perry, with enthusiasm; 'why, that was spoken like yourself now, Adams. Come, pledge me, my dear fellow; here's to all loyal hearts and sound bottoms.'

" 'Amen,' returned I. 'But I've another thing to tell you, Perry, and it is this, that the whole of your news has disappointed me most cruelly, for it completely knocks on the head a glorious cruise that I had in my eye.'

" 'Out with it, Jack; let's have it in an instant.'

" 'Oh, my dear fellow, it's soon told,' cried I, 'though I'm afraid after what you've just now said, that the telling is all the good I'll ever get out on't. Well, you must know, that within this last week or two we have interchanged a good many letters with the lads both at the Nore and at Plymouth; and as we acquainted them with all our demands and proceedings, they threw in their lot with us, and agreed to share our fortunes whatever they were, whether black or blue.'

" 'A noble resolve, and worthy of them!' cried Perry.

" 'Well, mate, this being the case, it was a made-up sort of a plan between us, that as soon as we got matters properly settled we were to send each of them a deputation of two of our delegates, to let them know all about it. For this purpose we had an election; and while honest Jack Morris, our president, and I, were appointed to go to the Nore, there were two others ordered in the same way to be sent off to Plymouth. Now I confess to you, Perry, that my principal inducement in accepting of this piece of business was, independent of the cruise, to have the pleasure of once more having a delightful stroll through the lively streets of London, and unbending discipline a bit by enjoying for a few days, in the very heart of it, a small

portion both of its in-door and out-of-door pleasures. But if what you tell me is correct,—and of all men living I've no reason to doubt you, my old mate,—and there's such a devilish strong guard of soldiers blocking up the way, why my fine fancy cruise is all in my eye, unless we could fall upon some scheme or other, which I really can't think of at present, of getting a sort of a protection or liberty-card from the nabs, you know.'

" 'By St. George!' cried Perry, who had listened with great attention while I had been speaking; 'but that's not such a bad thought of yours, Jack, and might be more easily followed out than you're at present aware of. Ay, my old pell, so you were wearying to see the lions again, were you? and to have a dash at the spreeds and jollities of London in your way to the Nore? Well, in faith, I must say, Jack, that I think it a most excellent plan; and one, too, mate of mine, that we must see if we cannot get put in execution. I dare say I needn't tell you with how much pleasure I'd hurry into the city to join you and honest Morris, whether you were housed in the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, or the Saracen's Head, Skinner Street. My eye! we would have such doings—whew! by the mast! 'tis a pleasure even to think on't. D—n it, Jack, now it's mentioned, but I'll give your scheme a thought or two before I sleep, tired though I be; and it will be a very difficult matter indeed, now that the Earl's coming down, if, with his kind aid, I don't contrive some one way or other to enable you to make your way through the line of the soldiery; for, after you are once clear of the coast, the roads are as quiet as pussy.—But, God help my poor thoughtless head! sitting quietly here gossiping with you, when I ought to be hurrying ashore. Oh, the devil's in the nimble heels of Time, when seated with an old pell over a cann of grog; he doesn't seem to walk his ordinary pace, but flies, in ten-leagued boots, like a pigeon-carrier. Well, lad, I must go: I'll see you to-morrow, I hope, and if I hear of any thing favourable to your intended cruise in the meantime, I'll be able then to tell you. Remember me kindly to Morris, and give him my thanks for his hospitality. Good bye, mate, good bye!'

" We shook hands repeatedly, and parted. By the time I returned to the council the business was concluded, and the meeting dispersing, every thing having been finally arranged and agreed on for the next day's proceedings. After talking a few minutes, therefore, with Bill Anderson and some other of the delegates, who continued to loiter on deck, Morris and I stepped into our own boat, and returned on board the Charlotte.

" We were no sooner seated in our berth, than, as usual, to satisfy our numerous curious inquirers, the principal part of the day's proceedings was overhauled and commented on; and thus was the time wiled away until the evening was gone, and night on the advance, when I took the earliest opportunity of jumping into my hammock, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXII.—JACK ADAMS' STORY.

“NEXT morning, at a pretty early hour, the whole delegates of us, rigged out in our best style, and sporting white favours in our hats and breasts, assembled by signal in our respective ships' boats, around the Royal Sovereign ; from which, after being mustered in form by the president, we pushed off, and made for Sallyport in the grandest style imaginable. Here having landed, and ranked ourselves up like the soldiers, away we marched, with Jack Morris at our head, as silent and as orderly as a vestry meeting, while the whole streets through which we passed rung again with the cheerings of the surrounding multitude. We thus gravely marched on until we arrived at Governor Pitt's house, in the front of which we halted, and gave old First of June three hearty cheers. The large windows were immediately thrown open, and out came his lordship on the balcony, surrounded by a great number of the prettiest ladies, and flashiest-dressed fellows, in blue and scarlet, my eyes ever beheld. Dousing his plain little cocked hat, he said something to us I suppose by way of compliment, for he spoke so confoundedly low I heard never a word. However, it was all one, for he got through it some way or other ; and then the ladies curtsied, the gentlemen bowed, while we and the multitude repeatedly cheered them ; the marines' band of music, which had now joined us, playing *God save the King*, and other loyal tunes, all the time. We thus waited for a short time, while the soldiers were marching and lining the streets down all the way to the water's edge. This was no sooner done, than out came his lordship, attended by all his fine company of ladies and gentlemen, and away we marched, with the music before us, to New Sallyport, where we once more took to our boats, and pushed off with

a sweeping pull for St. Helen's. I dare say it must have been a grand sight from the Platform, which was completely crowded with people; at least, I know, the Platform was a very fine sight to us, where the gentlemen were waving their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs, as we swept silently and swiftly past them.

"Be this as it may: his lordship, thus escorted, steered direct for the old Charlotte, and was received by our ship's company with three cheers, and the yards manned. As soon as they had lain in off the yards, and returned on deck, his lordship called all hands aft on the quarter-deck, when relaxing his usually stern countenance into something like a smile, he thus addressed them:—'It gives me infinite pleasure, my lads, to see you once more treading with cheerfulness the strict path of your duty. I hope you will continue to do so long, now that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant all your requests, and that you will convince both him and your country in general, that your loyalty is untainted, and your courage and zeal in the service of both as vigorous as ever. This will be the best, and indeed is the only way of showing your gratitude for what they have given you; and, while it will do great honour to yourselves, it will transmit your names down to the latest posterity with a lustre of character, which ever has been, and I hope ever will be, the glorious reward of the seamen of Great Britain. I have only now to add, my lads, on this happy occasion, and one which, I assure you, I count the most honourable of my life, that standing here on the very spot where I fought our implacable enemy, and where many gallant but unfortunate friends of their king and country received their death's wound, I do now, at his own most gracious request, tender you all his majesty's pardon for everything gone by. You are therefore all pardoned. Let the past be forgotten for ever; and let the future show, by deeds of the purest patriotism, both to your king, your country, and an admiring world, that the seamen of Great Britain are really and truly the valiant subjects of the most warlike, the most enlightened, and the happiest country under heaven.—You may now return to your duty. Captain Lock, pipe down.'

“ ‘ Oh no, my dear lord,’ returned the captain, smiling, ‘ you must certainly allow us to finish as we begun.—Man the whip forward there !—Excuse me for a moment, my lord. I must, in honour, see the ladies safely over the side.’

“ ‘ Undoubtedly, my good Lock,’ answered his lordship, smiling; ‘ by all means, whatever you do look after the ladies.’

“ Halting a short time on the quarter-deck, in conversation with his gentlemen, while the ladies were getting into the barge, the captain suddenly reappearing on deck, bawled out, *Man the rigging !—away aloft !* The yards were manned in a twinkling, while his lordship returned to his barge, and left the Charlotte amid the repeated cheerings of the whole crew.

“ In this manner we escorted him through the whole fleet, each vessel receiving him in a similar way. We then stretched away, at a long steady pull, back to Spithead; which the Royal Billy and Prince, who were on the look-out, observing, immediately hoisted the standard of Britain, and welcomed us with a royal salute. We swiftly rowed alongside of Sir Roger Curtis’s ship, where we understood the gentry were to dine; and opening in line to right and left, we gave the old boy, as his barge passed through the centre, and as he mounted the side, three other hearty cheers, then took leave of him for a time, and returned to St. Helen’s to dinner, as hungry as hawks.

“ We now had a pause until the afternoon’s grog was over, when the signal for assembling the boats was again hoisted to the Royal Sovereign’s main-topgallant mast head. This being instantly obeyed, we once more set off for Spithead, and pulled alongside the Prince, on board of which his lordship and the gentry were. After a short time spent in arranging the boats in their respective stations, the ladies began to appear coming over the side in a splendid whip-chair; and shortly after, his lordship, followed by the other gentleman (some of whom, my lad, would have required the whip-chair also), entered the barge, which, having moved to its place in the centre, we all pushed off for the shore, in three very pretty distinct

lines, headed by Jack Morris as our president, and brought up by me as his vice,—an arrangement which proved highly agreeable and satisfactory both to his lordship and the nabs that were along with him.

“We thus rowed on in the most regular order, when, as we shot past the Platform, which was most terribly crowded with people, the standard of Britain was again hoisted, and a royal salute fired, accompanied by a sort of running fire from the marines and soldiers ranged inside the walls of the garrison, while the clear blue welkin, bespangled and dazzling with a beautiful summer's sun, resounded with the reiterated cheerings of the immense multitude who crowded the shores all around us. As soon as we had reached New Sallyport, the delegates hastily left their boats, and hoisting his lordship, in a flashy chair, on the shoulders of four stout young fellows, with the old union-jack flying over his venerable head, and the ladies and gentlemen all around him, away we marched back to the governor's house, preceded by the music, in the very same order we had come ashore, amid the deafening acclamations of the greatest assemblage of people I ever remember to have seen.

“Having arrived at last at our destination, we again opened to the right and left, when his lordship, followed by his company, passed through betwixt us, and entered the governor's house, amid a most thundering finale of shoutings and applause,—hats and handkerchiefs being to be seen waving as far as the eye could reach. The story being now concluded, the mob and soldiers began rapidly to disperse, and we were arranging ourselves up to follow their example, when who should bolt out of the house upon us, but our old friend Peregrine Wigley, with a message from his lordship, commanding the immediate presence of our president, accompanied by two more of the delegates. Jack Morris immediately choosing Joe Green and myself, we followed him into the house, and were ushered into a superb room, where we found the noble lord, and his ladies and gentlemen seated all round.

“Ordering us to approach him, he immediately said,—
‘It gives me pleasure to tell you, my lads, at the close of

this busy and delightful day, how much your dutiful and respectful behaviour has gratified myself and those gentlemen and ladies now before you, who did me the honour of their excellent company. You have indeed behaved yourselves this day like British seamen, and have more than redeemed that far-famed name for patriotism and loyalty, which it has ever been my pride, through a very lengthened life, to boast of and to glory in. Carry my thanks, and the thanks of this honourable company, to your comrades, and to the fleet. Tell them, my report to his Majesty, and to your Country, shall be as flattering as my present satisfaction is complete; and as it is not likely, my lads, from my advanced years and increasing frailties, that I shall ever see you again, I beg you to accept this, to enable you to drink to the health and long life of our excellent Sovereign, the prosperity of our Country, the health of our worthy Governor here and his illustrious guests; to which you may add, if you are so minded,' continued his lordship, with a smile, 'that old fellow's health you are pleased to call the Father of the Fleet.'

"Jack Morris received his lordship's gift with a very stylish bow; then boldly surveying the whole smiling company, with a face suffused with a ruddy glow, which made it a thousand times handsomer than usual, he modestly said,—'It is impossible for me, my lord, who am only a plain blunt sailor, to find proper words either to thank you or this excellent company for your goodness sufficiently,—since never in my life stood I in such a presence. Allow me, however, in the name of my brothers of the Fleet, to express how great our obligations are to you, my lord, for your many signal services, and for the unwearied ability you have displayed in conducting our affairs to this day's happy conclusion,—to assure you of our unceasing gratitude and respect,—and that while we this very evening drink his Majesty's health, and a speedy triumph to him over all his enemies, we shall not forget that of our noble and illustrious Father of the Fleet, or of those excellent ladies and gentlemen who this day have accompanied him in his labour of love.'

" ' Bravo, my lad, and spoke like a Briton !' cried Governor Pitt, rising and approaching the Earl. ' Your lordship must excuse me,' continued he, ' if I feel a very strong inclination to follow your good example in contributing, in the name of myself and distinguished guests, towards a merry-making on this auspicious day. Here, my lad, accept of this from an old soldier ; and recollect, after you've drank a good long life to your Father of the Fleet and all his blue-jackets, be sure to add that of our excellent Father of the Army, his Royal Highness of York, and all his scarlet ones. Go, now, be as merry as I can possibly wish you ; and in order that you may want nothing in my power to grant, I shall immediately give orders for the band of Royal Marines to attend you wherever you shall choose to go.'

" This munificent treatment fairly put poor Jack's pipe out ; and by my soul, Davies, I pitied him at that moment. He coloured, he grew pale, and, repeatedly bowing, in a voice hardly articulate, he briefly returned thanks. The governor smiled, and motioned to the door ; when, followed by Green and myself, who did our best in making our sea-bows elegant, he slowly left the room, amid the smiles and good wishes of both ladies and gentlemen.

" In the lobby at the bottom of the stairs we were met by Peregrine Wigley, and others of the serving men, who were evidently awaiting us.

" ' Well, my jolly hearts,' cried Wigley, ' how fares it ? How do you like the earl and his noble company ? I hope he has come down handsomely.'

" ' He has indeed been very kind,' answered Morris, ' and the worthy governor has not been one whit behind him.'

" ' Ay,' cried Perry ; ' well, that is just as it should be. Be pleased to come this way a moment.'

" ' Really, Perry,' cried Morris, ' you must excuse us at present. Our comrades are waiting, and will be out of all patience.'

" ' That I know, my lad,' cried Perry ; ' but believe me they're not quite so impatient for your presence as that comes to, either. Come on, come on,' cried he, seeing

Jack rather backward in following him: 'why, zounds, man alive, they're all here before you. Do you really suppose that the governor would allow you to leave his house, after coming off the water, without a tasting of summat to eat? No, no, matey, he's not the boy, believe me.'

"We now entered a large servants' hall, where we found our comrades and the marines' band seated very comfortably at a long oaken table, which extended the whole length of the room, all busily employed in knocking a huge sirloin of beef into them, while the black jack went swiftly and merrily round.

"'Hilloah!' cried Morris, smiling and looking down the hall; 'by St. George, Perry, you've got a jolly mess-table, and devilishly well manned. If this was to be the case, I think that his lordship and the governor might as well have close-reefed their bounty to us; for here, to my eye, my heart, we've more than enough, without going a step farther.'

"'Tush, tush,' cried Wigley, winking, and pulling us aside, 'not a word more of that, Morris, for heaven's sake, I beseech you, if you don't wish to affront me.—Why, my dear soul, this comes from neither the governor nor his lordship, but is merely a bit treat of our own. You must know that we're to have both a great and a grand party to-night on this happy occasion; and so my worthy friend, Master Carey here, who has the honour of being the governor's butler, just remarked to me in the forepart of the day, Wigley, says he, why, as we've got so many things to cook and get ready at any rate for to-night, and it's likely the lads of the Fleet will be here, what would be the great harm of sousing a round of beef into the boiler, by way of giving them a snack and a draught of beer after coming off on the water—Doesn't think it would be very acceptable? says he. You may be sure, my hearts, that I agreed to all this directly. So now, you see, as it comes all entirely of Carey's good will to you, I think it will be the best way to sit down, thrash away, and say nothing—he'll enjoy the thing all the better for that, I can assure you.'

"As we plainly saw in all this there was nothing else

for it, we quietly acquiesced, and partook heartily of the butler's good cheer. Then, after kindly inviting him and Wigley, as well as some of the other principal servants, to pay us a visit, and arranging our order of march, we started to our feet, took our stations in front of the house, gave his lordship and the governor three parting cheers, and marched off, with the union flying, to the King's Head, as happy as princes are said to be, when cheered by the surrounding multitude, and charmed by the music.

"As soon as we had got seated in the large room of the inn, which overlooked the public street, and from a window of which we sported our union-jack, the situation of the poor fellows in the boats came under immediate consideration. Various schemes were proposed; but at length it was finally agreed on, that, while our bulky host was getting things ready, the whole of us should go down to the landing-place together, and there, under the superintendence of the president, we should each march our boat's crews up to the King's Head, by three of us at a time, with the music at their head, where, giving them a proper refreshment, they were then to march back in the same manner, take to their boats, and push off for the fleet—thus giving way to the three next in order. The scheme was immediately put into execution; and such was the order and propriety of the fellows' behaviour, both in going and returning, that it excited universal applause from the admiring inhabitants.

"Having now got rid of our boats,—for, mind me, we were determined to have one night on't,—we returned in company once more to the King's Head, and took supper in a style of grandeur the most of us had never seen in our life before. It was really smart work while it lasted, I assure you, Davies; for such was the strength of our hale, hearty stomachs, thus unusually and unexpectedly excited, that the delicacies and dainties absolutely disappeared one after the other as if by enchantment. We were soon palled, however, and the tables being cleared, the large ponderous bowl and the sparkling glass now crowned our jovial board. And now we did set to it, my lad, with both heart and hand; it was none of your min-mouthed,

calm, smirking, how-d'ye-do occasions, I assure you; but everywhere roaring, tearing, life and vigour. The toasts and music were loyalty to the mast head, the cheerings roaratorious and enthusiastic, and the whole happy knot of us were absolutely swimming in the smooth sea of glory, when a waiting-man entering, announced the arrival of two strangers, who wished to speak with any one of the company.

“ ‘Who are they, my lad?’ inquired Jack Morris.

“ ‘Why, who should they be, Jack,’ interrupted Bill Senator, ‘but Cockswain Wigley, and that flashy-dressed, blowsy, big-bellied customer, as gave us the treat at the governor’s.’

“ ‘No, no, Bill, it can’t be them, mate,’ cried Patrick Glynn, ‘and I’ll tell you as why. Perry told me positively, just before we parted, as how it would be well on in the middle watch ere he and t’other fat fellow could possibly expect to get away for a moment. Now, as yet, d’ye see, why it aint six bells of the first one gone. So it can’t be them, whoever it is.’

“ ‘Can’t you tell us at once who they are, my hearty?’ inquired Charley Derry again.

“ ‘No, sir,’ replied the codging, smiling lad of the hand-towel, ‘I really can’t indeed, sir. They both appear to me, gents, to be summat dressed like yourselves—smart jackets, fine wyte trowsers, and large rough boat-coats quite over all. They have newly arrived in town, gents, as I heard say, in a post-chay and four.’

“ ‘A post-chay and four, and dressed like seamen!’ said Valentine Joyce, ‘why, they’ll likely be two delegates of the fleet from some quarter or other.’

“ ‘I’m inclined to think so too,’ observed Jack Morris. ‘Waiter, pray usher them into the room, my lad. Or stop, d—n it, Adams, go you—’twill be more respectful.’

“ But the waiter had disappeared, and immediately returned, followed by two tall strapping fellows, one of whom was much younger than the other, though both appeared to be aware of their importance, and stood quite unabashed under the general scrutiny they excited from the eyes of all present.

“‘Pray be seated, if you please, shipmates,’ said Morris—when the youngest took the proffered chair without ceremony, while the elder made his way to the head of the table, and put a letter into the President’s hand.

“‘O, ay,’ said Morris, after opening the letter, and rapidly glancing at its contents, ‘tis just as you said, Joyce—this comes from the Nore. Come, my lads, a bumper if you please, and that directly,—Here’s our brothers at the Nore!—with three-times-three—Mosley, strike up, my boy!’ The cheers were given with hearty good will, while the band played *Hearts of Oak*.

“‘You’re just arrived, I’m informed, mates?’ said Morris.

“‘Why, as to that matter,’ replied the elder stranger, ‘we ha’n’t been above ten minutes in town yet, I believe,—have we, Gregory?’

“‘No,’ replied the younger stranger, ‘I doesn’t think we have.’

“‘And I presume you were sent down here to see how the land lay,’ continued Morris.

“‘You’ve guessed right, mate,’ answered the elder stranger.

“‘Well, well, my lads, more of this, directly,’ said Morris; ‘meantime we must see if we han’t something in the locker for you, since you must be both fatigued and hungry.—Waiter, this way, my jolly fellow—harkee, get a good substantial supper, piping hot, ready, in the next room, without a moment’s delay, for these two brave lads. See that you lose not a moment now, there’s a fine fellow—and tell us when you’re ready.’

“‘I shall be ready, sir, in an instant,’ returned the smiling servant-man with a bow, and bolted out of the room with the dexterity of a harlequin.—The conversation was immediately resumed.

“‘Have you had any good accounts from the North Fleet lately?’ asked Morris.

“‘Why, yes,’ replied the elder stranger, ‘we does get something or other from Yarmouth every other day, but nothing of any consequence to ever a one; for though they do seem to growl sadly, and not to be unwilling in the work, yet I don’t know how it is, there is either some-

thing wrong about them in the way of understanding each other, or else they want pluck to stand it out bravely at once.'

" 'Ah, that's a bad, bad sign, indeed, shipmate,' said Morris; 'for if they don't stick firmly by one another, 'tis a gone cause with them. But all that is a matter of little moment now.'

" 'I'm glad to hear you say so, shipmate,' cried the stranger; 'for though we did not believe it, we did hear often and often coming down that you had got all settled—is it indeed true?'

" 'Quite so, my lad,' replied Morris; 'and thank God for it, say I, for it's an ugly job, gone to bed, I sincerely hope, for ever.'

" 'To *some* people, mate,' said the stranger, 'I readily believes it is ugly and loathsome enough, seeing as how it will make a devil of a hole in the purses of some of 'em; to others again, who, like ourselves, must stand in the breach and brave the squall, it is both disagreeable and dangerous; but what then?—to the great bulk of us, who will reap the fruit of that daring and difficulty, it is a matter of the very highest importance. There are few, if any, mate, in the whole 'versal fleet, however quiet and tame they may be at present, who will not brighten up and chime in for snacks as soon as the battle's over.'

" 'Why, my lad, of that you may be certain,' cried Morris; 'and the thought of the likes of that there makes me all the happier it is over.—But how d'ye get on at the Nore?'

" 'Oh, devilish so so, indeed,' said the stranger. 'All our fellows, from the highest to the lowest, don't appear to know what they're about—they grant one thing to-day, and deny it to-morrow. You never saw such a set; for they're all round the compass in the course of twenty-four hours, and will stand to nothing. It was our opinion that they waited to see how the Government would bring you up.'

" 'In faith, my dear fellow, there's nothing more likely,' observed Morris, smiling; 'and if that there's the case, you've got a pretty long journey to devilish little purpose,

seeing the news of to-day will be there long before you.'

" 'Oh, as to that, mate,' said the stranger, 'it is nothing; we are too seriously bent on the attainment of our object to pass a single thought about any trouble it may cost us. And although the news will be there before us, I'm rather doubtful it will get but small belief before we reach the Nore again, which we at present mean to do as speedily as we can.'

" 'Why, man alive! you don't mean to set off again to-morrow?' asked Morris.

" 'If God grants health, we *must*,' said the stranger.

" 'Oho, my brave fellow, if it's a *must* business I've not another syllable to say,' said Morris.

" 'The supper waits you, gents,' said the smiling waiter, bowing as he entered the room.

" 'Ah, very well, my lad,' said Morris. 'Now, my dear fellows, I'd advise you to retire and refresh yourselves comfortably, for sure you must require it. You can join us at your own convenience, when we will tell you all about it.'

" 'We must certainly thank you all, my brave lads, for your kind hospitality,' said the elder stranger, rising, 'and shall as frankly avail ourselves of it. Come, Gregory, let us go, mate.'

" The younger seaman rose, and both immediately left the room.

" 'Well, my hearties,' said Jack Morris, 'what is to be done in this unlucky affair? I'm sure I wish from my soul they'd let us alone for a night—thof I can't blame the poor fellows either. You all heard them say they must get under way to-morrow.—Now, I'm really at a loss what's to be done; for we've neither time nor opportunity to-night, were we willing, seeing every paper we have is left on board.'

" 'Why, what needs you bother your pate about that, Morris?' cried Mark Turner. 'If they can't wait until we're ready for them, why I should suppose they must just go and carry with them what everybody knows. As you say, nothing can be done to-night, even although we

were willing, so what's the use of disturbing our harmony any more about the matter? It's no fault of ours, since it is quite impossible we could be prepared for them, when we didn't even know of their journey here at all. Besides, you know, you and Adams must go up yourselves shortly to the Nore, and as you can then take all the proper papers with you, why, that will put all to rights again.

"Now, would it not answer the purpose equally well, mates," cried Tom Allen, "were we just to detain these lads here to-morrow, and then furnish them with every document and paper of our proceedings we judged necessary? For my own part, I think it would; and I think it would also be treating these delegates with a confidence and a dignity becoming the trust reposed in them by the large portion of the fleet who sent them down, and render the heavy expense of Morris and Adams' journey up entirely unnecessary. I'll bet any money their instructions say as much, though Jack Morris hasn't been polite enough to satisfy any one but himself."

"Oho! you're there, are you, friend Tommy?" cried Jack Morris, smiling; "I cry you mercy, my good-humoured customer, for it was certainly a monstrous overlook of mine. I had the presumption, you must know, mates, to think at one time this evening that here we were to have nothing to do at all with speechifying and consulting, but were met to be merry, and amuse one another with a stave. But friend Tom, you see, seems to think otherwise, and mayhap others too, were they known. So in case that there should be the fact, I'll pipe, so it please you, another and a last council-board directly."

"Bah!" cried a dozen at once, "to the devil with your council-boards! Come, mates, push round the harmony; Mosley, strike up, my brave fellow."

"Come, come, my good souls," cried Morris to the band, "belay your warbling for a short time. As it appears you're heartily sick of council-boards and speechifying, which I'm devilish happy to see, allow me, mates, to make a small amends for my rascally ill manners, by reading to you the note which the old boy handed me. It would appear to have excited a great curiosity in Tom

Allen, and mayhap may have done the same to others; it will be far better, therefore, to read it out at once, and to be done with it. If I had known that Tom's curiosity was half so much roused, he or any other of you might have seen it long ago, without half of the nitty that's been made on't; but no! that be d—d; that would have been too manly and open for Tom: instead of that, he must wheel round and round, so cunningly and sneakingly, to gain a paltry nobody-cares-about point, which he might have made at once by a bold request. Pshaw! I'm completely ashamed of such ill-natured doings. However, here are their *instructions*, my lads, as friend Tommy is pleased to call them; and pretty instructions you'll think them, I'll be sworn. Listen, if you please—

“ ‘Nore, 12th May, 1797.

“ ‘*To the President of the Delegates of the Channel Fleet.*

“ ‘Sir,—that's the handle of my Sunday's name, you must know, my lads—hem—' The bearers hereof, to wit, Charles M'Carthy and William Gregory, being regular delegates from the Fleet at the Nore, are sent down to you, to learn the real state of progress of the measures you have taken to enforce the means of ameliorating the condition of the British seamen in general. You will therefore please to give them every necessary information, and particularly what you mean to do in future, that we may in all matters agree in our demands.—I am, sir,

“ ‘In name of the Delegates of the Fleet,

“ ‘Yours, &c.

“ ‘RICHARD PARKER, *President.*'

And so ends the ditty—the *instructions* I mean—which, upon my soul, my brave fellows, I did think so very unimportant, that I confess me I was very careless about disturbing you with them at all to-night, whatever I might have done to-morrow. This, however, it would now appear, won't please—we must tack about once more, it seems, and stand away for Bothereation Bay again: so, since I've been dragged forward in this lousy manner,

d'ye see, and been almost compelled to read to you what some are pleased to call these fine fellows' instructions—why, there they are—in God's name, let every one on you read for himself, and tell us at once what's to be done.'

" 'Why, what the blazes can you do to-night, Jack,' cried Mark Turner again, 'even thof you were willing? If the lads must go to-morrow, why, let them, and have done with it;—it is all of the less consequence, you know, seeing that you and Adams will follow them so rapidly.'

" 'Ah, but, my dear fellow, Turner,' said Morris, 'recollect the terrible expense.'

" 'Bah!' cried Turner, 'expense be d—d;—there's not a soul in the Fleet will ever think a moment on the subject.'

" 'I don't know that, my heart,' returned Morris, 'when it appears to be thought on already.'

" 'Well, well, it may be so,' said Turner, 'but I'll just tell you, Jack, once and for all, a small bit of my mind. You and Adams, mark me, were long ago publicly appointed to go to the Nore, to give the lads there a full account of all we had done, and how we had settled; and Potts and Ruly were to go to Plymouth on the same commission. If you think proper to flinch from these orders, now it has come to the push, I insist, for the honour of the Fleet, that we have a new election immediately.'

" 'Why, what a murder of a hubbleshew,' cried Dennis Lawley, 'you're after making about nothing at all at all! For my own part, darlings, I've heard never a syllabub of refusal come from the mouths of any of the four we've appointed yet; and sure there's never an occasion for electioneering till that's the case. Bah!—to the devil with all such complate botheration!—give me grog and music, my darlings!'

" 'All that I've yet heard said, my lads,' cried Tom Allen, returning to the charge, with the delegates' letter open in his hand, 'convinces me more and more that in what I've observed I'm right. To be sure, I've got plenty of jaw from several present; but this, d'ye see, shan't deter me an instant from doing what I consider proper and right. And what have I got all this lubberly cheek

for, I'd wish to know?—why, simply because I wish to see the honour of the Fleet and its delegates maintained. I openly confess I do so; and I repeat, that by supplying these delegates now in the house with every proper information, the expense of such long journeys as you have now in view is quite unnecessary. There will be no shine, to be sure, and less sporting of these paltry white favours; but what of that? you will have the money they cost in your trowsers' pockets for better purposes; and by the confidence you repose in their messengers, you will be all the abler to show your country and the whole world, the high respect you have for your brothers at the Nore, and the anxiety and zeal you feel in their welfare. I again repeat, my lads, that all this can be better done here, while we are all present, than by the sending any two of our number up to the Nore—even were they such high-flying lawyers as Jack Morris seems to think himself. What am I, or any one here, to know what *he* may think proper to report to them? You put it in his power to say just what he pleases—much or little, right or wrong, as the humour takes him at the moment. I, for one, am for no such doings; the delegates, by this letter, are expressly sent for information from us—we are all present, and I say, by all means let them have it. Besides, there is another request made in this letter, which, although very likely another object of their journey, has been hitherto studiously kept in the dark—It is here plainly and earnestly wished, that you should particularly inform them what you mean to do in future. As a delegate, and as representing as spirited and able a ship's company as ever a one on you, I wish you all to say what is your answer to this question.'

" 'A very simple one indeed, Tom,' answered Morris, gravely. 'In future, as I take it, *we mean to do our duty.*'

" 'That is *your* opinion, mayhap, Jack,' said Allen, sneeringly; 'but is it the opinion of the present company?'

" 'Yes, yes,' roared about twenty at once;—while others impatiently cried, 'Pshaw, belay, Tom, belay!'

" 'And do you mean to give this as the answer of the Fleet?' cried Allen.

" 'Undoubtedly,' was the answer.

" 'Then, my lads,' cried the undaunted fellow, ' I *will* belay—I will, however, give you a one, two, three drag—ay, and a hurrah too, before I go—for I *will* say, and I shall repeat, both in my own name, and the seven hundred smart fellows I represent, that I completely dissent from you all—that such an answer is not that of the Channel Fleet—that it shall never be sanctioned while I am——'

" 'Sit down, Tom, sit down!—Turn him out, turn him out!—and, 'Music play up!'—were now the various clamours of the whole company; some of the more zealous of whom were actually on their feet to put their threats into execution, when Allen, shoving away his chair, and eyeing fiercely the whole company, said—

" 'Ware force, mates! 'ware force!—The first fellow that lays his nippers on me, by G—, I'll fell him like a bullock, were he my brother. I said, and I'll boldly repeat it, that if you give such an answer, you don't speak the sentiments of the seamen of the Channel Fleet, but have basely deserted them for a few yards of white favours, a supper, and a blow-out of grog and music. They shan't, however, have that to say of me—no—Tom Allen belongs to the Mars, and he glories in her—for she and I, I know, shall be ruled in respect to an answer like that, just exactly as we find our greatly be-praised promises realized. You may do as likes you, mates—good night!'—So saying, and snatching up his hat, which he dismantled of its white knot in a trice, he immediately left the room, and shortly afterwards the house.

" So completely striking was the effect of this bold and hurried exit, that the whole present seemed to be in a state of silent wonderment, and for some time after little was to be heard but a desultory remark muttered here and there.

" 'My eye!' cried Charles Derry, 'what a red-hot shot of a fellow that there Allen must be, surely!—Why, d—n me, if he didn't bounce off like a congreve rocket!'

" 'Bah!' said Jem Melvin, 'a sancy, conceited, chitter-chattering fool;—whose tongue must be ever pipping and frippering like an overdone doeboy in the cook's coppers!—To the devil with him, I say!—A pretty fellow,

indeed, to have the cheek to call honest Jack Morris a lawyer,—a man, so help me, mate, who has more brains in his great toe than Allen has in all his carcase.'

" 'Tis a pity, poor fellow, after all,' cried Jack Saunders, 'for I firmly believes it's his only failing. I've known him now, mate, a number of years, and I've ever seen it the case, that as soon as Tom gets a little heated with grog, then, my boy, he'd commence a spouting about summat directly. He's a brave fellow, however, and a good seaman.'

" 'Why, there's no one will deny that, mate,' answered Melvin. 'But what the devil was the use of his speechifying to-night of all the days in the year, unless it were in the honest way of a jovial stave or two? I assure you I'm cursedly disappointed; for I expected some rare fun, particularly after I heard how handsomely old First of June had tipped us the rhino.'

" 'Hush, Melvin,' cried Mark Turner, 'and turn your eyes to the head of the table yonder. D'ye twig him?—I see by the curl of Morris's black eyes that he's either bent on fun or mischief. Ay, up he gets—now for it, mates.'

" 'Order, order! my fine fellows,' said the president, rising, 'we're losing time completely. As I think we've had enough of botheration for a night, we'll douse it till a fitter opportunity. Let us now make all sail for the land of delight—let the glass, and the catch, and the toast, go round; and make ourselves as happy and as merry as we can. It is now hard on the middle watch, and I expect our visitors every moment—'twould be a shocking affair, I'm sure, for them to catch us squabbling like a parcel of children, instead of trowling the bowl to a merry chaunt, as every one would expect.—Come, Mosley, my heart of oak! set your warblers to work, and give us a something or other, while I think of a stave!'

" This proposal was received with three cheers—the band struck up a favourite air, and, in a few minutes, every angry feeling was subdued, and every heart elate with good humour.

" 'Belay, now, my good Mosley, if you please,' cried Jack Morris, 'and try if you can't stick in with me at the

chorus ; for although I have pipe enough, I have devilish little music, that I can tell you. I'm going to give you a touch of the old Boat Song, my lads—hem :—

I.

Here we go, my hearties !
 If luck don't desert us,
 Trifles shall not part us—
 Yo ho ! pull away !—
 See the foe, we're nearing,
 Laughing, pointing, jeering,
 Careless, never fearing,
 But he'll gain the day !—
 But we'll soon convince him,
 We're the boys won't flinch him,
 But carry him and clinch him—
 Glory !—pull away !—

“ At this appropriate and animating chorus, the whole assembled voices, accompanied by the music, were loudly and actively employed, when the room-door was suddenly shoved wide open, and discovered the laughing countenances of Master Coxswain Wigley, accompanied by fat Carey the butler, and the delegates from the Nore. Perry had just got enough to put him in glorious trim for fun, for in an instant, my boy, he was quite at home—chimed in with the chorus in a trice (for you must know it was originally Perry's own song, who had learned it to almost all the boats-crews of the Fleet), and, as soon as it came to be time to carry on with another stave, faith, on he went with it, Davies, in a good, strong, clear pipe, while Jack Morris, good soul, threw himself back in his chair, in an ungovernable fit of laughter ; the joke being, that instead of going on with the second stave, he commenced with the very last :—

XXIV.

Rowing to the landing,
 There you see her standing,
 Who has the commanding
 Of your heart, the stay !—
 ‘ Oh,’ she cries, ‘ my true love !
 Is it really you, love ?
 To your faithful Sue, love,
 Haste thee, come away.’—
 Too good for refusing,
 I stand no longer musing,
 But jump ashore to Susan—
 Coil up, and belay.

" 'Ha, ha, ha!' roared Jack Morris, as soon as the chaunt was concluded.—'Why, Wigley, you're the devil's own bird, and as mad a fellow as ever! However, I must thank you certainly for helping me out so famously with the Two Dozen, although you've left out the guts of 'em.'

" 'Ah, well, my heart!' cried Wigley, 'that's what many an honest fellow wouldn't complain of, I'll be sworn, thof the guts were left out of them oftener than it is.—But confound all dozens, and the fellows that first invented them!—Let's be merry while we're here, for Heaven knows when we shall have such another happy opportunity.—Mr. President, a bumper, if you please—here's—Short allowance, nine-water grog, an empty pocket, and the never a friend, to all the enemies of the Fleet, both at home and abroad!—Come, my hearts, with six times three, and off she goes.'

" The cheers were given with genuine spirit, while the band struck up, '*Cheerly, cheerly, my jolly boys!*'

" But in truth, Davies, were I to go on, I could never have done with that thrice happy night, which was worth a whole existence of others; and the remembrance of which, although many years have passed and gone, is still as strongly printed on my memory as thof it had happened but t'other day. I shall only farther say, then, that under the guidance of Wigley, who was the life and soul of the party, the song and the laugh went round, and we carried on in the highest style, until the returning daylight warned us to knock off. The most of our companions betook themselves to a temporary repose; but, for my part, sleep was out of the question. Adjourning to a small upper apartment, in company with Wigley, Carey, and Morris, I thought myself far better employed in talking over the occurrences of the day, and laughing at some good jokes raised by Wigley, at the expense of the hard rubs, as well as pleasures, of other years. In this select confab, you may be sure our intended cruise to the Nore was not forgotten; and regarding it, Wigley gave us complete satisfaction. He said, he, from the first, had so far entered into the spirit of it, that on his return with his letter, from the Fleet, seeing how highly pleased his lordship was with

the perusal of it, he had ventured to have some talk about the journey with him, and from what he then, and had since said, he hadn't a doubt but he'd get him to grant us every assistance and protection that was necessary, in the course of that or the following day. Meantime, he advised us to get all our matters settled on board—such as seeing our clothes and hammocks stowed away, you know, getting the necessary papers, cash, and all that—'And then,' says he, 'when you are all ready and come on shore, just give a call at the governor's house, and if I'm gone, as probably I may, Carey here will have everything ready waiting you as far as I am concerned. He will also tell you where to find me in London, and I dare say will do every thing in his power to serve you.' To all this Carey warmly agreed; and thus you see matters were all at once finally agreed on. The morning by this time was pretty far advanced, and the increasing noise and bustle of the streets began to put us in mind of something to eat; but all our entreaties, compliments, and smiles, could prevail on neither to stop; so, with mutual good wishes of success, and a promise to see them again as soon as we landed, we were at last compelled reluctantly to part.

"On going down stairs to breakfast we were happy to find a full muster of all hands; and with the exception of a few of the more delicate complaining of headaches, which made an application of mine host's cordials indispensable, the whole appeared to be little worse of the wear, and demolished the good things that were placed before them with an avidity and dexterity which did them honour. As soon as the table was cleared, Morris related the conversation we had had with Wigley, and the plan we had chalked out for our future procedure, which I was happy to see met with general approbation. He then shortly addressed the two delegates from the Nore, informing them that as they had already heard our proposed visit mentioned, it was necessary to say more on the subject—that if they must set off directly on their return, he would give them a letter to their president, stating the matter; but that if they could possibly venture to halt a day or two, himself and I would gladly accompany them.

" 'Nothing would give us greater pleasure than your company, mates,' replied M'Carthy, 'were it not, d'ye see, that the news is already abroad; and in that there case, you knows, the sooner we're under way the better. There will be fidgeting enough, depend on't, as it is;—but 'twould be the devil to pay altogether, were we to lose another hour now—No, no, the road, my lads, for our money, and that too under every inch of canvas we can carry; so you may tip us your letter as soon as likes you, and in faith, mates, the sooner the better.'

" 'Come, come, M'Carthy,' said Morris, 'you an't in such a devilish hurry as all that comes to.—Why, my hearts, your chay hasn't even made its appearance yet.'

" 'Han't it, mate!' cried M'Carthy, laughing,—'that shows, however, you weren't on the look-out. Why, my dear fellow, it has been waiting us down in the yard there more than an hour ago.'

" 'Oho! I beg your pardon, my lad,' cried Morris, ringing the bell. 'I must handle my nippers a little smarter, if that's the way on't.—Waiter, fetch me your writing gear in a moment, my lad.—Well, shipmates, how did you relish the story of last night?'

" 'Excellent well,' said M'Carthy. 'I knows for myself it did me much good, mate, and I've little doubt but you'll observe to-day that two or three of the wrinkles of my old muzzle have missed muster—pleasure lately has been such a stranger, d'ye see. But howsomdever, my lads, I hope now we'll weather the point, and then all will go well again.'

" 'I should hope so, my dear fellow,' said Morris, just as the waiter entered with the writing materials, when he immediately seated himself, and commenced his letter, which he soon finished. Presenting it to M'Carthy, he said, 'Here, my good soul, is our note of hand, that you and your pell have honestly done your duty, and that we mean to visit you with all the particulars as soon as we can.—I think me that is all that you require at present.'

" 'I should think so, shipmate,' said M'Carthy, pocketing the letter, 'thof it isn't an easy matter to guess aright sometimes what to think on them there occasions.—But

harkee, brother, can't tell us now honestly when you think you'll be able to take the road?—That will likely enough be among the first questions, you knows, and it makes a fellow look cursedly foolish not to have a summat to say in answer.'

" 'It certainly does so, my fine fellow,' replied Morris; 'though, upon my soul, it is out of my power at present to tell you with anything like certainty, we've so many pick-nick forms to march through, the delay of which we can say nothing about before we get ashore again. However, give us good sea-room and you can't go wrong—say, at the least, that we hope to see them all in the course of the week after your arrival. Depend on it, no time shall be lost on our parts.'

" 'Ah well, be it so, mate,' said M'Carthy.—'I wish you every success, and trust that you will not dally, seeing as how we'll be all impatient for your arrival.—And now give me your flipper, my boy! Good bye, and God bless you!—for we must be on the move. Good bye to you all, shipmates! Come, Gregory, let us go.'

" Gregory and the whole of us now followed him down to the chaise, which had been driven up to the door, into which he immediately sprung, and seated himself in the far corner.

" 'Well, my dear lads,' said Gregory, shaking each of us cordially by the hand, 'I must even bid you all farewell. Depend on't, however, I sha'n't forget your kindness in a hurry; and if ever any on you should come athwart the channel where Bi'll Gregory is brought up, he'll be very proud to answer the hail of a brother from Portsmouth.—Harkee, my tight little fellows of the whip, see that you drive like the very devil, and keep on at full stretch. If you do so, I can tell you, you sha'n't want plenty of the good stuff to keep the wind out of your stomachs. Farewell, mates! Good bye!'—and so saying he joined his companion in the chaise, which instantly drove off.

" As soon as they were gone, a messenger was dispatched to Sallyport, to see whether the boats had arrived, during which I seized the opportunity of taking a run to the

governor's house, to have a few words with my old friend Wigley. I no sooner saw him than I was agreeably surprised to find that he had as usual anticipated my wishes.

" 'Aha, Adams, is it you, my dear fellow?' cried he, 'I've a guess what you've come for, and have provided for you accordingly, a great deal sooner than I expected—here it is, put it in your pocket. His lordship was so very kind as cause his secretary write it this morning before I got home, and, in fact, put his name to it the moment he got out of bed. It is directed, you will perceive, to the Commander-in-chief, and I hope it will overrule all opposition to your intended journey. I would advise you to deliver it to him yourself; indeed, I don't know but what it would be as well were the whole four of you going with it, in order that he might see you all, were he desirous. However, you can do as you think proper in that,—only I wouldn't have you neglect going yourself—'tis far the best way in these bits of ticklish affairs. I shall be all impatience until I hear how you get on, or rather till I see you in London, for there is some talk of our departure already. Meantime, my dear fellow, I shall prepare everything for you as far as in me lays; and if I'm not here on your return, you'll find all right, I hope, with Carey, who is a real good fellow, and loves a blue-jacket dearly. I must now leave you, Adams, having to attend his lordship.—By the by, d'ye go on board now, or are you going to make another day on't?'

" 'On, directly, Perry, directly,' said I.—'I merely made a run to you while the fellow was down seeking after our boats. I sincerely thank you, my good lad, for the trouble I have put you to; and I hope that I shall see you yet before you leave Portsmouth.'

" 'Faith, Adams, that's more than I dare promise,' cried Wigley; 'but at all events I shall certainly live in the hope of seeing you shortly in London.—Cheer up, my heart, and live in the love of this happy meeting.'

"We now took an affectionate leave of each other; and, hurrying back to the King's Head, I found that the boats had arrived, mine host satisfied, and all my companions ready to march off.—They had settled with Mosley, the

leader of the marines' band, so much to the old fellow's satisfaction, that he insisted on whistling us clear of the shore, as he phrased it, and, accordingly, he and his band were in waiting at the door in full gala uniforms. Having once more arranged ourselves, therefore, in some sort of military fashion, we set off direct for the governor's house, with the music playing before us, and the old union curling in the air in our centre; when, halting in its front, we lowered our standard to his lordship and the governor, and gave them three hearty parting cheers, the band playing all the time, *God save the King*;—and then having done so, we wheeled away to the right, and marched slap down to Sallyport, attended by as great a crowd almost as had accompanied us the day before. Our embarkation was the work of a very few minutes, when we immediately made way for the fleet in much the same order as we had come ashore, receiving, as we silently swept past the Platform, the cheers and plaudits of an immense multitude of spectators.

“ Having, in the course of our walk down, informed Jack Morris of the letter intrusted to my care, and of the opinion of Wigley on the subject, he acquiesced as to the manner, and gave the boats'-crews instructions accordingly. Of course they all made direct for the Royal George. As soon as we got alongside, we gave the commander-in-chief three cheers, which was returned most lustily by the whole ship's company. We now went all on board, and stood uncovered just beaft the mainmast; while, seeing his lordship walking the quarter-deck, I immediately advanced towards him, and put the letter in his hand. He opened and read it instantly, and then demanded, through the captain, to see the four delegates who were to go to Plymouth and the Nore. We accordingly fell out in front of our companions,—Morris and I standing fast together, and Potts and Ruly doing the same, at a little distance from us. His lordship now approached, and surveyed us all with a severely scrutinizing eye for some time; then addressing Morris, he said—

“ ‘ By the by, my lad, I think I have seen you before, as well as that 'tother fellow alongside of you.—Where was it again—eh ?’

" ' Pretty nearly where we at present stand, I presume, my lord,' answered Morris.

" ' Oh, ay, now I mind me ; you're right, my lad, quite right,' said his lordship. ' That was a good day, and you both behaved greatly to my satisfaction. I believe we drank together, too, didn't we ?'

" ' Your lordship honoured us so far,' said Morris.

" ' Yes, yes, I remember it well, my lad, and that is more in your favour,' said his lordship. ' I say, captain, d'ye know any of these two before us ?'

" ' I have seen one of them often,' said the captain ; ' and am inclined to think him a decent, sober, orderly fellow—able to work and willing to obey. As for the other, my lord,—he you've been talking to,—he's one of my own crew, and his character is unexceptionable.'

" ' Bravo !' said his lordship, ' these are the very men who ought to go to such places—men of good name and good character.—Where d'ye mean to go to, you two—eh ?'

" ' The Nore, my lord,' answered Morris.

" ' I'm happy at it, my lads,' cried his lordship ; ' and on such an errand, though I can ill want your services at present, I think you may well be spared ; for you cannot do a better service to your king and country at the present alarming crisis, than in endeavouring, as far as in you lies, by frankly informing them of the goodness and beneficence you have met with, to persuade these unfortunate and misguided men to return to their duty, and no longer to stand out against all order and subordination. I am of opinion, therefore, that the noble Earl, whom you deservedly call the Father of the Fleet, is perfectly right in thinking you may be the means of doing much good by going from the fleet under my command as deputies to the Nore. But, as I am also aware, my lads, that it is in your power to do as much evil, by wilful misrepresentation and falsehood, I would wish you candidly and honestly to tell me, before I take a single step in the business, how you mean to proceed.'

" ' Our proceedings, my lord,' replied Jack Morris, ' will be very simple. It has been an agreement now of some weeks standing, between the fleet stationed here and those

belonging to Plymouth and the Nore, that as soon as matters were finally settled we were to send two of our number to each of these divisions, who were to exhibit to them the genuine papers of government, and give them a full and true account of all our proceedings, and their final issue. To fulfil this solemn agreement, and act honourably to our brothers in the service, is all we either mean or wish to do; and you'll forgive us, my lord, if we've the presumption to think, that an account of these matters coming from us, who were ourselves parties in the cause, will be more acceptable, and more readily believed, than from any quarter whatever; and should it prove the means of in the least restoring order and obedience again amongst our brothers of the Nore, our journey, we think, will not be taken in vain.'

" 'That is altogether very true, my lads,' said his lordship; 'and on the faith of your conducting yourselves in the manner you have just told me, which the excellent character you bear inclines me the more readily to believe, I dare say I will venture to issue such orders to my secretary as shall effectually secure you from molestation on your journey.—Harkee, young gentleman,' continued he, waving to a midshipman, 'go down to my writing-chamber, and tell Mr. Pelham I wish to speak with him.—You other two lads mean to go to Plymouth, I presume?'

" Both Potts and Ruly bowed in silence.

" 'D'ye know them, captain?' inquired his lordship.

" The captain returned a negative.

" 'That's a pity,' said his lordship. 'Pray, what ships d'ye belong to, my lads?'

" 'I belong to the London, my lord,' answered Ruly, gravely, and my companion here to the La Pompée.'

" 'Oh, you belong to the London, do you?' said his lordship. 'I'm sorry to say, my lad, she's rather a suspicious vessel that, and not over hearty in her loyalty. Captain Griffiths complains sadly of the whole ship's company, and threatens to resign his commission; and, indeed, I have little doubt but he will do it, you've affronted him so grievously. Thus you see, my good fellow, the wild behaviour of your companions on board threatens to

deprive me of the services of an excellent and meritorious officer through their dreadful misconduct. However, I'm not imputing any thing of this kind to you—far from it; for you may be a trusty and good fellow enough at bottom, after all. I only wish to observe to you both, my lads, that on the avowed service you are going, I think it my indispensable duty to know particularly what sort of men they are who are to be entrusted with such a very delicate charge; and in doing so I only study the welfare of the service, for I anxiously wish to see an end of this disorderly and shameful conduct.—Pray, were you on board the London, my lad, during that horrible affair with poor Admiral Colpoys?’

“ ‘I was, my lord; along with my brother delegates,’ replied Rulv.

“ ‘Umph!’ said his lordship, shaking his head. ‘Well, well, my lads, I’ll think of you both, and inquire a little more particularly into your characters when I have more leisure. You know we have plenty of time so far as regards *your* journey; and, as I mean to get under way this afternoon, if what I hear of you pleases me, I give you my honour I’ll put you both ashore at Torbay, which will be so much of your journey saved, you know.—Oh, you’re there, Mr. Pelham; I wish you to make me out a regular protection card for these two lads. They go as a deputation from us to the fleet at the Nore—you need mention no limited date for their return, for I will be at sea, you know. Just say, they have my permission for their journey, and that I think them as good loyal subjects, as they are good intelligent seamen.’

“ ‘This was too bright a compliment to be passed unnoticed; Morris and I, therefore, acknowledged the favour by a modest silent obeisance.

“ ‘Nay, don’t go to think for a moment that I flatter you, my lads,’ said his lordship; ‘for, from the character you wear as good men and true, (and long may you enjoy the enviable distinction, my lads!) I sincerely believe I am doing you both no more than justice.—Mr. Pelham, take them both down with you, when they can give you their names, and you can take their descriptions with much

more accuracy. You must make haste, though, Pelham, for I must hurry ashore without delay.'

"The secretary bowed in silence and retired, followed by Morris and I. The liberty-card was soon written out; and, leaving him to copy out what he called a fair copy, we returned to our former station on the quarter-deck, where we found his lordship walking, engaged in conversation with the captain.

"The pair immediately walked up to us, and being told by Morris what had been done, his lordship immediately asked him how long he had belonged to the vessel?

" 'Six years now fully gone, my lord,' answered Jack Morris; 'to which my captain alongside you can bear witness.'

" 'Ah, very good,' returned his lordship; then turning to your humble servant, he went on, 'and you, my lad?'

" 'Why, my lord,' I answered, 'I've belonged to the Queen since the summer before the first of June.'

" 'Were you both in that action?' continued his inquisitive nobility.

" 'Yes, my lord,' answered we both.

" 'Ah well, my lads,' continued his lordship, 'it is just you, and the likes on you, that I'd wish to have with me in my intended cruise. But I hope you will be equally serviceable to your country where you are going, and that I shall have no reason to regret the confidence I have placed in you. I shall expect you to join me again as soon as I return; and if you acquit yourselves as I would expect two such fellows to do, and be the means of doing any good among these poor infatuated and turbulent men, depend upon it you shall not want my good word in recommending you to those who both can and will reward every one who is faithful in his service to his King and Country.—Ah, Master Pelham, you lag astern, and try one's patience cruelly, young gentleman—let me see this fine affair, over which you have been dreaming so long.—Ay—good—it will do—and, i'faith, *must* do now; young gentleman, for my time has expired, and I must be off. Hast brought me pen and ink?—Oh, ay, thank you.—Oh, shocking! what a rascally pen you've brought me;

why, 'tis as soft as a lady's hand, and equally effective.—Come, Pelham, use your knife, and make it harder; my hand is heavy, and fitter, I believe, for a sword, than a pen. Ah, good—that is excellent, Pelham—I write now with some degree of pleasure—you may go.—There, captain—never mind the B, for it is botched—scan it over, and tell me what you think on't?

“ ‘Think on't, my lord?’ said the captain, rapidly running his sharp eye over it, ‘I think it is far too liberal; for Pelham, in bestowing your boon upon the lads, has so highly lauded them for their loyalty, bravery, and heaven knows how many other transcendant qualities, that a plain sober-minded person would, on perusing it, be three-parts inclined to chalk it all down for a quiz in the burlesque. However, you've attached your name to it, and that puts all to rights.’

“ ‘Oh,’ cried his lordship, ‘I am quite aware, ay, and awake too, my good sir, of that matter; but it is not worth a thought, and will serve the purpose well enough. Pelham's but a very young man yet, but he'll come on by and by, no danger. Zounds, my good sir, we mustn't expect human heads to grow smarter than other commodities; and Pelham's, let me tell you, captain, is not one of the most unpromising. However, after all, you are right; for I freely confess to you it is not drawn up quite to my own liking: but I've said 'twill do, and it must do.’

“ Then turning round to us—‘Here, my lads,’ he continued: ‘I present you with *my* permission for what you are going to be about; and I must tell you, once for all, that I have such a very high regard for the good Earl Howe, that I would stretch a point—ay, all the points round the compass—to oblige him, or to do him any service within my power. Thank *him*, therefore, and not me, my lads; for to him, by my honour, are you now indebted for the favour shown to you. Always recollect, however, that I grant all to you in the good hope that I shall have no cause to repent of my indulgence. In short, I take my leave of you, in the hope of hearing, should I not see you again, that you have fully verified my expectations, and behaved yourselves like proper ship-shape seamen, as

my captain calls you, alike honest and loyal to the core. By the by, my lads, are these fellows, now awaiting you there, your what-d'ye-callums—your companions and assistants, I mean, in this terrible outbreak ?'

" ' Yes, my lord,' replied Jack Morris, smiling and bowing, while his lordship put the permission card into his hand ; ' these lads are our companions, and yesterday constituted the Council of the Fleet.'

" ' Oh ay, I beg your pardon, the *Council of the Fleet*,' re-echoed his lordship, with appropriate emphasis.—' A parcel of good-looking strapping fellows, however,' continued he, whispering the captain.—' And when do you go off on this expedition of yours, my lads ?'

" ' As soon as we can, my lord,' replied Morris. ' We will stop no longer than is necessary to put our little moveables into proper custody ; for as soon as that is done we will ashore without farther delay, when we expect to receive, through the kindness of Earl Howe, another note from Governor Pitt, which will protect us effectually from all annoyance on our road inland.'

" ' Ay ! was the worthy earl really so very good ?' said his lordship, in a tone of surprise : ' I'll wonder no more at all you wild tearing rascals becoming so docile and so very obedient at the good earl's call, for, in truth, he is a very indulgent *father* indeed ; and let me tell you, my lads, that you ought to think much of yourselves, and be amazing good boys, as you must be very sensible it isn't every one that is so highly favoured. You may now go ; I will only mention once more, before I bid you God speed, that I hope you will behave yourselves where you are going not only like good seamen, but like true, sound-hearted, loyal Britons.'

" ' We shall do our best, my lord,' replied Morris, as we made our obeisance, and retired to join our chums.

" I think it quite unnecessary to bother you now, Ned, with anything like an account of the formalities of our departure. Be content when I say, that having got our wishes so far, all hands were contented ; that we cheered and gave his lordship roaring for it to the very mast-head ; and that he seemed to be quite pleased with the gammon,

as he doused his own Russian cap repeatedly. So far all was good.

"Neither shall I detain you, my lad, with any nonsense about our journey inland, or how many jolly good larks we had as we spun along swimmingly on our road to that tremendous mass of brick and mortar, noise and smoke, which constitutes our great metropolis. Such gossip I hold to be all in my eye, and only fit for the ears of some demure maiden lady, who all her tough long life has never wandered out of sight of the smoke of her father's chimney. Now-a-days, every body worth a straw knows London; and, in return, this same London, like a genuine Boniface, knows every body. By all that is sacred, Ned, London may be fairly likened to her numerous breed of publicans—very humble and very fawning—ay, even to sneaking—to the happy cocks possessed of the wherewithall; but as apt to turn tail and look daggers at the cashless and unfortunate. I shall merely say, what I've little doubt you've already guessed, that, for a few days, we rioted, like maggots in a good Gloucester, even to surfeit, in all the *sights*, shows, wax and tallow stories, in and about it; that our warm friend Wigley was kindness itself, and ran about with us, all over town, like another lamplighter. In truth, lad, we saw as much of it as there was any occasion for; and as soon as we recovered from the pleasing delirium occasioned by unaccustomed liberty, we at length began to think seriously of our commission: so taking an unwilling leave of our warm and steady friend Wigley, we at last set off on our road to Sheerness.

"But avast, Ned!—dost hear?—that's the supper-bell, mate, and I loves mine piping hot, so I'll be off.—I will tell you more to-morrow. Meantime, good night."

Sheerness and the Nore.

CHAPTER XXIII.—JACK ADAMS' STORY CONCLUDED.

THE account which he had heard of the happy issue of the Portsmouth affair had made too strong an impression on the mind of Edward, not to induce him, on the first occasion that offered, to be somewhat urgent on his old friend Adams for the particulars attending his delegated visit to Sheerness and the Nore. "I am all the more curious to hear this part of your story, Jack," concluded he, "as I've always heard say it had a most dreadful termination."

"' You heard aright, mate," was the reply of the veteran ; " for, truly, it had a very dreadful termination : though, thanks be to heaven ! neither me nor my pell, Morris, had ever a word to say in the matter—the truth being, that, from the instant we told them how we had finished the business, and how happy and contented all our shipmates seemed to be, we were both assailed in such an overbearing, insolent, and unmanly manner, by nearly all their red-hot speechifiers and leading men, and ever afterwards so scurvily used, that we made our stay among them as short as we could, and at last luckily cut our stick ashore—just at the very nick of time—joyfully leaving them to pursue their own plans after their own manner ; a purpose they seemed to be fixed and determined on. Indeed, so completely had we been badgered, and so meanly and shabbily used in other respects, that never in all my life did I jump ashore with greater satisfaction. There were a few of them, to be sure, who did stick manfully up for us ; and, among these, none more bravely and steadily than Dick Parker himself. That I'll do him the justice to say :—but what then ? though they had dubbed him their *Admiral*, and he was goose enough and silly enough to be proud of the

title, he had no more power over them than an imbecile old woman. D—n me, mate, if I would have given my own chum Morris's manly behaviour in the chair for half a score of him. The lads we had most to thank for any little civility we experienced were Martin of the Inflexible—a landsman to be sure, but a polite, civil, clever fellow, with the tongue of a lawyer, and the manners and behaviour of a gentleman—and Gregory and M'Carthy of the Sandwich, who having been both down among us at Portsmouth, as I've told you, and both kindly and handsomely treated, might probably think that one good deed deserved another, and so were as kind and friendly to us as I believe their more morose and suspicious associates would allow them. I say *suspicious*, for I've more than half a notion, from the manner in which the major part of these fellows behaved to us, that they took us for a pair of their own kidney, ready to turn upon them on the first good opportunity; and I am pretty certain, Ned, that on the very strength of that same suspicion, if the more desperate of them had got their wishes, we would both of us have been as sure of a keel-hauling, or of being lashed up to a gangway grating, as we were certain at the time of floating in more than five fathoms water. After having told you thus much, my lad, you may easily see with half an eye that I know very little of their doings. The little that I did see, however, I will cheerfully tell you, because it will give you a bit of a notion what sort of jokers the delegates of the Nore were."

"Well, but halt there a moment, mate," said Edward. "You said just now, that you and Morris cut your sticks from them in proper time; now will you be so good as say what time was that?"

"Why, I can tell you that in the twirl of a mop-stick. It were just while the Lords Admirals were at the dock-yard, and all the rest of the nabs as came down from London along with them. I said we just cut their company in proper time, and you'll think so too, when I tell you that the very next day, and that were the glorious first of June, which you know I cannot easily forget, after a great deal of wrangling and jangling which the Lords Ad-

mirals had with Parker and his delegates, both parties got quite savage at each other, and separated in a high fury, the one going on board again with the flag of defiance hoisted, and the great lords and their gentlemen returning in full flight back to London; but, mind me, mate, not before they had issued their positive commands that the town of Sheerness should be immediately put in a state of defence; that no boats from the fleet should be permitted to land; and, worse than all, that both the grub, grog, and water of the fleet, should be stopped, till they thought proper once more to return to their duty."

"In truth, Jack," said Edward, "when shot of that calibre was beginning to fly about, it was time to be off.—Now, my dear fellow, if you'll answer me one other small question before you go on, you'll not only highly oblige me, but I pledge you my word I'll interrupt you with no more."

"Pledge me the devil, Ned!" burst from the veteran, in high wrath. "What dost take me for, lad, that you run your saucy rig upon me thus unmercifully? Dost suppose I'm like a postilion's pair of breeches, destitute of feeling, or the cook's loggerhead, good for nothing but pounding peas or cocoa? By the mast! my young saucy blade, if I thought you had the audacity to liken me to either one or the other, this should be the last confab. that should ever pass between us."

"Now, what a devil of a fury you've put yourself in, mate of mine, and all about nothing," cried Edward. "I confess I have been highly delighted as well as instructed by all you have told me, and all that I farther wished for was that I might understand you aright. You will recollect of telling me, about the commencement of your story, that you were forced to cut your ship, and take a purser's name; and was it not natural enough for a fellow to think that all this happening to you was in consequence of the mutiny, or whatever else you please to call it? In this, however, you see I am completely wrong; for you come out of the one not only clean-handed but with flying colours, and you tell me you cut the other just in good time. Now all my curiosity is roused, d'ye see, to know

how the deuce you came to be forced to do either the one or the other?"

"Pshaw, Ned! if that's all, you'll hear all about it in its proper place, it being in fact the very butt-end of my story. All that I crave of you is, that you will not bother me again with any of your confounded cunning questions. They put a fellow completely out; and the devil on't is, at least it is so with me, there's no getting in again."

"Well, well, mate of mine, I'm quite satisfied; do, pray, proceed."

"I will, I will, Ned; for, as I said before, the little I've to tell you will hardly do more than give you an idea, and a very faint one, of the wild reckless fellows we thus unfortunately got among—their additional demands, as well as their saucy manner of proceeding.

"As nearly as I can recollect, mate," continued the old man, with a sigh, "Jack Morris and I left Portsmouth for London on the 17th of May; where, as I told you before, after pleasuring about with Wigley for a few days, we arrived at Sheerness about mid-day on the 24th. Well, we had come to a halt at the Royal George, and were very comfortably seated partaking of a slight refreshment, when the sound of music, and the cheering of a mob, attracted us to the windows of the inn, where a sight met our eyes that beat all our Portsmouth bravadoes in pieces. In front marched a gaudy band of music, playing *Hearts of Oak*, followed closely up by the saucy union twirling to the breeze, and some twenty or thirty smart blue-jackets, all rigged out in their church-goers, and bedizened to the mast-head with flaunting ribbons and gaudy cockades, and these, the landlord told us, were the Delegates of the Fleet. Well, sure enough, onward they marched, amid the bawlings of the mob who surrounded them, as jauntily and merry as birds in May, until they came close up in front of the inn, where, after halting until the band had played *God save the King*, they doffed their hats, and, giving three hearty cheers, retired into the large front ball-room, from the balcony of which the union-flag was immediately sported; there, as we supposed, to refresh, after their daily swagger through the town.

“ Well, Ned, both Jack and I thought ourselves devilish lucky in thus dropping upon them so smoothly ; so after finishing our snack of grubbery, we told the landlord who we were, and requested him to announce us as two fellows who wished much for an interview with them. This task he very civilly and readily undertook, and in no long time after we were waited on by Bill Gregory and Charley M'Carty, both of whom we had seen at Portsmouth, who came to usher us into the presence, in all due form. We were immediately introduced ; and I must say, while they made a very imposing appearance at first view, the reception we met from them was alike cordial and warm. They were all seated round a long table, with Dick Parker at their head, who sat at the upper end on an elevated chair as at once their 'Ral and president. After the usual congratulations were over, and many inquiries answered as to our journey, and the likes of all that sort of stuff, we were told by Parker that as we must be somewhat knocked up by our journey, and they had other business in hand, they would decline hearing us until next day, when all parties would be much more at leisure, and we more refreshed. On hearing this, after a dodge from Morris, we both started to our feet, on purpose to retire, but were prevented by Parker, who, after informing us, with a good-humoured smile, that we had completely misunderstood his meaning, continued : ‘ You must consider yourselves, while here, brothers, as part and portion of ourselves, and as such you know that there are no secrets between us, but everything is common ;—be so good as be seated.—And now, delegates, what say you ?—shall we order in the prisoners, or proceed to dinner ?’

“ ‘ Oh, to dinner by all means,’ shouted a dozen at once ;—‘ why 'tis nearly four bells of the afternoon watch.’

“ ‘ Not to mintion at all, at all,’ bawled an Irishman, ‘ the beautiful hungry air one bolts on the lovely parade of Blue Town.’

“ ‘ Ah, Sullivan, Sullivan,’ cried Parker, laughing, ‘ the prog and the grog never come amiss to you either by day or night.’

“ ‘ Faith ! and you spake truth now, master of mine ;—

for let paypil grin as they plase, I shall ever stick up, and sware to it, that it's the prog and the grog that makes the man—by my troth is it; and splicing them both together is the most thundering nice invention that ever was invented for the freshening of a poor fellow's hawse—ay, and his bread-basket too—who has, like myself, padded it all over the blessed town, both black and blue, for the last couple of hours.'

"Sullivan's speech was a clincher; which, while it produced some mirth, brought in the dinner in a twinkling; and, in truth, it was attacked and destroyed with a rapidity and gusto that fairly showed that friend Paddy was not far wrong in his observation. After the table was cleared, and grog had taken the place of more substantial elements, a whole volley of toasts were immediately bolted, of—*Success to the Cause—Confusion to its Enemies—God bless the King! may he have better advisers—The Navy of Great Britain the Pride of the Sea*, &c. &c. with such a noise and vociferation, as quite put out the pipes of Morris and I, who had been accustomed to see a very different sort of behaviour at our meetings. Now, Ned, I do not know, so can't say, whether Parker observed our glum physogs or not, for the louder they grew made us look gruffer and gruffer—and mind me, he kept his sharp eyes steadily upon us—but this I know, that after a while, seeing we declined joining in the chorus, he all of a sudden 'bout ship, and brought their noisy mirth to a round turn in a jiffy, by rising and again proposing that the prisoners should be brought in and sent on board, according to the promise they had given to Commissioner Hartwell, of the Dockyard.—'We pledged our solemn words, delegates, to that gentleman, who is, you well know, as warm a friend as we have; and by heaven I swear it before you all, that while I have the honour to fill this chair, discipline shall be maintained.'

"'Glory!' cried a number at once, as they clashed their bulky fists together, 'by all means, let us have the lobster swabs hauled in.'

"'Well, then,' continued Parker, 'you Bill Gregory and George Gainer, both fancy men of mine and true, I

order you to go and produce before the delegates of the Fleet the two prisoners under your charge.'

"This command was instantly obeyed; and in a short time after they both appeared, lugging after them a couple of marines, very much against their inclination, whose appearance bore all the usual marks of recent riot and inebriety; tinged strongly, however, with a strong dash of drunken gravity and sulky defiance, which rendered the whole scene irresistibly ludicrous. They were both stout young fellows, who, during this season of misrule, having taken it into their heads to have a dash at the shore, had accordingly got there without either leave being asked or granted, and, like most of the ocean warriors of that period, were so elevated and delighted with their new-found liberty, as to be determined to have a full plunge into all its joys. Accordingly, they wore all the consequences rich upon them of their wild *melée*; their scarlets being torn nearly off their shoulders, while their white clay-washed inexpressibles, besides being split in the knees, were, along with their aforesaid scarlets and black leggins, so completely coated with mud and other substances appertaining to the kennel, as would have puzzled better judges than those they stood before to have discovered to what colour they originally belonged. A single glance, however, of their bare heads and hands, equally filthy, at once explained the nature of the service in which they had been engaged;—for while one had got both daylights nearly glued up, and surrounded with such circles of vivid blue as shone through the blood and mud with which they were adorned with a brilliancy of colour only to be rivalled by a certain species of the ourang-outang,—the nasal promontory of the other was as completely levelled to his cheek-bones as ever were the walls of Troy. In this unenviable condition, both bare-handed, for both their trellissed tape-bound beavers, as well as their side-arms, were gone, there they stood before the assembled delegates, scowling defiance, more the object of pity than of merriment. Laughed at they were, however, and that heartily; for their recent good dinner, and the grog they were still discussing, had rendered the representatives of

his Majesty's Fleet at the Nore more inclined for frolic and fun than any other judicial severity. Though hardly able to refrain from joining in the glee which he was unable to repress, Parker yet contrived to preserve the dignified solemnity of the chair; and after the struggle of a moment, arming his dark sallow visage with its most formidable frown, he explained, his keen eyes lightening as he spoke,—

“ ‘ Fellows ! when did you come on shore ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Last night, to be sure ! ’ was the abrupt and familiar answer of the noseless.

“ ‘ Produce your tickets, that we may see the name of the delegate who was so foolish as grant liberty to such a couple of madmen ? ’ ”

“ ‘ A whaty ? ’ hiccupped the undaunted Nosey.

“ ‘ Your cards of liberty, signed by your delegate ! ’—cried Parker, indignantly.

“ ‘ D—n the delegates, and you too ! ’ returned the unflinching Nosey.

“ ‘ Are you aware, you drunken rascal, that this council can send you both on board, and order you five dozen, besides a good ducking ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Ha, ha, ha ! ’ roared out the noseless, ‘twixt a scream and a titter, which he concluded with a desperate ‘ aha ! ’ to clear his much clogged pipes ;—‘ Dost hear him, Joey—*hic*—order us—*hic*—five dozen and—*hic*—ducking—ha, ha, ha ! ’ ”

“ While most of the delegates were choking with laughter, Parker was evidently getting warm. Smacking his clenched fist on the table, and assuming one of his menacing scowls, he resumed, in a tone which he meant to be astounding—

“ ‘ Are you not afraid, you dirty, drunken, good-for-nothing swab, to speak thus in my presence, and that of the council ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I give not a smack of my thumb for you—*hic* ’—was the bold answer, while the game fellow endeavoured to suit the action to the word,—not a single smack of my—*hic*—nor your council either—*hic*—You are no officers of mine—*hic*—Who are *you*—ay you may stare—*hic*—but

a common fellow as well as—*hic*—and if it were not for—*hic*—for—for this confounded—*hic*—[*clenching his dirty fist*]*—I would—hic—so I would.*

“ ‘Off with them, Gregory!’ thundered Parker, in a voice choked with passion: ‘on board with them both instantly!—and see that they are fast in irons as soon as you get there.—And as for you, you drunken, saucy, rebellious scoundrel, depend upon it, that you, at least, shall suffer for this the moment I come on board!’

“ A burst of *ha, ha, ha's!*—was again the answer of the intrepid Nosey; who continued, as soon as he gained wind enough—‘Irons, is it?—*hic*—rebellious—*hic*—*hic*—saucy—*hic*—I say, Joey, aint that fairly the coppers—*hic*—calling the skipper's kettle—*hic*—ha, ha, ha!’

“ At this drunken but severe taunt Parker lost all temper and prudence together. At one leap he was in front of the unfortunate marine, and being a powerful fellow, before any one could interfere, with one blow had felled the poor, dirty, mutilated marine to the floor, where he lay without sense or motion.

“ ‘Shame!’ cried Jack Morris, starting to his feet; and in a moment all was a mass of confusion. I plainly saw, from the countenances of several of the delegates, that they were fully of Jack's opinion, although they gave no expression to their feelings, so that I had little dread of any farther consequences. Even Parker himself seemed to feel himself in an awkward position;—he gave Jack one of his most intimidating stares, no doubt, but Morris was as good a man as himself, and met his angry eye as cool as an oyster.—After some little trouble, Parker, with the assistance of Gregory and some others, who semed in reality his fancy men, bundled the two poor dirty devils out of the room; and as he was absent a considerable time, I suppose he saw them push off before he returned. When he did so, however, he was all smiles and apologies to the company, and particularly to Morris, who coolly replied, that he thought the poor fellow had suffered enough already without enduring more, particularly when he was hardly conscious what he was either saying or doing. To this Parker cheerfully assented, and pledged his word

that it should go no farther. But what then?—the harmony, and I may safely say the confidence, of the meeting was destroyed—at least for that time. So, after a little farther conversation, carried on in a most dead-and-alive manner, and promising to see us next day, when every one, he hoped, would be more fit for the important business in hand, he and his companions retired much in the same manner as they had come, marching down to the boats to the well-known nautical air of *Shove her off!*—And so ended our first meeting with the roaring, boistering boys of the Nore.

“Well, sure enough, Ned, next day, at an earlier hour than we expected, we were somewhat taken at odds, when, instead of Parker and his party, we were waited on by Bill Gregory alone, who came as messenger from him and the delegates then assembled on board the *Sandwich*, to escort us on board. Accordingly, being all ready for a start, and the boat in waiting, we soon found ourselves treading her quarter-deck, and were shortly after introduced to the delegates, in her great cabin. We were received with a cheering and clapping of hands that to this day makes me blush to think on. They had been in warm debate regarding a letter proposed to be addressed to the Lords Admirals, so that we were hardly seated, as I may say, when Parker, as president, asked us whether it was true or otherwise that a commission from the Admiralty had come down to Portsmouth to confer with the delegates of the Fleet there?

“Jack Morris immediately jumped to his feet, Ned—for he was just the boy that could do it—and in his own sound blunt manner told them, that he would far rather, as the day was but young, if they had the patience to hear him, deliver at once the message he had been ordered to come to the Nore with, which he thought would not only contain an answer to every question he could answer them singly, but was backed with correct copies of every thing that had passed on the occasion. As this proposal was universally agreed to, Jack immediately set to work, and gave them a plain ship-shape account of all our proceedings from first to last, producing his documents as he went

along, all as one as a lawyer; and concluded by telling them, that as a similar deputation as now stood before them had been sent down to Plymouth, he had little doubt, now that they had heard the news, that all further opposition would cease—that they would immediately haul down the red flag, and return to their duty, with that loyalty to their King which became them, as well as that thankfulness and gratitude to the liberality of their Country, which had cheerfully granted all their demands, and forgiven, and he trusted forgotten all.—Having spoken upwards of an hour, he sat down;—and then arose such a lillibulero among them as you never saw in your born days, for while there were some whom Jack's plain story had gone far to convince, there were many more, for reasons best known to themselves, who were fully bent on steering a contrary course.

“ While the riot was going on, Jem Martin of the Inflexible, whose determined character shewed him well worthy of her, who had risen as soon as Morris sat down, as soon as he could get a hearing, then addressed the meeting;—and although, I confess, Ned, at this time of day, it is out of my power to give you even a faint idea of his flaming harangue, yet I will do him the justice to say that never in my life heard I a more ready speaker—one all needles and pins, as the saying is—nor a lad with more politeness on his tongue, or gentility in his appearance. All that the likes of poor I can do now is merely to touch on some of the leading matters he brought above-board, and use some of his many strong expressions; for they made an impression on my mind I can never forget, and had such a visible effect on all present, that it was easily to be seen, with half an eye, that the journey of Jack and I had been made in vain.—Well, just go for to suppose, Ned, a fine-looking spicy-voiced young fellow, standing before you, with a smile on his face, and his arm extended thus, and you see a shadow of Jem Martin.—He began thus:—

“ ‘ President, and Brother Delegates,—While I give our brothers from Portsmouth every praise for the clever, straight-forward, and manly manner in which they have

executed the charge committed to their care—while I, on my own account, thank them both, and hope they will carry my own individual thanks, should they get no more, to our brother delegates at Portsmouth, for the ability and steady perseverance they have shown in gaining the little which has at length been granted us of our personal and avowed rights—pardon me if I am forced to add, that it is all the praise I can conscientiously award them; for as to agreeing with them in saying we have received all our demands, I never will, nor never can, while those I hold in my hand [*displaying them*] stare me in the face, unanswered and uncomplied with. Their assertion, I know, has gone abroad throughout the whole country, and there is little doubt but it will be the care of our powerful and interested enemies that it shall be generally known; it only remains for us to let our countrymen know, without delay, that such is far from the truth; and, indeed, that it is an assertion which originates and ends with our brothers of Portsmouth, but goes not an inch farther. But besides this, delegates, which is bad enough, there is another and a more grave piece of egregious folly committed by our brothers of Portsmouth, which I feel it my duty to drag into your notice. Giving them every praise as to first-rate ability as to seamanship, which I sincerely do from the bottom of my heart, what are they after all but a section—ay, and a very small one—of the naval power of Great Britain? You must all be aware of this, for it is notorious; and yet this same section, this miserable section of a whole, has the presumption to become our dictators, and boldly and unblushingly to proclaim to the country, *that no more grievances shall in future be received*; as if we of the Nore, and our brothers of the North Sea, besides the thousands that are scattered hither and thither over the East and West India oceans, were all a parcel of coal-barges and cock-boats, and themselves, forsooth, the only genuine wooden walls of this great country. No doubt there are reasons for all this. Our brothers of Portsmouth were honoured with the company of the high and mighty of the land—the Lords of Admiralty, the great Howe himself, the élite of the

Houses of Parliament, both blue and scarlet, with their ladies and attendants—who were all dancing attendance on their proceedings, flattering them, and calling them their bulwarks, their defenders, and heaven knows all what. This is all well known ; and certainly to us all, had we been so fortunate as to be there, would have been flattering, and it is possible might, like the frog in the fable, have led us to suppose ourselves a vast deal larger and more powerful than we really were. Grant all this, and still, for all the value of the very small portion of good they succeeded in squeezing out of them, it was rather too much of a good thing to say what they have done ; as if they themselves had been the whole united fleet of Great Britain, and not a little, selfish, petted coterie of it, who were too cowardly to stand up for every iota of their rights.’

“ ‘ Cowardly ! ’ cried Morris, rising with indignation.

“ ‘ I shall not recal my words, delegates,’ went on the impetuous Martin, ‘ even to please our guest, though I confess it is rather bad manners even to seem to insult a stranger. But I trust he will have the good sense to see that I am not talking of him, but of the redoubtable squadron of Portsmouth, which has taken upon itself to speak, and to act, and to decide for the whole united fleet of Great Britain, as if they themselves had actually been so. I thank God, however, that is not the case ; and I am certain that every one present, as well as our brothers of the North Sea division, will convince the country that it is not the case. I now hold in my hand the real grievances of which we complain—eight in number—that we have transmitted in due form to the Lords of Admiralty ; and I now move, delegates, as I meant to have done before I heard a single word of the message from the Portsmouth deputation, that a letter be transmitted to the Admiralty this very day, saying, that if they will not come down to the Nore—a mighty shorter journey than Portsmouth—and confer with us, then we shall still, staunch and steady, hold out, and d—n all consequences—let us die like Romans*.

* Here he spoke like a prophet, for so shortly after as the ensuing

"This speech, you need not doubt, Ned, was received with such a volley of applause as made the whole state-room ring again, and was followed by others from Dennis Sullivan, George Ross, Tom Sterling, and old Jack Davis, besides several others. They all sang the same song, in some a higher, in others a lower note; but the speakers seemed all agreed on one point, and that was, who was the best hand at cutting us poor Portsmouth devils in pieces. Oh! what cruel agonies did poor Jack Morris and I endure that cursed day! Lord love thee, lad, only think of two poor fellows, seated among a body of stout, boisterous bandogs, who were hooting, and scouting, and sneering at, and calling you and yours all the ugly names their ingenuity could invent, or their saucy tongues utter; and that, too, without the means of farther resistance than merely giving them the lie when they pinched too hard. By the mast! it was a purgatory I never wish to endure again. And yet, for my own part, I got through it wonderfully, and stood their united fire with a philosophy I never thought I was master of; for I had a noble example in my pell, Morris, seated alongside of me. He was paler than usual, indeed; but there he sat, with a fearless eye fixed on them, that might, and probably did, convince the most of them, that the pair of us were fellows of the right sort, and not to be sneered at with impunity, give us but fair play. At last, however, and at the end of the longest and most vexatious watch I ever had in my life, the celebrated letter was at length written by Parker himself, agreed to, and sent off to the Admiralty; after which, the meeting broke up, and Morris and I gladly took refuge on the upper deck.

"While we were considering what to make of ourselves, Parker advanced smartly towards us, and, giving both of us his flipper, began a string of apologies for the scurvy manner in which we had been badgered, attributing the whole to what he was pleased to call the freedom of debate.

August, being taken a prisoner on board the *Lynx*, French privateer, and instantly recognised, on the instant of being summoned to answer to his name, he shot himself, and fell dead on the deck.

BILL TRUCK.

2 C

“ ‘To the devil with such freedoms,’ said I, somewhat sulkily ; ‘ why I’ve been sitting on the points of marlin-spikes ever since I entered the cabin.’

“ ‘And for me,’ chimed in Morris, ‘ would to heaven I’d never come on board !’

“ ‘You won’t dine with us, then, I suppose ?’ said Parker, calmly.

“ ‘Dine with you !’ said Morris, with animation ; ‘ not I, in faith : I have had a mess with you this day, already sufficient for the digestion of any moderate man for a month to come.’

“ ‘Come, come, my good mate,’ said Parker, soothingly, ‘ you must not take on so. I’d have thought you’d have been more of a tried hand in a disputed public question than to allow it to have such an effect on you. Besides, you know, at present you are my guests, and it shall go hard with Dick Parker indeed if you want for any thing. —Let me see—I’ll tell you what I’ll do—we dine in the same place you now left. I’ll order your dinner to be taken into the gun-room, and there, with Gregory and M’Carthy for company, and you partially know them both, you can pass the remainder of the day without a soul to interrupt or molest you. Even I myself shall not intrude without your permission.’

“We thanked him, and agreed ; adding that we would be very proud of his company whenever he should be at leisure. He then left us.

“We now took a stroll to the poop, and lounged the time away there, looking round us on the formidable array of the fleet, formed in beautiful order, until the lively young Gregory, followed by his grave but smiling companion, M’Carthy, made their appearance, who escorted us down to a spacious airy cabin, where we found dinner already laid out, with a taste and a profusion that actually astonished us, and was no doubt meant by Parker as a species of salve to smooth down our irritated feelings, which had been so wantonly and mercilessly sported with. For my own part, I must say I went through it pretty fairly, for I was then young and hearty, and cared not a straw for a severe chaffing now and then, forgetting it as soon

as it was over ;—but not so poor Morris ; he was pale, sick at heart seemingly, ate little, and spoke less. Bill Gregory, again, was a young spirited fellow, quite after my own heart's wish, and M'Carthy had a natural dry humour about him highly amusing, so that, what between the two, and the assistance of plenty of excellent stuff—the late admiral's property, no doubt—I can't say but what I spent a very pleasant afternoon, chatting away upon indifferent subjects, and the adventures of other years. The time, indeed, now flew pleasantly away—the evening was well advanced, and a beautiful one it was, when suddenly the sound of music came full upon us as if rising from the water ; for the cabin windows were open, that we might enjoy the land-breeze.

“ ‘ Hilloah ! ’ cried I, ‘ what is this now, Gregory ? ’

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ answered he, quite carelessly, ‘ it is only the admiral. ’

“ ‘ The devil ! ’ replied I ; ‘ has he answered your letter already ? ’

“ ‘ Ha, ha, ha ! ’ roared the young fellow, in a hearty laugh ; ‘ No, no, I don't mean anything of that kind. It is Admiral Parker, Jack, *our own* admiral I mean, who is now going his rounds. By the by, wilt go and have a squint at him ? ’

“ ‘ With all my heart, ’ says I, ‘ for I should like to see how he behaves. Wilt go, Morris ? ’

“ ‘ No, Jack, no, ’ replied my poor pell, pettishly ; ‘ I'd go with pleasure were we for the shore. ’

“ ‘ I'm afraid that will not be this night, however, ’ says I ;—‘ but come along, Bill, let's have a sight of *your* admiral. By the hookey, it will be something new to me at all events to see him in his glory. ’

“ Following Gregory, we were speedily on the poop, and there had a complete view of the whole fleet, which the declining sun seemed now to have beautifully placed on a liquid bed of gold, riding proudly and easily at their anchors. In truth, Ned, it was a lovely and enlivening sight, and such as seldom falls in a fellow's way. But the music, and the barge, and its saucy red flag fluttering at its stern, was the main object of attraction, not only to

us, but to the whole fleet. Onward it went, at a long, measured sweep, as if proud of its cargo of sweet sounds, and ever as it passed a line-of-battle was the most gracious silent homage given and returned—so near to reality, Ned, that had I been a stranger, I could have supposed nothing less than that it was some great and favourite commander of this mighty force going his evening round of courtesy, and wishing all his hardy dauntless warriors a loving good night. Even when he came alongside again, the side was attended, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the marines presented arms, all in the usual manner; and on the quarter-deck, while receiving the homage or the compliments of his fellow delegates, who had all assembled to receive him, and was chatting away amongst them in apparent high spirits, suddenly the sides and shrouds of every ship, as far as the eye could reach, were manned by the various ships' companies: the evening gun was fired; topgallant yards tripped and sent down; then cheer on cheer arose, for three successive rounds, from thousands of voices, until the welkin rung again. It was, indeed, a proud and happy moment—but, alas! it was only momentary: in another few minutes the sounds had died away in the distance of the shore, the most death-like silence succeeded, and nothing remained to indicate the real state of matters but the ominous red flag, which still curled solitarily at the various mainmast heads, the symbol of defiance and uncompromising rebellion. Pshaw, Ned, the sight as a whole was pretty, and was no doubt highly flattering to Parker as *their* admiral, but, I don't know, it made me melancholy; in fact, it took all the pluck out of me, to see the vanity of poor human nature; and when I sometimes think on the dreadful finish of all this gaudy flummery, upon my soul, I am often inclined to become quite womanish; ay, Ned, even to tears. But let that pass.

“The sight was over—for it was no more—and we once more joined our company; where I was happy to find Morris so far restored to his good humour as to be engaged in a very animated conversation with Charles M'Carthy on the propriety of their still standing out, and

not instantly endeavouring to accommodate matters. Of course Jack was strongly of the latter opinion, and stated it boldly and manfully. He said, if he had his will, the red flag would be instantly struck, and the fleet return to its duty; for why should they do otherwise, when the whole of what they demanded was not worth disputing about? This naturally brought their eight famous articles of complaint under his review, and in truth he cut them up without mercy. The first three, he said, were already included in what had been granted; that the fourth involved a matter in which they could not interfere, since it was evident that the King and his Government would continue, as they had always done, to employ who and what officers they thought proper, whether it was agreeable to the ship's company or not; that the fifth, regarding pressed men, was another in which they had no business to interfere, being confident that they would be still dealt with, according to circumstances, the same as heretofore; and as for the sixth, demanding an indemnification for those who had run, and that they should not be picked up as deserters, the demand was too ridiculous to merit notice. 'In short, my good mate,' concluded honest Jack, 'excepting your seventh article, demanding a more equal distribution of prize-money, and your eighth and last, requiring some efficient alteration or amelioration of the Articles of War, with both of which I cordially agree, I do not see that you have the shadow of a reason for standing out so stiffly as you have done. For my own part, bad as I do think these two last articles, I would fain flatter myself, and I hope to live to see my words verified, that when the new system shall have been set agoing, all these, and a great many more of our petty disagreeables, of which we at present complain, will naturally of themselves come under notice, and receive that alteration and amendment in practice, which shall meet the wishes of every true hearted blue-jacket.'

"How M'Carthy and young Gregory relished all this unpalatable gear, Ned, it is now needless to inquire; for certain it is that the little they did say in answer to Jack, was, in my poor opinion, very stale and wishy-washy.

The time, however, had gradually worn on now to a pretty late hour; and, all hopes of having a little private chat with Parker himself being at an end, we separated for the night, and gladly sought refuge from a disagreeable day's occurrences in the arms of sleep.

"Next morning, while at breakfast, we were favoured with a hurried visit from Parker in person. He merely came, he said, to apologise for not having the pleasure, as he called it, of having a little conversation with us on the previous evening; but that really he was so busy with one thing or other connected with the fleet, that in truth he had hardly a moment to bethink himself. 'If the day hold on improving, as it is likely to do, mates,' he was pleased to add, 'we intend once more to take a cruise through Sheerness, and I hope, as the deputation from our brothers at Portsmouth, you will have no objections to accompany us.'

" 'Certainly not,' replied Morris, his eyes glistening with delight; 'we will go ashore with you with pleasure.'

" 'Ah, well, that is so far good, mates,' returned the well-pleased Parker, 'for the day, indeed, promises to be a beauty, and your acquiescence in our wishes is no more, I must say, than what I expected; for, from what I have seen of the pair of you, I should imagine you something of my own kidney, that detest to loathing a life of inactivity. Indeed, I never feel in better trim than when I am bustling about. Ah, well, mates, I must once more leave you; see and get ready; we will start about four bells in the forenoon watch. I can't go sooner, having all the daily reports of the fleet to overhaul. Good bye, God bless you!' And off he went, in the highest spirits imaginable.

" 'Good bye!' re-echoed Morris, after Parker had left us; 'I would to heaven it was come to that, with all my soul; I should not only gladly respond *Amen*, but I would cheerfully add the significant little words *for ever*. However,' added Jack, wheeling round to me, 'we're obliged to him, Adams, after all. He may get us for this day to dance attendance in his train; but I know if he gets me

to put foot in this rascally hooker again, my name is not Jack Morris.'

"You may be certain, Ned, I agreed with him, and we set about brushing up our rig for the shore. That was a business soon over; and every minute thereafter seemed an hour as we impatiently awaited and fretted for the appointed four bells, which, at long and last, did strike, and we heard with joy the bargemen and large cutters called away. We waited no summoning, Ned, you may depend upon it, but were both on deck in a twinkling, where we found the principal part of the delegates already assembled, all awaiting the appearance of their leader, Parker. At length the state-room door did open, and forth issued the immortal Dick, followed by his favourite satellites, old Jack Davis and George Gainer. He saluted us with much courtesy, took a knowing squint at the mast-heads and rigging, and at length led the way over the gunnel, as grave, as stately, and fully as proud, as the veteran Father of the Fleet himself. We lost no time in following him; and the band being placed in a cutter ahead, away we went at a long sweep, to the good old tune of *Hearts of Oak*. We were speedily on shore; and forming ourselves into a wild-goose line, away we marched, preceded by the band and saucy union, and headed by Parker himself, as proud as a peacock, just as I told you before. Indeed, it is folly to say any more about this rigmarole affair, farther than that we left no part of the town or dockyard of any consequence unvisited, until, fairly exhausted by the heat of the sun, it pleased our leader at length to take shelter in the old rendezvous, to rest and refresh. Here we had dinner, and spent the afternoon; but I can ill describe the mortification of Parker, as well as Gregory and M'Carthy, on their rising to return to the boats, when Morris and I, as we had projected, formally bade them farewell. They tried every art of wheedling, fleecing, and coaxing; but all would not do—we were determined, and turned a deaf ear to all their blarney. Parker remarked, he, for his part, merely wished us to stop until they received an answer to their letter, which he was certain would be favourable, that we might be able to carry

the news of his victory to Portsmouth. But my pell Jack Morris was of a very different opinion, and candidly told him so; in truth, he even went farther, and told Parker flatly to his face, that, instead of cutting these monkey capers on shore, if he did not speedily knock under and return to his duty, he was not only endangering his own life, but the lives of every one who associated with him. This honest mode of talking was, to my thinking, a complete damper to Parker's spirits, high as they were; but it was only momentary; for speedily rallying, and telling Jack with a smile that he was evidently labouring under a fit of the blues, and would infect every one that listened to him, he bade us good bye with great seeming gaiety, saying he should once more send down young Gregory and M'Carthy with the news of his triumph as soon as it arrived, and shortly had the satisfaction of hearing them all march off to the cheery air of *Tom Tough*.—Poor fellows! Gaily they marched off, but we never saw them more!

“Left to ourselves, we had several remarks to make to one another on this deluded man and his pells, with which I shall not trouble you, seeing they are too melancholy, and as it afterwards turned out, Ned, proved, alas! to be too true. We spent the rest of the day sauntering about the Dockyard and Blue Town, and, fully determined to be off next morning by the coach, we took a sober supper, and went early to rest.

“Next morning, at an early hour, we were in the act of bundling our bodies into the coach at the inn door, when a civil-spoken gentlemanly man, pretty well advanced in years, and wrapped up in a blue cloak, requested to have a little conversation with us at the bar. Accordingly we followed him into a small room in the lobby of the inn, and to our utter astonishment, after merely asking where we were bound for, and being told it was Portsmouth, he told us we were his prisoners, and immediately produced a warrant, wherein we had the mortification of seeing ourselves as accurately described as if we had sat for our portraits. On seeing this, I will confess to you, Ned, that I did feel mortal queer; but Morris, with his usual im-

petuosity, viewing the whole matter as the good-humoured hoax of some wag or other, began loudly to remonstrate, and was laughingly pushing his way to the door, when the stranger giving a peculiar cough, the door immediately was banged open, and discovered the lobby full of armed soldiers.

“ ‘By St. George, Adams,’ cried the astonished Morris, ‘this is no joke, after all;—we are really and truly in limbo.—I suppose, sir, we must look to you for an explanation of all this?’ ”

“ ‘And you shall have it as cheerfully and as short, my lads,’ replied the stranger, with a placid smile, ‘as I can give it you.—Serjeant Burleigh, you may shut the door, but be within call.’ ”

“ ‘I will, captain,’ was the reply; and the door accordingly once more closed.

“ ‘Now, my lads,’ continued the officer, ‘I think you may as well be seated, while I explain this curious business, which has called me here so early this morning; for it is my opinion your journey is at an end for this day at any rate.’ ”

“ ‘But what have we done, sir—what crime have we committed—that we should be detained prisoners in this manner?’ inquired Morris, impatiently.

“ ‘All that in good time, my brave fellows,’ replied the officer, calmly;—‘be so good as be seated, if you please, and be civil, and you shall find that you might have fallen into worse hands than old Ralph Courtenay’s. You have already seen that I have the power to be harsh—very harsh indeed—if I choose; but if you are orderly and good-mannered, I would much rather treat you as what I take you for, honest and trusty defenders, like myself, of your King and Country. You were, it seems, in that lawless fellow Parker’s gang yesterday, and you tell me you are going to Portsmouth—now, pray, what are you going to do there?’ ”

“ ‘To join our ships again, sir,’ replied Jack.—‘Certainly there is no harm in that.’ ”

“ ‘Not in the least, my lad, if you speak truth,’ replied the officer. ‘But, let me tell you, you are strongly sus-

pected of having a very different object in view than joining your ships ;—in short, for I will be candid enough to tell it you at once, it is thought that you are both going down to Portsmouth to disseminate and spread discontent and mutiny in his Majesty's vessels there ; if possible, you know, to strengthen the hands of those rascals we've got here.'

" ' Nothing can be more false, I assure you, sir,' said Morris, indignantly. ' We are both on us very different characters to anything of the kind. It is true, we were both unwillingly in Parker's gang yesterday, but when you consider it was the only way in which we could get ashore, to take leave of him and his grumblers for ever, and return to our duty at Portsmouth, certainly there could be no great harm in that.'

" ' Not at all, if it is true what you say,' again returned the good-natured gentleman.—' But recollect you came with the rest of the mutinous fellows from on board the Sandwich ?'

" ' Undoubtedly, sir.'

" ' But you are certain you do not belong to her ?'

" ' We never did, sir, and I trust in heaven we never will,' replied Jack ;—' faugh ! her very name will be a disgust to me as long as I live.'

" ' Why, my brave fellow ?' said the gentleman.

" ' My pell, there, will tell you, sir,' answered the impetuous Morris, stamping the ground ;—' for, d—n her, I have not patience to speak of her at all.'

" Being my turn now, Ned, I took speech in hand directly, and told the gentleman all about our journey, its motives and its failure, from first to last—as well as how we had been badgered and ill-treated on board the Sandwich, and that we had no other way of getting on shore but by joining Parker's bravadoing procession, and thus getting rid of him.

" Well, I must say, the kind soul heard me to the end without a single interruption, and when I had finished, after bethinking himself a short time, he at last said, that certainly he had orders to put us both in confinement, but after the satisfactory explanation we had given him he did not think it would be necessary at that time. He

should, therefore, allow us to remain where we were under a proper guard ; but he could do no more, as we would have to appear before the authorities who issued the warrant.—So saying, and hoping all would be well with us if the story proved true that we had told him, he received our thanks with a good-natured smile, and withdrew ; but not, good soul, before he had told the serjeant to let us want for nothing.

“ As soon as we were fairly left to ourselves, it would be difficult for me to give you the faintest idea, Ned, how sadly my poor pell, Morris, took on. In truth, for some hours after, I was often tempted to think that all the sober judgment heaven had ever granted him was leaking from his head-piece, so extravagantly and wildly did he talk and conduct himself. However, like all other violent affairs in this here world, which are mercifully allowed not to last over long, poor Jack's also came to an end ; and he gradually sunk from a complete hurricane of passion, into a gloomy, silent lull, which I confess, even to myself who knew him so well, made his company very disagreeable. In this state, however, bad as it was, we were hauled before Commissioner Heartwell and the other authorities, civil and military, of the Dockyard ; and though I coolly answered similar questions, and told the same story to them we had to Captain Courtenay, yet, I do not know, there was a something in Jack's behaviour and appearance so curious, and so much at variance with what I said, that neither the commissioner nor any of his pells were satisfied ; and it was not without hard pleading, for I stuck up for my poor disordered mate like a Briton, that, as a great favour to me, we got remanded back to our room at the inn again, still under guard, until a superior authority, which the commissioner hourly expected, should arrive at Sheerness. And what was this superior authority, think you, which, fortunately for us, arrived that very night ?—why no other than the Lords Admirals, themselves, with good Earl Spencer at their head, who had come down, the same as at Portsmouth, to endeavour to settle all the differences. No sooner had the fine fellow the serjeant told me the news, than—

“ ‘ Hurrah, hurrah !’ sung out I, in the joy of my heart, ‘ we’re all right at last, mate. Cheer up, my soul !’ cried I, tipping the crest-fallen Jack a smacker ’twixt the shoulders, ‘ we’ll stand clear of the breakers yet, in spite of the devil or the Dutch !’

“ Zounds ! would you believe, Ned ?—the wilder I grew—for in truth I were nearly crazy, and almost ready to leap out of myself with sheer happiness—the more solid, and sociable, and interested for me, Jack became ;—so that by next day, when we were ordered to prepare for appearing before the great folks, he was by far the most composed and collected of the pair of us.

“ As it would be nearly going over the ground a second time, I shall say very little on our interview with these noblemen. As the most of them, along with the Earl himself, remembered seeing us at Portsmouth, every thing went smoothly on from the commencement. Our letters of leave were merely looked at and returned us, and the soldiers with their serjeant sent off to their barracks. One thing, I remember though, they were very curious to know, and that was, our opinion of Parker and his fellow-delegates. They could not have applied to a better hand than Jack Morris for any news of that kind, situated as he then was. He did Parker hardly justice though, I must say that ;—for he was by no means a bad fellow at bottom, could he have forgotten what he had once been, and been less fond of blarney and notoriety. That was the ugly part of his character ; the wish to be thought and exhibited as the first cock of the green among so many thousands of smart, active, and accomplished blue-jackets, seemed to be his ruling passion, and to gratify this paltry ambition he often exhibited a temper and expressed a language which was by no means natural to him. Be all that as it may, this examination, or whatever else you like to call it, put an end to all our troubles ; and after furnishing us, at our earnest request, with regular papers to answer all obstructions on the road to Portsmouth, back we marched to our inn, arm in arm, as proud and as happy as our newly recovered liberty could make us.

“ After receiving the congratulations of our host on our

happy emancipation, which not only cleared his house of the soldiers, but a vast number of over-curious idle people, he told us that the mutiny was already beginning to fall in pieces from the quarrels of the people themselves; that the Clyde frigate had that morning deserted the cause, by slipping her cables, and making a run into the harbour; and, just at the very moment he was telling us the news, the boom boom of distant gunnery came sailing over the town, and attracted the eyes of every one towards the fleet. With the assistance of good glasses, we saw several of them pelting away at another runaway, who was standing boldly out to sea; and who, after running the gauntlet of a very heavy fire from the men-of-war around her, but not a whit dashed at the tremendous risk, nobly held on her course, and finally cleared the fleet with her colours saucily flying. This undaunted hooker we afterwards understood to be the San Fiorenza. The exultation of Morris, after anxiously watching the happy issue of this daring exploit, was complete.

" ' Glory, my gallant ship ! ' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with infinite satisfaction ; ' exceedingly well behaved indeed !—Now, Dick Parker, my lad, what will you and all your saucy bully-swaggers say to that trick ? By the Lord Harry, mate of mine, that's a beginning to the tumbling down of your fine fairy castle-building—have a care you be not crushed in the ruins ! ' "

" But enough of Sheerness, for we were sick on't : and, therefore, you'll be all the less surprised to hear that we gladly turned tail on it, and hurried onward to London, where, finding Wigley was out of town, we immediately took the coach for Portsmouth, which we reached without impediment, all safe and sound.

" As the fleet was still at sea, on reporting our return, we were ordered on board the guard-ship: and here it was that all my sorrows began ; for on board of her, and as her first lieutenant, moreover, I accidentally encountered the only determined and irreconcilable enemy, I believe, I ever had in the world. To explain this, Ned, you must know that, a good many years before that period, having been lent, with a good many others, on board the Belvidere,

where this Lieutenant Morgan was then a master's mate, I was compelled, in a court-martial that was held on him, to give some evidence against him, which had nearly the effect of dismissing him the service; and he swore to me at that time that he'd have his revenge out of me, the first time he ever got me in his power. Pshaw, Ned! I had long enough ago forgotten the story almost altogether; and, at any rate, he was really such a little, insignificant, hop-my-thumb sort of an animal, that I was far more inclined to regard him with contempt, than with the least sensation of fear. You must also recollect that I had never crossed his path from that period until we encountered each other on the quarter-deck of the Royal Billy; he as first lieutenant of the ship, and myself as plain Jack Adams. The meeting was a brief one; but, short though it was, I could see with half an eye that he had not forgot me; that he bore me as much good-will as ever; and, in short, that he was a little, stubborn, never-forgiving Welchman. We all know what a first lieutenant is, Ned, and what he has the power of doing; so, seeing me at last completely in his power, Taffy seemed quite aware of his advantages, and took his measures accordingly.

"He was not long of convincing me as to what were his real intentions towards me, as the following little circumstance will show, which occurred only a few days after we went on board. As most of the people on board knew that Morris and I were fresh from the Nore, they were naturally enough curious to know all the news, and used to flock around our mess-table to learn all we knew about Parker and his doings. There was no great harm in all this; but it no sooner reached the ears of this vindictive little man, (and how he discovered it at all I never could learn,) than he made it out an attempt, on my part,—for he took no notice of Morris,—at instilling the old discontents into the simple minds of his orderly ship's company. Calling me out, therefore, before all hands at divisions, and pointing me out as one he had long known for a lawless turbulent fellow, in whom there was neither honour nor honesty, he concluded his bright summation of my moral excellencies, by telling me, in very set terms, that if he made

the smallest discovery of my attempting to tamper with the good principles of his people, the most severe punishment the Articles of War allowed should be my certain portion.

“The next move he took against me—for he seemed bent on making me as miserable as he could—was to league the other officers, both commissioned and warrant, against me, of which at that time there were great numbers on board, most of whom were awaiting appointments. These gentlemen had not yet forgotten the harsh treatment many of them had experienced on board their ships, besides the contumely of being turned on shore. When, therefore, I was represented to them as a pestilent fellow, who had been extremely active in the heaping of all these indignities on their high and mighty grade, and that, too, by the first executive officer of the ship, is it wonderful that before long I should behold such a host of enemies and unceasing tormentors arrayed against me as filled me with astonishment? Then, indeed, did commence a continued species of petty persecution, which, by the mast, Ned! was more than enough to sour and madden the spotless temper of an angel. Each gentleman, as he took his regular round of duty, whether on board or in the boats, if I was with them, seemed to think himself bound in honour to tease and vex me all he could. Nothing could be done without Jack Adams; and nothing went wrong but what poor Jack was the principal cause of it: and then, if Jack growled a little, which I sometimes did, Oh! then Adams, you know, was a regular-built malcontent! a notorious, lawless, mutineer! and heaven knows how many more such pretty names. In truth, Ned, I had not the life of a dog among them.

“However, all this rascally treatment I bore for a time with a forbearance and a fortitude that was wonderful even to myself; for, not to mention my having my kind mate, Morris, to comfort and console me, I had all along the strong hope, day after day, to cheer me, that some of the victuallers, bound for the fleet, would speedily come down, from on board of one of which we could join our own hookers, and thus be rid of them all. Even in this my

dernier resort the cunning little Welchman was too many for me; ay, Ned, and contrived it so well, that I was busy at work in the dock-yard that very day the victuallers came down, and carried off Jack Morris and above fifty others to their various ships. It was then, by heavens! that I chalked myself down a marked man; and, to convince you that Morris thought the same, he had not only written me a few words of consolation, good soul! but had left me his purse, which an old acquaintance of his, one of the quarter-master's, gave me the moment I returned on board. These, coming from such a thinking fellow as Morris, and particularly the purse, which still contained a round sum of money, was a hint too strong and significant of his parting advice, to be lost on an old rooker like me. It first set me seriously a thinking, Ned; and afterwards was the means of my passing a very wakeful and uneasy night.

"I got up next morning, however, determined once more to try if I could get over the hards by dint of good humour and submission; for otherwise I now knew I was fairly and truly in for it, being quite awake that I was not only closely watched, but even urged strongly on to be caught tripping, in order to give Lieutenant Morgan the opportunity he so much desired of serving me out a d—d good flogging before we parted. Accordingly, by particular desire, I gradually became a cheerful, light-hearted, civil fellow, all obedience, and in truth every body's body; but, though this rig had a powerful effect in mollifying some of the more good-natured of my tormentors, yet such was the influence of the little Welchman's daily sarcasms against me upon the great body of them, that I at length found to my sorrow, that all my endeavours, whether of good humour or submission, altered not matters a whit for the better. The same perverse teasing system was still persevered in, or rather, I should say, was gradually increased in tensity and irritation, until at last my own humble nature and exhausted patience could no longer endure it. Unwilling to give Morgan, however, a final triumph over me, by inflicting upon me a punishment I held in as great horror as that of a public sentence of

death, I still continued to dissemble, and to go on as usual. I had at last been forced to come to a final resolution, and one which, I've no doubt, Morris meant me to have adopted from the beginning; and I confess to you, Ned, that I both sighed and smiled often at myself, while for many a day I watched, with a lynx eye, for the golden opportunity of taking a French leave of my indefatigable tormentor and all his satellites, to see how nicely I gammoned them all by concealing an aching and a determined heart under the artful cover of a smiling countenance. One thing only I wanted to complete my triumph—for to cut my stick, at all events, I was now fully determined on; but I thought—and the thought pleased me, lad—that if, by any means, I could affix a stigma on the little reptile, so as to make him a laughing-stock to all hands, by pouring upon him the whole weight of my utmost contempt before we parted,—just by way of remembrance of me, you know—it would be some small satisfaction for me to think on afterwards.

“Well, Ned, that opportunity at long and last did occur, and came in such a favourable shape to all my long-laid schemes, that I seized it, my boy, with the vigilance and dexterity of a shark. To celebrate some grand occasion or other, the soldiers of the barracks gave a stylish treat and ball, to which, along with many others, they invited the port-admiral and all his officers. There was nothing, therefore, for it that day but boating and barging to and from the shore, procuring fancy rigging, and other gewgaws, deemed indispensably necessary to figure at the gala. Indeed, so fully occupied were the whole of the sprigs of gentility in their determination of making an *appearance* that evening, that they seemed, for one day at least, to have forgotten that Adams was on board. I had, therefore, ample time to scheme my scheme, and plan my plan; and you may be certain I did so decidedly and determinedly. I had been too often on shore, knocking about, not to be intimately acquainted with Portsmouth, and all its surrounding neighbourhood. My plan was of course settled, and I was all ready rigged, long before we were called away; for, being a stout sizeable fellow at that

time, and one that could dress well without being obliged to his neighbours, I had been appointed, for that occasion, to go in the state-barge, which was to carry the port-admiral, his captain, and a bevy of petticoats, ashore to their carriages. Much to my satisfaction, in honour of the admiral and his ladies, and which I had been told was his general practice, Lieutenant Morgan took the command of the state-barge.

"The second dog-watch was just expiring when we pushed off from the side of the Royal Billy; and I can ill describe to you the pleasure I felt, when, immediately after landing, I heard Morgan order the coxswain to stop where he was until the expiry of the first watch; when, if he did not then appear, he was to return on board, and come on shore for him next morning. To sweeten the vigil he was thus imposing, he accompanied his command with a trifle of money, for the use of the barge's crew, with the usual well-worn saw of all these gentry, *Be merry, but be wise*.—'Thank you, my little Taffy,' said I to myself, in great glee, 'for your kind information; for indeed, my hero of the leek! it is all to my very heart's wish:—and I adopted my measures accordingly.

"As I had expected, the very knowledge of the coxswain having money to spend made most of the bargemen thirsty in a very short time; and accordingly they were housed, and had the grog trotting round the table, long before the first hour had elapsed. Having seen them all fairly in for it, I rose, and, complaining of the heat, I very graciously volunteered to relieve the barge-keeper, an offer which, you may be sure, met with great applause; since most of them knew, from experience, that there was a vast difference between lolling and lounging away where they were, in a snug warm room, with a cann of good stuff before them, and dancing attendance on a fancy boat, with no one but a few yawning watermen, and the cool night-breeze, for company. Now, mate, though I really did intend to relieve the poor fellow, I at the same time meant to do a little business of my own; so from them I hurried to a flash-house, which communicated with the harbour, and was in the direct line of march from the barracks to the

landing-place. In that house, along with many others, lodged a fancy black-eyed girl of my own, on whom I could place every dependence. She was fortunately at home; and, after telling her as much of my story as suited my purpose, she not only cheerfully agreed to detain Morgan until the close of the following day, but for a week afterwards, if I chose it; 'ay, Jack,' concluded she, 'until his little ill-natured monkey face becomes like a shrivelled apple—the mean spirited, stingy dog!'

" 'No, no, my dear Molly,' returned I, laughing at her vehement earnestness, 'I want no greater harm to come on him than a little necessary restraint; so if you promise me to keep him snug until to-morrow evening that will suit every wish of mine against him, for by that time I'll be beyond his reach.'

" 'What, Jack! art going to cut, lad?'

" 'I must, Moll, if I'd wish to save my back from the boatswain's cat. For was it not more than a good hint, my lass, of what I might expect from him the first good opportunity he had, when he sent my old pell, Jack Morris, off, and kept me here, not altogether, but still a sort of prisoner?'

" 'And d'ye really think, Jack, that the little wicked paltry creature has such mischievous intentions towards you?'

" 'Do I think so, Moll?' cried I, with eagerness, 'I am certain it is so, from the very circumstance of his starting me off, on an idle errand to the dock-yard, when I ought in justice to have gone off in the tender, along with my friend, to join my own ship. Will you promise me now, Moll, really and truly, that you will keep him snug until to-morrow at sun-set? by that time, I'm certain, I'll be beyond his reach.'

" 'Faith, will I, and with pleasure, Jack,' replied the gallant wench; 'for, barring the favour it may do you, I owe your sweet loving friend, Mister Morgan, a leetle more than one, two, or three either, for favours of his'n, over the left, already received.—But where dost think we had best stow him?'

" 'In the block-house, to be sure, Moll,' returned I,

' if it aint already occupied. You can easily procure the key.'

" Now I must inform you, Ned, if you don't already know, that I alluded here to an old pent-house, remarkably strong, which stood at a good distance apart from the house, and partially overhung the water. It had long been as famous in the palmy days of smuggling, as it was now in the more paltry game of crimping; being one of the most convenient outlets that human ingenuity ever invented for getting quietly rid of a troublesome or obnoxious customer, and transferring him smartly on board ship.

" The wench gave a laugh of exultation as soon as I named it.

" ' Gadso, Jack, my dear !' cried she, rubbing her little hands together with delight, ' that's just the very place for the likes on him ; for there, you know, he may sing out till all is blue, and the devil a one will give the least ear to him. I'll have the key in a minute : and the door shall be open, and the coast clear for you, before you say Jack Robinson.'

" ' Well, Moll, handle your nippers, there's a good girl. Meantime, I must hurry down to the boat ; but I'll be with you again in a trice.'

" Having thus secured such a powerful auxiliary, away I scampered down to the barge, where I found the poor boat-keeper solitary and cold enough. Nothing could exceed his pleasure when I relieved him, for he already had been despairing for some time ; and telling him I would cheerfully stand in charge until they all came down together, he left me in high spirits to join his now happy companions. As soon as the coast was fairly clear, I cast loose the barge, and sculled her to a distant and obscure corner, which it would cost some trouble and time, too, to find out, and having made her fast among a parcel of old, rotten, broken-up gear, I once more jumped on shore, and joined my faithful Molly, whom I found as staunch and steady at her post as if it had been her own affair.

" ' How goes the time, Moll ?' inquired I, nearly breathless with running.

" ' 'Tis nearly six bells, Jack,' was the answer.

“ ‘Then there’s not a moment to lose, love. Can you get me a great-coat and hat of any description? The older and uglier the better, provided they are any other colour than blue.’

“ ‘Nothing easier got than that, Jack,’ replied Molly; ‘for you know the scullers always keep some dozen or more of them a-hanging over the settle, inside the kitchen, for their night jobs. I’ll bring you both in a trice, my dear.’

“ I instantly threw off my gaudy barge-dress, having my best blue suit on under it, and putting on an old grey coat and hat she had brought me, and wrapping myself up in the large and ample folds of the barge-cloak, which I had thought proper to bring along with me, I hurriedly said, before I left her,—

“ ‘I say, Moll, harkee, lass: see that you have a light, properly screened, if possible, in a dull horn or tin lantern, mind me, and yourself completely disguised, so that I only shall know you, when I give a low cough, by your instantly leading the way to the block-house, and unlocking the door, when you may safely leave the rest to me. Do not offer to speak a single word, my good girl, but at once put down the lantern, and retire; for, of all things in the world, I wish you at least not to be known by him. Bless thee, lass, were he to succeed in discovering you, he’d play the very devil with you.’

“ ‘Never fear, Jack, but leave all that to me,’ replied the bold and faithful girl; ‘I will manage matters so that he will never know, the swab, to whom he is indebted for his snug lodgings. There is not a girl in the house but owes him a grudge, and a bitter grudge too; and one and all of us will rejoice in punishing him, for his shabby stingy behaviour in not allowing any of us to come on board.’

“ ‘Well, my dear Molly,’ said I, leaving her, ‘as to to-morrow’s doings I cannot speak, seeing I won’t be nigh you. I am determined, however, you shall run no chance of discovery this night, if I can help it; therefore recollect, my good girl, that mum is the word on your part. Get all ready, and keep a sharp look out for me, for I’ll

be cruelly disappointed, indeed, if you don't have his confounded little carcase under your command before many minutes are at an end.'

"I immediately hurried away, and took up a position fronting the barracks gate, where it was impossible he could pass me; and had not been long stationed there before I had the pleasure of hearing the sentinel asked what was the hour? I knew his piano voice, and in truth, Ned, I was happy. Allowing him to pass me, which he did in great haste, (for it was close on the hour, and he piqued himself on his punctuality,) I suddenly threw the ample folds of the large cloak over him, and quickly wrapping his minikin body up as snug and firm as a bag of old rope yarns, I doubled him up, head to heels, and taking him joyfully up in my arms, the slim slight morsel of mischief! off I set with him as lightly and swiftly as if he had been a mere baby. Certainly, Ned, I was highly favoured that blessed night, for I felt myself doubly strong, and had got far out of hearing before he made his first attempt to squeak and sing out. This had no other effect than the making me quicken my pace, and obliging me to bestow such an effectual Cornish hug upon his insignificant carcase, as speedily made him sing dumb for absolute lack of wind; indeed, doubled up and muffled up in the manner I had him, any other resistance on his part was impossible. In this manner I soon gained the wished-for spot, where I found my faithful Molly, with every thing in readiness. Carrying him silently through the house, I hurried onward to the block-house, lighted by a dull flickering lantern, where, throwing him on the ground without ceremony, without giving him a moment's time to recover himself, the first thing I set about was to get his head between my knees, and forcibly gag him; then, tying his feet and hands firmly together, like another helpless calf, such was the joy and triumph I felt at the complete success of my scheme, I seized hold of the lantern from its peg in the wall, and allowed the dingy light to glare between us, that he might see in whose power he was, and who was at that moment exulting over him.

"'Pon my soul, Ned, no sooner did his anxious eyes

come in contact with my well-known and excited features, than giving a loud scream and a shiver of horror, the poor cowardly little devil fainted.—I beheld this with the most savage satisfaction, and my revenge was complete.

“ Having no wish to carry the matter farther,—though, I confess, at one time, I had a serious intention of giving him what I knew he meant for me, and that was a good sound thrashing,—I contented myself, after divesting him of his own large night cloak, his flashy saucy Russian cap, and dress sword, with rolling him carefully and snugly up once more in the barge-cloak, and having laid him, all insensible as he was, on a sort of guard-room bed erected in a corner of the filthy place, and seizing hold of the gear of which I had robbed him, and the lantern, I, without a single feeling of either pity or remorse, coolly locked the door, chucked the key into the water, and left him ‘ alone in his glory,’ to compare at his leisure the exact difference between his present unpleasant and cool bivouac, and the flash and finery of the assembly he had just quitted.

“ Nothing now remained for me but the road, and the sooner, I thought, the better. Exacting, therefore, once more a solemn promise from my trusty Moll, that she was to take no steps for the relief of the firmly-moored lieutenant until the following evening after sun-down, and hastily throwing his ample blue night-cloak over all my dress, I buckled on his sword, forced his gaudy gold-laced cap, *à la militaire*, on one side of my head, then taking a bumper of brandy to recruit my wasted strength, and tipping my gallant girl a few pieces out of Jack Morris’s well-filled purse, I gave her a hearty buss, hoped to see her soon again in better times, and took the road in comparative high spirits.

“ As I had to pass two or three guarded stations, I soon experienced the great utility of my present disguise, and actually chuckled, with internal satisfaction, at the homage paid to the seeming officer, returning homewards from the universally known gala. Perfectly firm and collected, I thus moved on, at a good military stride, until I was fully six miles clear of the town, and all its surrounding hamlets; when the heavens showing symptoms of the approach-

ing dawn, I began to think my quality gear rather too remarkable, and that now the time was come when it might be dispensed with. Diverging, therefore, on the very first opportunity, from the direct London road, I took my way into an obscure cross path, which led more into the country, and taking refuge in a thick plantation, which very pleasantly belted a gentleman's country-seat, I very expeditiously dropped Lieutenant Morgan's gewgaws as a free gift to the first fortunate mortal that stumbled on the spot, and, by the earliest dawn, before the farmers' curs or chanticleer himself had announced the coming day, there was poor Jack Adams to be seen, rigged in his old hat and grey coat, travelling along across the country as steadily and demurely as ever did wayfaring man betwixt towns.

"But I will not detain you longer, Ned, for, I thank heaven! the long story of my life comes now to a close. After various adventures, some of which, no doubt, would make you laugh, I at length reached London,—found means to apprise my kind old pell, Wigley, of the dangers with which I was surrounded,—and, under his care, and with his generous assistance, I contrived to lie quiet, in a secluded corner of his master's estate, until the story of my remarkable night's work, which at first made a great noise in the world, was swamped and swallowed up in the numerous and more remarkable events of those spirit-stirring times.

"After a sojourn of many months in this rural and delightful seclusion, during all which period I was known to the thinly scattered peasantry of the estate as a near and dear relative of Wigley's, who had been unfortunate in the world, I at length succeeded, through his kind aid and assistance—for, good soul! he never for a moment forsook me—in getting safely out of the kingdom; and, for many years afterwards, was known as a trader, under an assumed name, in the principal ports of France, Spain, and South America, sometimes with success, but as often with ruinous loss, the natural consequences of a time of war. And now, at last, as you see, Ned, the old *Mutineer*, the *Deserter*, and the *Robber*, after rounding a very expanded circle, has just once more very nearly reached the

exact point from which he set out, when he foolishly and faithlessly deserted the service of his country : but, alas ! with this lamentable and heart-breaking difference, that he is compelled to shelter his wretched existence under a purser's name—is in poor circumstances, infirm and unstable health, and a very unhappy and unwilling exile from his beloved native country."

Thus ended the Story of Jack Adams ; and we think it impossible to read the melancholy manner in which it comes to a close, without a strong feeling of pity for the unfortunate old man. Before we pipe belay, therefore,—and by way, moreover, of a moral to all the present enterprising as well as rising generation,—it strikes us forcibly that we cannot do better than conclude his *tough yarn* with the beautiful morsel of sterling truth doggerel with which we commenced :—

Then, whatever you do, never flinch from your King,
From your Country, your parents, and all
The best blessings that from honest duty do spring,
To join in a mutinous brawl :
For mind me, my mates, and I say it, in sooth,
To avert from you every dread evil,
That while one is the way of high honour and truth,
The other's the road to the devil.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONCLUSION.

Well, now that I'm laid up, in a decentish condition,
Having neither lost an eye, nor got a timber toe ;
Old ships must needs expect, you know, to be laid out of commission,
So I'll sing of Jolly Tars, and their Yo, heave, Oh !

WE gladly return to speak of our own affairs, which, we are happy to inform the reader, have been all this time gradually progressing towards the desired point in a way at once certain and satisfactory.

Edward had now been an inmate of the hospital for many weeks ; and so successfully had he been treated, or so sound had been his constitution, that he had for some time thrown his crutches aside, and was nearly as healthy and stout as ever. While, however, he proudly felt himself gaining additional strength every day, he had the mortification of seeing his poor old friend, Jack Adams, visibly getting worse and worse. His principal complaint evidently arose more from mental than physical causes, being apparently cursed with a mind diseased ; and this, the insatiable "worm that never dies," acting powerfully on an infirm and tottering constitution, had at length laid its exhausted victim on what Edward plainly saw was to be his last bed. Day after day rolled on, and each succeeding dawn pronounced the recovery of poor Adams more desperate and impossible. In short, notwithstanding the skill of the doctor, whose attentions and solicitude were unwearied, the aged worn-out warrior gradually sunk, and at length expired in Edward's arms, to the last moment regretting that ever he had allowed himself to be deluded into taking a leading hand in the mutiny—the sole cause of all his subsequent misery, since it had wrecked his good name, forced him into a roving and vagrant existence in foreign lands, and banished him for ever from all he held dear, an involuntary and heart-broken exile. His funeral

was as humble as his death was obscure, being only attended to the grave by Edward, and as many of the servants of the hospital as sufficed to carry him. As they slowly wended their way to the church-yard of Saint Paul's, the dormitory of many of Britain's most gallant sons, the striking contrast of the humility of the present with the proud bearing of the past, described by himself in his graphic Portsmouth scenery, came over the mind of Edward so vividly and so powerfully, as to force him to sigh, while he solemnly aspirated the Giver of all good to be screened through life from the delusions of vanity. "Poor Jack!" exclaimed he, as the falling clods pattered hollow on his coffin—"Poor Jack!—

'Light lie the turf upon thy breast!—
Thy toil is o'er, thy race is run,
Thy turmoil'd task in life is done,—
Sleep on, and take thy rest!'"

For many days after the funeral, Edward felt a void—a want—a certain loneliness of heart—he could not account for; which ultimately had the effect, along with daily improving health, of rendering a longer stay in the hospital peculiarly disagreeable to him. It was not, therefore, without a feeling of sincere pleasure that he heard from his steady friend, Lieutenant Fyke, whose lodgings in town he was now in the habit of visiting, that the Bounce was expected to come up the harbour every day, having received letters informing him that she had been ordered round to Halifax to refit, previous to her departure for England with government despatches.

Accordingly, not many days after, it excited little surprise in Edward to hear, one morning as soon as he awoke, that the Bounce had come in during the night, and was now snugly moored inside King George's Fort. He lost no time, however, in carrying the intelligence to the doctor, who told him, with a smile, he had seldom seen any of his patients so anxious to return to their duty: "but certainly, my lad," continued he, "I shall not detain you a moment longer than you think proper yourself. You can go to the storekeeper, and he will give you out your clothes; as soon as I get breakfast I will make out your

discharge for the purser, and then you have my permission to go on board as soon as you like."

Edward returned his thanks, and retired.

Taking, therefore, a hasty breakfast, and as hasty a farewell of his fellow invalids, and throwing his clothes-bag over his shoulders, Edward next made the best of his way to the residence of Lieutenant Fyke, whom he found in all the bustle of packing up, assisted by his servant boy, preparatory to going on board.

"Ah! most welcome, Davies," he cried, "for I was just thinking of you. Oho! you're there, bag and baggage! well, I must say you've fairly got the start of me. Come, my fine fellow, we want a turn of your hand here sadly, for my young assistant there has but a poor notion of package for shipboard. Fred, knock off, my boy, and let Davies take your place: go and see how breakfast gets on, and put my dress in order. As soon as you get all ready for moving, Davies, and I brushed up a bit, we can go on board together."

Edward instantly set to work, and his officer's luggage was quickly secured, and sent off to the boat.

Shortly afterwards they once more went on board the Bounce, and were received in the most gracious manner by Captain Switchem and his officers, who were all on deck. His captain appeared to Edward to have greatly improved in his manner since he had last seen him, having dropped much of that forbidding austerity which used to characterise him, and become more open and unreserved, accompanied with a blunt frankness which wins the affection, while it secures respect and obedience. His manner of receiving his second in command was cordial and affectionate; and even to Edward, whom he noticed in the most friendly manner, his words were so kind and so unusually pleasant, that Edward retired from the quarter-deck considerably flattered. On his appearance at the old mess-table again, he had to encounter such an enthusiastic and happy set of fellows, that their meeting is more easy to be supposed than portrayed. His reception from the whole was very flattering; but his old and attached crony, Dennis Mahony, was nearly crazy with joy, and, with all the

'fervour of a genuine Irishman, absolutely smothered him with his caresses.

"Och! boy of my heart!" cried the affectionate fellow, "and it is your beautiful self I once more beholds alongside of me, all sound and round, and as ready for another quilting along with your Dennis as ever?—Well, soul of me! darling, but the bare sight of you does my own day-lights a murderous deal of good, and makes me very happy. Faith, mate of mine, but I've been drayming and boring, and thinking about you so often and often, that I began to be uneasy, and so I was determined to ask the skipper's leave to come and see you, when behold here jumps your lovely self, and saves your Dennis the trouble."

Edward cordially thanked his lively friend, and the more noisy ebullitions of a first interview being now over, the conversation, through Edward's inquiries, naturally reverted to the service they had been engaged in since Edward went on shore.

"Why, as to the matter of all that, Ned," answered honest Bill Lyson to one of his inquiries, "there has been plenty of niggling and frigging since we went out, as I dare say you'll easily imagine;—and thousands of running hither and thither after nothing at all, with a press of sail enough to tear the young ribs of the hooker in pieces;—but, excepting a paltry trifling affair we had with brother Jonathan about a schooner——"

"Eh! Lord's sake, Bill Lyson, my bonnie man!" interrupted our old friend Nettlestang, "are you gaun to ca' that a trifling affair that cost sae muckle human life?"

"Human life be d—d," exclaimed the bluff Lyson, somewhat indignant at Nettlestang's pathetic interruption. "I called it a paltry trifling affair, my canny Scotchman, and I repeat that it is a paltry trifling affair, for all the trifle of good it will ever do me. But, come now, let's hear your way on't."

"Hear him! just hear him, sirs!" returned Nettlestang, in a tone of wonderment.—"Save us, neighbour! ye're sure and certainly demented!"

"Come, Nettlestang, there's a fine fellow," said Edward,

eagerly, "you must tell us all about it—come, I'm all impatience to hear your way of Lyson's trifling affair."

"Haith, weel may you say say, Ned," commenced the loquacious Nettlestang, "for, my certy, it's nae trifling affair in my way o' thinking.—Ye see, Ned—since I maun tell the story—we were fleeing and flichtering awa', just as he's told you, atween Cape Cod and Cape Anne, that's aff Boston Bay yonder, just for a' the world as gif it had been deil tak' the hinmost wi' us, whan yay mornin', just at the screech o' day, who should appear, dodging cannily along the coast, but a bonnie trig bit o' a schooner thing, makin as gif she wanted to slip into Boston.—Uh! ye ken, that was enough and mair o't, to our new offisher Master Hurryskurry, as they ca' him—and troth, sirs, he's fell weel named—there was naething but the deil fleeing owre Jock Wabster, till plash went the boats in the water: then he made sic a fye-gae-too routing and roaring to the ser-jeant for's marines, and bundling them owre the side as fast as they cam up, until baith the cutters were as fu' as they could bang, whan aff and awa' they set after the schooner like a shot.—Aweel, like a gude mony mair, ye'll no hinder me but I'm up on the forecassle to see the upshot o' the business; for ye see, Ned, somehow or ither, I've a terrible opinion o' they Yankee chields, they're such devils at a sure shot, forbye using naething but rifles, which maks a' the difference in the world, ye ken. Weel, the schooner, and the twa cutters after her, ran into some nook or canny corner of the coast, whar we could see there was a bit o' a town-looking place, and what they did there I dinna ken, though, by the pap, papping, o' the musketry I heard, I jaloused our poor chields had their hands fu' enough. Haith, Master What's-his-name—Hurryburry—seemed to be of the same opinion, for we immediintly stood in as close to the shore as we could venture, and there we lay to, I may safely say, for the maist feck o' an hour, till at long and last we did see the schooner herself yince mair mak her appearance, and onward she cam standing right out towards us. In a very short time she was alongside o' us as firm and fast as a bren new hawser could mak her; but, waes me! she brought us but a poor

account of the fine chields that had left us to follow her. Would you believe it, Ned, o' aughteen marines, that left this hooker sae shortly before all alive and merry, there was only sax that cam back, forbye four blue-jackets, that are either killed or taken prisoners—though I'm rather thinking they're killed, for the Yankee folks are easy about prisoners, because it's a wasting o' meat; and Lord's sake, Ned, isn't the warst o't a' that poor Lawrie Lawrenson, my ain neighbour's only son, is yin o' them? I positively declare it's a thocht to me what I shall say to his faither, if ever it's my luck to see him again."

"Say to him, Nettlestang?" chimed in Bill Lyson, "why, what should you say but the truth—that he lost his number in the same way as many a better fellow has done before him."

"Bah, Lyson!" exclaimed the disgusted Nettlestang; "ye're what they ca' in my country a hale-hearted man."

"A hale-hearted man?" said Lyson, "and what may that mean, pray?"

"A chield whase heart has never been touched wi' the red-hot iron of real affection, and of course can have little fellowship or feeling for those of their neighbours. How could ye gang to suppose, otherwise, that I could speak to the poor lad's father in that daft like fashion?"

"Well, well, Nettlestang," interfered Edward, "never mind the likes of these things; they will all come on soon enough, if ever they come at all. Rather tell us some more about the prize."

"Oho! the prize, is it, ye want to hear about, my man? —the *prize*!" again reiterated Nettlestang, with one of his usual short bitter laughs; "my certy, weel is she wurdy o' the name. Yere auld friend, dirty Sandie Armstrong, the cook's sculduddery, is the only yin I ken that can tell ye a' about her, for, in troth, he's got the best share of her down's coal-scuttle—ha, ha, ha! the *prize*!—Hech! sirs, my poor sides!"

"What does he mean, Lyson," asked Edward.

"Oh, his meaning, Ned, is plain enough, did you but know the story.—When the skipper had the hatches torn up, and discovered that he had lost so many fine fellows

for a cargo of salt, for which he had no manner of use, he flew into such a rage as I've seldom seen him in this many months,—ordered the carpenter to set his mates immediately to work in breaking her up for the purser, for fuel to the coppers; and then, when they were done, he made a present of her hull and all the salt to the Cape Cod fishermen, after every mess in the hooker had taken as much as they thought proper."

"And who is this Mr. Hurryskurry, that Nettlestang speaks about?" asked Edward.

"Why, who should he be, think you," replied Lyson, "but the joker as does Mr. Fyke's duty? thof he's no more like him than chaff is like cheese; for you must know, my lad, after him and you left us, this young spink of a joker, who no doubt is a sprig of quality, came on board in his place—a fellow, in faith, who seems never to be happy unless he has the hooker snoring through it at her utmost speed, with every inch of canvas on her she can carry. By the mast, mate, the boatswain's yeoman tells me there will be the devil to pay about it; for he swears we have consumed more rope and canvas, in our last cruise of only three months, than we'd done in the three years previously. However, Ned, that's their look-out, and little else could be expected from a young, thoughtless scapegrace, determined to carry on through every opposition, fair weather or foul. There was no such a thing as making the hooker snug of a night in the good old fashion; no, no, my boy! from morning till night, and night till morning, the word was—carry on her, carry on her, ay, until her every stick cracked again; and not the least of the hardship of all this driving through it was, that everything connected with it had to be executed in the devil's own hurry, so that a fellow couldn't handle his nippers fast enough, before he was on you like a bull-dog. I'm d—d, mate, if ever I saw such a whirlwind of a fellow in my born days, nor one more ready with both his feet and hands; thof I must confess he's not a scrubbish chap at bottom: for it was only t'other day, before we came in, that after he had laid that leaden-headed Shetlander, big Jameson, a-sprawling on the forecastle with one blow of his speaking-

trumpet, the sail was no sooner set, than he sent him below, and gave the huge lazy lubber such a glorious blow-out of grog and other good things to mend his broken head, that the fellow swears he will stand a similar stroke every day of the week, for the same reward.—However, thank God, we've got our old man again, and soon will be rid of him."

The conversation was abruptly brought to a conclusion, by the boatswain's pipe, and *All hands clear lighter!* which immediately hurried every one on deck. The utmost bustle thus continued for several following days in preparing for the homeward run;—and no pains was wanting on the part of Captain Switchem to make his vessel as gay and as beautiful as possible, before the arrival of his quality passengers;—for we could soon see from the movements of the carpenters, in erecting canvas screens on the after quarter of the main-deck, that we were to have strangers going home with us, and could also form some notion of their quality from the style of the preparations made for them. A very few days more, therefore, and there swam the saucy Bounce at her moorings, all atant, her new canvas bent, her rigging blackened, and her hull, inside and out, as gay as the ingenuity of the painter could make her.

There was now a lull of a few days more; when at last her passengers began to arrive. The first who came on board, and who seemed to claim the precedency of all the others, was a Major-General Blumenbach, or some such other hard German name, along with his lady and his very young daughter, and these were accompanied by five or six officers, in various coloured uniforms, probably forming what had recently been the general's staff. As for the general himself, a hale stout old gentleman above sixty years of age, he was not long on board before he became the object of no small interest and merriment to the laughter-loving wittlings of the midshipmen's berth. Being a man fully six feet in height, and proportionably built—an admirable specimen of the old school, at once grave and taciturn—he no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck in his full military costume, his well-blackened huge trunk

boots extending half way up his thigh, and his military gloves embracing three parts of his arm, and paced the weather-side of the deck, with a measured step, as erect and stiff as if he had had a boarding pike thrust up betwixt his shoulders, than the whole of their merry muscles were immediately unbent, and many a laughable remark and many a comparison was secretly indulged in. One youngster swore he was no other than the great Gustavus Vasa himself;—another, that he was liker the ghost in Hamlet;—while a third little urchin insisted he was like neither the one nor the other, but an exact copy of the redoubted Dugald Dalgetty, of immortal Marischal College memory, because he paid such exact attention to, and evidently enjoyed so luxuriously, the pleasures of the well-supplied cabin dinner-table.

“Very different, however, were their youthful notions of the general’s lady—at once young and beautiful, with a slight shade of subdued melancholy on her countenance, that made her very interesting. She, and a very pretty little girl of a daughter, speedily became the objects on which all their attention and care was lavished, and to amuse whom to the best of their power their exertions were indefatigable. This was all the more fortunate, as the general himself seemed to pay no more attention to either than good manners strictly demanded; his lonely cogitations being seemingly too profound for the youthful cares of his lady-love. He usually, therefore, left her almost entirely in the hands of the other officers, his more junior companions; who, young and merry themselves, with a strong dash of that lively, careless, good-humoured levity, so peculiarly fascinating in the military character, most gladly sought, in the company of the lady and her daughter, a solace for their temporary banishment from that polished society the most of them were so eminently qualified to move in and to adorn.

After a further delay of a few more days, much to the satisfaction of every one on board, the despatches arrived under the care of a Captain Dick, and they were hardly on the cabin table, before the fore-topsail was let fall, a gun fired, and Blue Peter hoisted, the signal for sailing. The

gentry gladly hurried on board; and before another half hour had elapsed, the Bounce was gaily standing out of Halifax Harbour in all the glory of fresh paint and new canvas. Another hour saw her clear of the land, and then came the cheering word to the ears of the long-absent mariner, "*For England, ho!*"

The run to England was one of uncommon monotony; as, after she had passed Newfoundland, the Bounce got enveloped in a steady dense fog, which continued with a most persevering tenacity till the master and Captain Switchem, as well as every officer of the ship, were at their wit's end. But what was their joy, when at last it did clear up, to behold the Isle of Wight right ahead, and its well-known Needles towering in the air. Not a moment was lost; and with her stunsails low and aloft, swiftly went the saucy Bounce into her anchorage at Spithead, and let go her anchor to the satisfaction of all on board. A few hours saw her gentry, along with Captain Switchem, safely ashore, and the Bounce being moored, and her decks cleared up, all hands were left at liberty to follow out their own notions as to the future. This quiet and orderly state of matters was however of very short continuance;—for the bumboats kept a keen eye for a vessel just arrived from a foreign station, and were very shortly alongside; and as Lieutenant Fyke was all indulgence, not only was every mess-table soon covered with joints of fresh meat, bread, and potatoes, but various boat-loads of willing merry girls were cheerfully hauled on board, which soon had the effect of turning the orderly Bounce into a complete bustling roaratorious carnival.

Things were in this state, when next day Captain Switchem came once more on board, and Edward, who happened to be on deck, saw in a moment from his excited manner that something uncommon was in the wind. He lost no time, therefore, in apprising his messmates of his opinion; which was instantly confirmed by a midshipman coming forward, and summoning the boatswain to appear on the quarter-deck. In another moment the shrill pipe sounded, and *All hands!* was instantly sung out.

"Up there—up there! all of you!" roared all the

mates in chorus, "aft on the quarter-deck with you, man and mother's son!"

And sure enough, in almost no time, there stood the frigate's lively ship's company fronting their officers at the capstan.

The captain and his first lieutenant remained in earnest conversation for some minutes after they were all assembled, which was at length put an end to by the latter assenting to something, and immediately after going below. Captain Switchem then, leaning one arm on the capstan, addressed his assembled ship's company in something like the following manner:—"My lads, I've got a message to deliver to you, which I am perfectly aware will not be very pleasant to any of you, just arrived as you are from a foreign station, but the service of our King and Country must be executed: you must be all aware of that, and therefore I shall say no more about it. I have just now come from the admiral's ship, where I was ordered to attend, and he informed me that he has received news overland of a large lugger of the enemy's which has for some time been playing the devil with our merchantmen coming that way, cruising as she does between the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and the coast of Normandy. He wishes me to lend him fifty volunteers to join the crew of a small sloop-of-war now in the roadstead, which is rather short-handed, and whose commander, poor fellow! has been obliged to go on shore in bad health. For this service, my lads, I immediately volunteered myself, the vessel I have the honour to command, and the whole of you. But this the admiral would not agree to, as our services will likely be shortly required in a different latitude. He would rather have fifty volunteers on board that vessel for an immediate run after her; and as she draws little water, he thinks, with some degree of reason, that if you should be lucky enough to fall in with her, you will be able to follow her up, and make her your own. It is only to be the cruise, you'll remember, of a few days, when you can join me in your own ship again, either here, or in the inner harbour;—for, heaven knows, I shall miss you much, and have not the slightest wish to part with one

of you. I have spoken to my good friend and fellow officer, Lieutenant Fyke, who is to take the command of the vessel, and he is quite agreeable, and will be on deck again in a minute. Now remember, my lads, I'll have none but cheerful and willing volunteers—say, then, boldly at once, who will go with Lieutenant Fyke?—but, avast! for here comes the gentleman himself.

“You have heard your captain's story, my lads,” said Lieutenant Fyke, already equipped for his unexpected transit, “I have only to repeat his question, Who will go along with me?”

“I will for one, sir;” cried Edward cheerfully.

“I expected no less from you, Davies,” said the smiling officer, “and you are right welcome.”

“And, soul of me, if you say so, Ned, but myself will go for another,” cried his attached friend, Dennis.

“And I—and I,” roared scores of voices;—until the captain, laughing heartily, advised his highly-regarded second in command to pick out the number he wanted himself, and set off about the business at once.

This was soon done where all were willing;—and after a very few hours Edward and his chosen companions, having stowed away their moveables in the yeoman's store-room, and made some other minor preparations, were all on board the Randy sloop-of-war, and once more under way, under a heavy press of sail, in quest of this famous marauder.

For several days afterwards, during which they had alike carefully and keenly scanned the bold and rocky shores of Normandy, as well as those of Jersey and Guernsey, their cruise was without the smallest success;—and they were beginning to think that the admiral's information was incorrect, when one morning, by the first streak of the dawn, the look-out at the masthead was hardly seated before he hailed the deck, and reported a large lugsailed vessel in full pursuit of a brig to leeward. This was enough;—Lieutenant Fyke and all hands were on deck in a moment, every one endeavouring, as far as in him lay, to make what Jack calls “short work of it.” Not a moment was lost, therefore, before the Randy was

in full pursuit of her antagonist, under every inch of canvas she could carry, and it was with infinite satisfaction that Lieutenant Fyke saw, shortly afterwards, that he was nearing her rapidly. In an hour afterwards the hull of the long black lugger was distinctly to be seen, as she swiftly and smoothly skimmed through the water, with her deck absolutely crowded with men; and as there was little doubt but that her crew was composed of the most daring and desperate characters, their commander made his preparations accordingly.

So intent was the privateer on the capture of her chase, which was making for the coast of England under all the sail she could carry, and was still far a-head of the lugger, that the long bow nines of the Randy had begun to *speak* before she took the smallest notice of her. A successful shot, however, which carried away some of her after spars, and suddenly prostrated one of her large lug sails to the deck, at last brought her up to the wind. It proved, however, to be the mishap only of a moment; for, in an incredible short time, the sail was once more hoisted, and relinquishing her chase, round went the head of the privateer, standing boldly out towards the Randy for the purpose of getting to windward. Lieutenant Fyke, awake to this manœuvre, endeavoured all in his power to prevent her;—and the chase was thus protracted, with unabated skill on both sides, till the day was well advanced. At length, the privateer, which was by far the swiftest vessel of the two, having gained on the Randy what she thought offing enough, suddenly rounded her head on the other tack, and came boldly towards her with the daring intention of crossing her bows to windward. In this manœuvre the fearless fellows completely succeeded; and after receiving a raking fire from the whole of the Randy's broadside in passing, which they answered with another and a gallant cheer, the privateer hoisted the tricolor flag, and stood triumphantly away for the coast of Normandy, with the Randy close at her heels. It was now a running fight all the way towards the French coast, and was kept up on both sides with a precision and an energy that did considerable execution; for while the lugger's spars suf-

ferred severely, several of her shot had pierced the Randy betwixt wind and water. Still, however, they both determinedly carried on, bellowsing away at one another without an interval of pause; until it was evident the privateer was beginning to steer wildly, when at last, as their only resort, her head was turned to the shore, rocky and perilous as it seemed, and she was successfully run into a narrow creek, the greater part of her crew immediately landing on the surrounding rocks, prepared to defend their vessel to the last extremity. There was no time for pause, and they had to deal with an officer who loved a short struggle, however desperate, and done with it at once. The Randy, therefore, fearlessly stood in after her as far as the depth of water would allow, instantly dropped her boats full of determined fellows, and pushed in boldly determined on boarding. They carried her, after a most cruel and sanguinary opposition; hauled her out, and got under way; and, before the sun went down, this daring marauder, which had been the terror of the Channel for many weeks, was to be seen quietly following, in the wake of the victorious Randy, on their return to Spithead.

In this brief but hard-contested affair, Lieutenant Fyke had to regret the loss of some of his best and bravest shipmates. Not one of his surviving boarders, indeed, had entirely escaped the severe compliments so prodigally dealt out to them by the desperate and reckless privateer's men. All were more or less considerably injured; and fully among the worst was our unlucky friend Davies, who, besides several severe cuts on various parts of his body, had received some shot, which rendered him unfit for further duty.

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[Here ends the Journal, or the Log, of the Man-o'-War's Man; and it is not the least of my pleasures to be able to add, that the main purpose I had in view, in first bringing it out before the public in the universally-read pages of the peerless *Maga*, has been completely successful, as the following letter, which I have lately received, will abundantly show. It is a letter, moreover, which, I would fain flatter my old pate, will, in some small degree, prove as interesting to the reader of these pages, as it is to myself; for while it has shown me I have once more gained a young and an intelligent friend, whose sudden and mysterious disappearance I have often and often unfeignedly regretted, it points out to the reader, in a manner equally satisfactory, the final anchorage of some of his leading and more prominent characters in the quiet, peaceful, downhill shades of human life, which mayhap they would not expect in men who had run such a wild and rough-shod career. In bidding the reader farewell, therefore, with my best wishes to those who may have had the patience to follow me thus far, and not doubting but that the success of the present rough-knotted yarn will induce some of our master-spirits to spin them others, of a more cultivated character, for their amusement and instruction, I have only to add, that I am, as ever, their own

BILL TRUCK.]

Greenwich, 3d July, 1826.

"To Mr. William Truck, Sen. Boatswain, Greenwich College.

*"Turnpluck Cottage, near Edinburgh,
28th June, 1826.*

"Dear Sir,—It is with no small gratification I at last sit down not only to renew an acquaintance with you, which was pleasant while it lasted, but to mention, with as

much brevity as I can, some circumstances which have since happened me, and which, with the blessing of God, I trust, promise to render the future years of my life as smooth and tranquil as those that have gone before have been rough and boisterous. To you, my good sir, I will make no farther apology, but dive into my narrative at once.

“I had not been many days on board the guard-ship after I left you, when I was very unexpectedly ordered to brush myself up as smartly as I could, and go aft to the captain’s cabin, who wanted to see me. As I had never before either seen or spoken to the gentleman, this command, I confess, rather surprised me; and, though quite confident there must be a bit of a mistake somewhere, from the mere force of habit, I believe, I immediately set about preparing to obey, and soon put myself in trim for appearing before him. On being ushered into the presence by his steward, I found him engaged in conversation with an elderly sallow-skinned gentleman and a lady, who, in my eye, looked liker his daughter than his wife, as she afterwards turned out to be. The moment I entered, the captain, without farther ceremony, and in their presence, began to ask me a number of questions, which need not be repeated, and among the rest whether or not my real name was Davies? I bluntly answered him that it was not, although it was as decent a purser’s name as many going; that I had borne it all the time I had been in the service, now a respectable number of years, and had no occasion to be ashamed of it; that besides, to those who had the curiosity to sift it properly, a real portion of my real name would be found in *Davies*; and that, in truth, I had all the objections in the world to say any more about it so long as I was in my present shape.

“‘Then, if I understand you aright, my lad,’ continued the captain, ‘you consider your present condition as very inferior to that of your birth?’

“‘I certainly do, your honour,’ was my answer. ‘I have relatives alive, at least I trust in God they are, who move in a respectable sphere of society, and I have long ago solemnly sworn that never, if I can help it, shall it

cost them a single blush to know that one of their name and family is a common Man-o'-War's-Man.'

" ' 'Pon my word, my lad,' returned the captain, with a grave smile, 'you do the service *great honour* when you think so highly of it. But I know your meaning, young man; and I am afraid the stigma will remain where it is until the civil authorities refrain from sending us such a plentiful supply of their jail and Bridewell birds,—to associate with whom it is certainly not very desirable.'

" Well, all that passed, and a good deal more, and I was at length dismissed, as sick of answering questions as a cross-interrogated witness at the Old Bailey.

" I confess to you freely, that I thought this a very comical sort of an interview from beginning to end; for both the lady and gentleman, in whose presence it took place, never condescended to honour me with a single word, but sat all the time as mute and silent as if they had been destitute of tongues; though, as for their eyes, I could easily perceive, when they exchanged looks, which they often did, they were busy as bees.

" After bothering my poor head-piece long and long enough, I had given up the whole affair as incomprehensible, or, at most, a visit of curious impertinence, when a few days afterwards I was again ordered into the cabin, where the captain ordered me instantly to rig myself in my best, as I was to accompany him ashore on business. You may be certain this was too agreeable an order not to be promptly obeyed; so that in a very short time I was as trim and spruce as my clean fancy gingham trowsers, scarlet vest, and other dancing sky-larking gear and saucy knots, could make me.

" The captain was pleased with my appearance, and on shore we went. At his own desire I followed him into one of the principal hotels, where, in a stylish room, we were once more ushered into the company of the same old gentleman and lady. 'By the hookey!' said I to myself, on once more seeing them, 'but this is comical enough!—What's to be enacted now—or what the deuce does it mean?'

" However, I was not kept very long in suspense; for

the old gentleman and the captain, after a little conversation, withdrew upon some pretence or other, leaving me alone with the lady ; who, to my utter astonishment, the moment the room door was closed, asked me, by my real name, how I was ? I started, as if I had received a sudden shot ; and there I stood, unable to do any thing but stare at her. She saw my confusion, and became still more importunate, until I confessed she was right, expressing my wonder, at the same time, how she came to know it. Good God ! it was my mother—my dear, my long-lost mother—that I was talking to all the while ! I can ill explain, far less describe, the joy—the unutterable bliss—that filled that moment my happy happy heart. Whatever it was, it subdued me into tears. I fell on my knees before her, and, hiding my head in her lap, I fairly wept it out ; she accompanying me, and embracing me with a rush of fondness and delight this poor heart of mine had never before experienced.

“ After a little while we both of us became more composed. She then began to tell me all about the history of her secret marriage with my father,—of my grandfather’s rage as soon as he made the discovery,—of his dragging him forcibly away from her in the middle of the night, and she never hearing of him any more, until she received a letter from him from London, informing her that he was still under restraint, was a cadet in the service of the East India Company, and expected every hour to be ordered on board a vessel, laying under sailing orders at Blackwall, which was bound for Madras. At the bottom of this hurried note, he mentioned his being in good health, and had nothing to grieve at but the want of her company ; hoped his father would be kind to her for his sake ; but, if he was not, urged her immediately to apply by letter to Mr. John Sinton, of the East India House, an old schoolfellow of his own, to whom he had told his story, and who had pledged his word to assist her with all his power in procuring her a passage out to Madras if it was necessary ; and the letter concluded with a promise to write to her through Mr. Sinton the moment of his arrival, when he hoped to have more cheering news to send her. She next described the

misery she endured through the neglect of my grandfather, who would never acknowledge her as his son's wife; how I was born before my father's wished-for letter arrived, which strongly urged her to resign me to the keeping of my grandfather, and boldly follow his fortunes at once, for which, he added, he had made every preparation, referring her to Mr. Sinton. That her sufferings had been long and severe before she could bring her mind to adopt the resolution of forsaking me; but at last the arguments of Mr. Sinton, with whom she constantly corresponded, and the few friends who still acknowledged her, prevailed; when, after fondly kissing me, and recommending me to the care of my grandfather in a hasty farewell note, she embarked, reached London, and, by the kind exertions of Mr. Sinton, after not a little hardship and fatigue, contrived at last to join her husband at Madras.

"She then told me that my father was dead, having gallantly perished, along with the brave but unfortunate Colonel Baillie, in his ill-fated encounter with Tippoo Saib; and that she was now married to Mr. Ainslie, the old gentleman I had already seen, who had been a warm friend of my father's, and for many years had filled a high civil situation in the Hon. Company's service: That never having been able to forget the wretched circumstances that compelled her to abandon me,—for though both she and my father had repeatedly written home they had never received a word of answer,—and being altogether ignorant of my fate, she had of late years been so completely unhappy, that her health at last became considerably affected: That Mr. Ainslie, the moment he discovered the cause of her inquietude, with a generosity she could never forget, had cheerfully agreed to resign his situation; and, having plenty, and no family, accompany her at once to his native country, Scotland, which he had left at a very early period of life. This was all speedily effected, and 'here we have been nearly two years now, my dear boy,' continued she, 'sparing neither money nor personal comfort in our search of you. For my own part, I had come to the firm determination never to give up the search, until I had been assured, by something like certainty, that my

poor abandoned boy had no longer a being in this world; for when we arrived in Scotland, all I could learn of you in Edinburgh was, that you had gone off early to sea, and that, as you had never written home, no one could say where you was, living or dead. I can also tell you, that I found your grandfather had been dead for some years, and that his property is vested in the hands of trustees for your behoof, until you claim it, which, please God, shall now be done in a very short time; so that you, my dear son, are not the beggar-boy you probably thought yourself. They also told me in Scotland, that your grandfather never 'looked up' after receiving the certain intelligence of your father's premature death—I may well say *premature*, for when he fell he was barely twenty-nine years of age, and was highly respected by his superiors, and beloved by all who knew him. Poor old man! your grandfather probably regretted the harshness of his conduct to his son, to me, and to you, too, you young rogue,—for I know more of your story than I'll tell you at present,—and might possibly accuse himself of being the destroyer of his own family. The ways of God are, however, inscrutable, my son; and, though the poor old man might think otherwise, the events of these few past days have proven, that He that brought light out of darkness, can also bring joy out of sorrow, and peace and happiness to the wounded heart, which has mourned in almost hopeless anguish for many long years. Let us, therefore, humble ourselves before His mighty hand, my son; bless him, with grateful hearts, for the joys of this present happy moment; and, Oh! that He may enable us, unfeignedly, both to forgive and forget the faults and weaknesses which tarnish poor presumptuous human nature!

“Here my mother paused, good woman! seemingly bent on following out, mentally, the sublime idea of Christian forgiveness she was now so warmly inculcating; and, for my own part, I was so enraptured—so filled that moment with what I might call an unearthly—a holy joy—that, while I fondly kissed the dear hand I still retained within my own, I pronounced my *Amen!* with a sincerity and singleness of heart I had never before experienced in my

life. My mother fondly returned my embrace, and proceeded:—

“ ‘Certainly I was mercifully led by a kind Providence to my discovery of you, my dear boy, through many unseen ways impenetrable to human sagacity; for though hitherto baulked in all my inquiries at the various ports and dockyards we had hitherto visited, I never for a moment gave way to despair; I should say more truly that I hoped against hope: for there was a something within me that still said, *persevere!*—probably your guardian angel, my son, mercifully sent to guide a poor mourning mother to her abandoned child—and in following out this encouraging command, so much in unison with my dearest hopes of happiness in this world, I sincerely thank God I was acting under no delusion, as this happy day has proved. I was at first apprehensive that the health of my kind husband, Mr. Ainslie, would be injured by the continuance of such rapid travelling; but, dear man! he soon made me easy on that point, by good-humouredly telling me that I was completely wrong, for he now felt himself in better health, and altogether stronger, than he had been for many years; ‘and as for travelling, my love,’ said he, ‘it is a matter of great indifference to me where I am, so long as I have you along with me.’

“ This delicate point being thus set at rest, after visiting many places of naval resort, we came down to Portsmouth; and, as it was mercifully ordered, in returning to our inn from our very first walk, we luckily encountered you, my dear boy, and your companions, returning, I suppose, from the dockyard. You were all talking loud, but the sound of your voice in particular attracted my eager ear—ah, my dear boy! it was too like your dear father’s for me easily to forget it, and it set me immediately all in a twitter. I involuntarily exclaimed, ‘Thank God! at last I have found him!’ when my husband, as if he had been reading my thoughts, as eagerly inquired, ‘Which is he?’ I pointed you out; when he immediately ordered his servant to follow you, if possible to learn your name, and not to return until he was sure to what ship you belonged. We immediately returned to our inn; but what I suffered

in the interval between that and the return of the servant I feel it impossible to describe. John executed his orders, however, with his usual ability; for he could not only tell us your name, but that you had lately come out of the hospital, and were a supernumerary on board the guardship, until the return of your own frigate the Bounce, commanded by a Captain Switchem. This was all the information we desired. Mr. Ainslie lost no time in getting himself introduced to the captain of the guardship, a very pleasant agreeable gentleman—invited him to dine with us—and it was in this very room, after hearing our story, that the interview was planned which took place with you next day in his cabin. Ah, my dear boy! if a mother's eyes and ears were hardly to be deceived when she saw you on the streets, covered with the dust and the sweat wrung from you by your day's hard labour, how much less likely was she when you stood before her clean and neat, more muscular to be sure, but still the very image of your beloved father. Mr. Ainslie was struck with the likeness as soon as he saw you; and, for your mother, my long-lost child! she could have flown with rapture at once into your arms, had I not been restrained by my husband, and the presence of the captain; for the sound of your voice, your courteous and unembarrassed manner, and particularly your high bearing when you thought the captain pressed you too hard, all was your father's, and could not be mistaken.

“As soon as you left us I actually grew sick through happiness I believe, for I cannot tell you how I got ashore. I know I found myself next morning in bed, very weak and nervous, having been bled and blistered, and heaven knows all what, the moment we got back to the inn. I thought every thing that had happened had merely been a pleasant dream; until my husband, seeing me becoming more rational and composed, assured me of its truth, and kindly promised me that as soon as I got better, and the doctor gave his permission, I should have a second interview with you, and that, too, in my own chambers if I pleased, as he had made the captain promise that the moment he received the notice he was to bring you ashore.

This was the best medicine I could have got; and the very knowledge of knowing you were well, and where to find you, and the cheering hope of speedily seeing and fondly embracing the child, I may truly say, that was torn from my bosom, so renovated and recovered me, that in a few days I had extorted a promise from both the doctor and my husband that my wish was to be gratified to-day. It is gratified, and I am all happiness; and thankful and grateful to that Almighty Being, for restoring me, after the lapse of so many long years, to the embraces of my long-abandoned and only son.'

"My kind mother finished her story with a fond embrace; and, still in my kneeling posture, I had fondly encircled one arm round her waist, while I grasped her dear hand firmly with the other, when the room door suddenly opened, and Mr. Ainslie and the captain found me in this delicate situation.

"I instantly started to my feet; and how I looked I cannot tell, though I felt my face all in a flush; but instantly walking up to Mr. Ainslie, who received me with a coldness of civility remarkably well feigned, I stammered out something like my grateful acknowledgments for his uniform kindness to my parents, and concluded with the fervent wish, that the same regard and esteem which, I understood, he had extended to the father might not be withheld from the son.

" 'Here's a pretty fellow, now, captain!' cried the good gentleman, in a voice nearly choking in his endeavours to suppress more merry indications: 'a gentleman leaves his room, just for a moment, to talk over matters of weighty importance with a friend, leaving his lady in the company of what he supposes a modest unintruding young man; when, mark the consequences,—the young fellow, captain, under a pleasant exterior, is packed to the throat with the most combustible and dangerous materials; in short, he has been so long among gunpowder as to partake of its nature, and to be equally quick and efficient in his execution seemingly, for the poor gentleman finds, to his sorrow, on his return, that the heart of his lady-love is not only lost to him for ever, but, to his utter mortification, discovers

the young brazen on his knees before her in such a very delicate position, as leaves not a doubt of his complete victory.—Oh!—oh!—ah!

“ Here Mr. Ainslie, with infinite dexterity, thrusting his handkerchief in his face, and throwing himself on a sofa, seemed to sink into such a state of dreadful agitation as made his whole body shake again, and perfectly astonished me. It was, however, of short continuance; for presently such a volley of ungovernable ha, ha, ha's! burst from him, in which the captain and my mother heartily joined, as made the room, spacious as it was, ring again. All this, I confess, put me in a state of complete bewilderment, and I stood looking on the merry group astonished and foolish enough; which the kind gentleman perceiving, instantly rose, and taking me by the hand, which he shook very warmly, instantly dispelled all my fears by assuring me he already knew all about me; that my likeness to his valued friend, my father, had forcibly struck him from the first moment he saw me; that he was very proud of the character the captain had given him of me, and still prouder that he had at last the pleasure of having the son of his dear friend under the same roof with him, which, he trusted, would ever be the case, until death broke the silken cord of love between us for ever.

“ I was about to reply, in the most grateful manner I could, to the good gentleman, when he waved his hand, and continued,—

“ ‘ I can easily guess, my good boy, what you are about to tell me, but beg to decline hearing it. As the wise man says, you know, there is a fitting time for every thing; so we'll talk no more of separation at this time, but rather trust that a kind Providence has many pleasant years in store for us.—But come, captain, we must have some wine after so much exertion. I'm but a very poor disciple of Melpomene, as you've seen; and, although I did my best at playing the part assigned me, I am at the same time quite aware I sadly botched it.—Heigho! I declare to you all, good folks, I haven't laughed so heartily, nor had such a flow of spirits, I don't know the time.—Ah, Cary, Cary,’ concluded he, kissing my mother, after he had

touched the bell, 'how it cheers my heart to see the smile once more resting on your pallid countenance. Bless thee, love! I hope you have at last found a heart's-ease that will last thee through life!'

" 'Indeed, my dear Andrew,' returned my mother, 'I feel very very happy.'

"The entrance of the servant put an end to the conversation. The wine was brought in—my health was drunk with enthusiasm by both the gentlemen, and a smile of surpassing kindness from my dear mother; and, for the first time in my life, in the calm, quiet social circle of domestic privacy and mutual communication, did the first day of my emancipation from thralldom glide away, with a smoothness and a strength of feeling of the most genuine pleasure, that sometimes tempted me to think I was now the inhabitant of another world. The captain left us immediately after dinner, but not before he had warmly congratulated me on my good fortune; a compliment I received with pleasure, for I found him, indeed, to be a very intelligent and accomplished gentleman. I never returned on board again; but requesting the captain to place the whole of my gear at the disposal of my old and trusty friend, Dennis Mahony, a commission which he readily undertook, I shook hands and left him and a man-o'-war, I hope, for ever.

"As soon as I had got properly rigged out, I accompanied my mother and Mr. Ainslie to London, in the immediate neighbourhood of which they commonly had their residence. The novelty of my new situation, and the indulgent kindness of a fond mother, made the time pass on at first agreeably enough; but I had unfortunately been enured to a busy life, and above all things detested an idle one; so that before my first three months' stay at home had expired, time actually hung heavy on my hands, and I was sighing for something to do. Mr. Ainslie, to whom in my distress I applied, having been a man of business himself, was not probably displeased to hear that his newly adopted son, for such he always called me, was averse to the life of a gentleman; he, therefore, at once frankly told me that, old as he was, he felt himself much in the same

situation, and that if I would think of any line of business wherein I thought I could give satisfaction, he had no objections not only to set me a going without delay, but even to join me as a senior partner, and give me all the aid and advice in his power. I cordially thanked the good gentleman; told him I had already considered the matter in all its bearings, and had made choice of the wharfinger and general agency line, which, as it was intimately connected with shipping, with the stowage of which I had a tolerable experience, I thought I could manage with some degree of credit to myself, and profit to my employers. Good soul! he heard me to an end with a patience I will never be able to admire sufficiently—gave his assent to my scheme—and, with his usual promptitude in business, immediately embarked a handsome sum in the purchase of suitable premises on the edge of the river, finishing his generous and meritorious action by installing me at once as his junior and active partner.

“ This in a trice gave me new life, and was, in fact, the calling of me into a more congenial state of existence, where the utmost energies of both my mind and body might be exercised with the most beneficial effects. I gradually became the punctual, prompt, and indefatigable man of business; and, in a very few years, saw myself in a fair way of getting into a thriving, a lucrative, and a daily increasing concern. I had now more leisure to look around me, and with that leisure came other and more tender thoughts. These related to Mary, my dear Mary! the innocent cause of my deadly quarrel with my grandfather, and my mad-cap expedition to sea; who, in truth, I had now time to discover, I really loved as well as ever; and that as she was my first, so was she the only one my heart had ever, or would ever, voluntarily and fondly cherish. In fact, I at last grew so uneasy thinking about her, that I actually wrote to Scotland to a mercantile friend requesting him to make inquiries. With the utmost pleasure I soon learned that she was still unmarried, and lived with her widowed mother, of whom she was the principal support. ‘ Ay, dear girl!’ ejaculated I to myself, with a very becoming conceit, ‘ and probably sometimes thinks

of me, and of my speedy return to her, with hope,'—for, you'll remark, I never would allow myself to believe for a moment that she would ever doubt my 'plighted troth.' This information revived all my former fondness for her with redoubled energy; and, notwithstanding that I felt much the same fear of incurring the displeasure of Mr. Ainslie that I had formerly had of that of my grandfather, I was now of mature age, knew something of the world, and, above all, was in thriving business, and comparatively independent. Yet, although it cost me many very serious thoughts, the dread and seeming ingratitude of falling out with a gentleman who had hitherto behaved with so much kindness and generosity towards me, so ungovernable at last grew my passion, and so strongly was the injustice depicted of my allowing the poor girl to live any longer in blighted hope when I was conscious she loved me, that I determined to break the matter to him through the medium of my mother. I knew she had had some cruel experience of the same kind herself; and, as she had often told me she was intimately acquainted with Mary's story and mine, I anticipated her ready compliance. Nor was I deceived; for, although she pretended to raise a great many objections, and spoke largely of the prospects Mr. Ainslie had in store for me, the principal of which was a wealthy marriage with the daughter of a neighbouring merchant, an old friend of his, yet seeing me determined and inflexible, she suddenly gave way, told me she was only trying me, and laughing, and calling me father's son, promised to break the matter to her husband the first opportunity. I was not, therefore, much surprised when at supper, a few evenings after, Mr. Ainslie broached the subject to me himself. He confessed he was a proud man, and that he thought, with my prospects, I might have looked higher; but he hoped, also, he was both a strictly just and honourable one, and that, as both myself and his wife had told him it was a sacred promise of many years' standing, he could see no reason, now that I was able to support a wife, why I should not fulfil it.

"I was all joy, all thanks, all gratitude; and expressed myself accordingly.

“ ‘Have done, have done, if you love me,’ cried the good gentleman, hastily interrupting me, ‘for I want no flattery, when I don’t think I deserve it. You know my way long ago—I love to strike iron while it is hot; so off you go to Auld Reikie as soon as you like, and produce me this lassie of yours time and place convenient. You see I’m not going to hurry you; although, I confess, I’ll be very curious until I see the object of your choice, were it no more than to give me a notion of your taste. As to business matters, I’ll look after them—it will be an excellent relaxation.’

“ I shall not speak of my rapid journey to Scotland, nor say a single word on preliminary business. I suddenly, as if dropped from the clouds, burst in upon her—was received with a shriek of joy—found every thing to my wishes—and Mary—my faithful, my beloved, my noble Mary—shortly afterwards became my wife. Her widowed mother, long before exhausted with an imperceptible and gradual decay of all her powers, only lived to see the principal wish of her heart realised in our union, and died very shortly after that ceremony took place. Her death was the signal of our immediate transit to London. I immediately settled with my grandfather’s trustees; and having hastily arranged some other little matters, we both bade adieu to our native city, and set out for London. On introducing my wife to Mr. Ainslie—for my mother had seen her before—I was happy to see that she made a favourable impression on the kind old gentleman; and prouder am I to add that, some months afterwards, he very honestly confessed to me, that my Mary improved upon a better acquaintance.—Thus you see, my good sir, that my *skittish hop-my-thumb*, as you were facetiously pleased to call her, is the mother of my family after all.

“ We lost the good Mr. Ainslie about a twelvemonth ago; and, at the urgent request of my widowed mother, and, I know, the secret wishes of my wife, I have resigned the active part of my business into the hands of my junior partner, and now rusticate here, if not in affluence, at least in health and competence. I am often in London; and, I freely confess to you, I delight the same as ever in having

an occasional meeting with such of my old pells as have survived the turmoils and hair-breadth escapes of a long and a hard-fought war. Of the few still remaining to me, Lieutenant Fyke is one whose firm steady friendship I very highly appreciate, and have the happiness steadily to enjoy. The old gentleman has become somewhat irritable in his temper of late years, no doubt on account of the repeated disappointments he has met with in his expectations of promotion, and has long since retired from the service, still only a lieutenant; on this account, he is better known to young and old, in his own neighbourhood, as Fuzzy Fyke, the draper and hosier, than my respected friend, Lieutenant Fyke, of the Royal Navy. Dennis Mahony, the excellent seaman, the rollicking devil-may-care warm-hearted Irishman, is completely rubbed down into a sagacious 'dealer in marine stores,' with a scolding wife, and a numerous family. Mahony has some humour about him yet; and tells me, with his usual smile, that though he is a *totaller* on all other occasions, and to every other man or mother's son living, 'yet, soul of me, if I can bring my heart to be a totaller to you, dear—nor never shall I, although Norah swears, bad luck to her! that I never spend a comfortable day or two in your good company but my brains run off a wool-gathering, when I do nothing on earth but thrash her, and kick the childer.' Captain Switchem, I am sorry to say, was killed in a duel in the Isle of Wight; and though last not least in our esteem, that huge hulk of an old veteran, Muckle Rob, may still occasionally be seen, on a fine day, loitering on a bench at the very extremity of Leith pier, either gazing despondingly on the empty roadstead, reciting a heroic yarn of his chivalrous cruise in the Texel 'efter the ice-muntains o' Greenland, alang wi' the sea-fencibles, and Captain Vashan;' or, with a heavy sigh, most cordially d—ning these 'piping times of peace,' when he is neither wanted for letters, newspapers, soft tack, nor joints of mutton, nor offered loads of shirts to wash and repair, or bundles of stockings to re-foot and darn.

"I give you infinite credit for the ingenious scheme you fell on once more to unkennel me; and, in truth, you could not have employed a better agent than the peerless Maga,

the petted and consulted favourite of all grades of reading society. I hope to be in London in the course of next month, when it will go hard with me if I don't contrive to dedicate a few days to a visit to you at Greenwich, particularly now that I understand you have got two of my old pells, Lyson and Sykes, as inmates. Give them both my best respects, and hearty good wishes; and tell them I will bring Mahony with me, totaller though he be. In the meantime, my good sir, still believe me your own old fellow hospitaller, Edward Davies, for a reason I'll explain when we meet; being steadily determined to fight under no other name, so long as I personate

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN."

THE END.



